WAR THINGS THAT MATTER

BENJAMIN HOARE

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FIFTEEN ESSAYS ON THE WAR

BY

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PREFACE

Whatever we may think, the war is on all of us, worker and shirker. No one can dodge it altogether. My years forbid my doing my bit with the sword. But I can wield a pen after my fashion. The wish of my heart is that the pen may in this case be mightier than the sword would have been.

If it be true that words are things, and that a drop of ink may make thousands think, I would fain believe that these few words on "War Things that Matter" may not be unfruitful. They come out of my very soul; out of my love for my dear native land; out of my love for Australia, the native land of my children; out of my sense of what is due to justice, truth, freedom, and civilisation.

All these are at stake; but all are in the hands of an Omnipotent, in Whom I can place unshaken trust.

THE AUTHOR.

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CONTENTS

	Pages.
I.—Germany and the War	1-22
II.—The Genesis of the War	23-49
III.—God and the War	50-68
IV.—Great Britain and the War	69-102
V.—America and the War	103-125
VI.—Consolations of the War	126-155
VII.—Courage and the War	156-182
VIII.—Conscription and the War	183-204
IX.—Labor and the War	205-218
X.—Strikes and the War	219-246
XI.—Democracy and the War	247-275
XII.—The Pope and the War	276-306
XIII.—Arbitration and the War	307-323
XIV.—Ireland and the War	324-336
XV.—The World After the War	337-355

War Things That Matter

I.

GERMANY BEFORE THE WAR.

The Kaiser's Character.

Fifty years ago the seeing minds of the nations predicted the renaissance of the Hun in central Europe.

Bismark's star was then in the ascendant. He was a typical Hun. Blunt, direct, forceful, cruel, unscrupulous. He stood over Europe, rattling the sword for thirty years.

The present Kaiser, another Hun of the Huns, came in the course of time and displaced him. William is a more plausible type than Bismark was. He is by nature quite as brutal, but less frank in his brutality.

He began his reign with many appeals to Heaven, and with many proclamations of his partnership with God. The first personal revelation of the aboriginal savage within him was in 1900, when a German contingent was sent to China to suppress a Boxer rising. The Emperor personally addressed his departing troops in these words—

"When you meet the foe you will defeat them. No quarter will be given; no prisoners will be taken. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy. Just as the Huns, a thousand years

ago, under the leadership of Attila, gained a reputation, in virtue of what they will live in historical tradition, so may the name of Germany become known in such a manner in China, that no Chinaman will ever again dare to look askance at a German. The blessing of the Lord be with you. Give proof of your courage, and the Divine blessing will be attached to your colors."

There is an exquisite blend of Pecksniff and Bill Sikes in that.

That counsel was literally followed. At the beginning of the present war, speaking to a division of his soldiers about to enter Belgium, he said—

"Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, as German Emperor, the spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon, His sword, and His vice-regent. Woe to the disobedient. Death to cowards and unbelievers."

That is the soul of the Kaiser. It has a strain of combined insanity and blasphemy in it. Through twenty years and more Wilhelm has been either a false hypocritical friend, or a blustering enemy.

He has talked to Britain words of friendship and peace at the very time when he was plotting her overthrow. He was enjoying the hospitality of King Edward at Buckingham Palace while he was negotiating with the Russian Czar a treaty for the ruin of England. He stands now revealed before Christendom as one of the most destructive of the Evil Geniuses that ever afflicted humanity.

He came of a race of scoundrels. He is a descendant of Frederick the Great, without his ancestor's capacity.

Frederick the Great was in a secular sense the Patron Saint of Germany. He bequeathed his name and fame as a great conqueror. But if he

left territory, power, and comparative prosperity, he also left the terrible heritage of systematic perfidy. The doctrine that might was right was Frederick's. The same code of public morality governs Prussian policy to-day. He had an ingrained contempt for mankind. He used his subjects as counters in a great gamble, as he used culture to cover a selfish and rapacious nature.

We know that he wrote his name in blood and perfidy through many years and died with his blushing honors thick upon him. But even he, the forerunner of the semi-maniac who sits upon his throne, was but a miserable creature—an undutiful son of a detestable father, and a licentious libertine in his later life.

The present Kaiser stands almost at the summit of a dizzy eminence of rascality. He will go down in history as a graduate in unscrupulous treachery. He has sucked in the doctrine that a king is a law unto himself; that what a man *can* do he may do; that weakness has no rights and strength no wrong; that Right is Might.

Bismark coined a phrase of his own to express it. Prussia, he said, was to march to power through the medium of "blood and iron." She was to bleed her enemies white, and leave them to stew in their own gravy. "Above all," said Bismark, "you must inflict on the inhabitants of invaded towns the maximum of suffering, so that they may become sick of the struggle, and may bring pressure to bear on their Government to discontinue it. You must leave the people through whom you march only their eyes to weep with. In every case the principle which guided our generals was that war must be made terrible to the civil population, so that it may sue for peace."

Kaiser Wilhelm, with all Bismark's cruelty, has none of the great Chancellor's acute judgment. He assumes the god, affects to nod, and then com-

pels us to laugh at the anti-climax of his buffoonery. He commands perhaps 7,000,000 bayonets, but has no control over his own theatrical bumptiousness.

He has sown the earth with spoliation, sacrilege, and murder. He carries desolation in his heart. He is half fool, half fiend, and claims in his crimes alliance with Omnipotence.

Military Brutality.

Yet I would venture to think and hope that out of the schemes of this pitiful villain, the great God will make manifest His power and His justice, as He did in the case of Lucifer, who said it was "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven." Kipling remarks that at least the Arabs offered a choice between Islam and the sword, but the *Boche* has no philosophy but the sword. It is, as we may say, a problem of the mad dog, and one sees no hope except in the death of the unhappy animal.

When this war began the German military cast was dominant. The man in military uniform was entitled to inflict any wrongs on mere civilians. A waiter at a cafe, asking for his full score, was stabbed to the heart by an inebriated Hun officer. A lame shoemaker in the streets of an Alsatian town, for some remonstrance against German troops, was cut down in his tracks, and the ineffable "Willie" took the part of the assassin. A civilian, meeting an officer as an old friend, with a friend's intimacy of salutation, was killed for his impertinence.

The American President, speaking for the rest of the world, has told the Pope that the House of Hohenzollern and its military autocracy must go.

With that mass of inherited iniquity will go the helotage of millions, and then will come the great deliverance. It will be a deliverance in more than external freedom. It will constitute a rescue of the Teutonic race from the blasting paganism which is its basic inspiration.

Our common Christianity teaches us that a king may not steal the ewe lamb of his meanest subject. German paganism inculcates that "its might shall create a new law in Europe," and accordingly the Kaiser laid violent hands on Belgium, as a pirate seizes a ship and makes its crew walk the plank.

We get pictures of how Germans reasoned before the war by things they have done and said since it began. Herr Harden is the editor of a paper called "Zukunft." Commenting on one of the earlier atrocities committed on the Belgians, he said—

"Cease these pitiful attempts to excuse Germany's action. Not as weak-willed blunderers have we undertaken the fearful risk of this war. We wanted it. Because we had to wish it, and could wish it. May the Teuton Devil throttle those whiners whose pleas for excuse make us ludicrous in these hours of lofty experience. We do not stand, and shall not place ourselves before the court of Europe. Our power shall create new law in Europe. Germany strikes. If it conquers new realms for its genius, the priesthood of all the gods will sing songs of praise to the good war."

The report of the committee appointed by the Belgian Minister of Justice to inquire into the alleged German atrocities in Belgium is one of those documents, like the report on Putumayo, which it makes one sick to read. No march of Turks through a Christian country ever left a more awful list of horrors behind it. The present

war is being fought by the Germans with a barbarism which everyone hoped Europe had escaped from in this humane twentieth century. This predatoriness, we are even told, is a deliberate policy on the part of Germany in order to strike terror into the hearts of her enemies.

The professional soldier, however, robbing the aged and the unarmed, and outraging defenceless women and children, is a brute and a scourge of humanity.

Who can contemplate fellowship in a world peopled and ruled by such beings as that? Yet Herr Harden was made what he is, as the Kaiser was, by feeding on the moral poisons taught by the lunatic Nietzsche, who died at 56 an incurable maniac.

German Paganism.

Professor Schiller, of Oxford, tells us that Nietzsche's revolt against Christian morals caused him to condemn Christ as a charlatan and a knave. He boasted that the only way to save the world was to "deny God." He taught the Fatherland that there was more virtue in war than in a wilderness of good Samaritans.

An Achilles or a Goliath was the god of his idolatry. His Lord of the World was a "Superman." The true Superman properly tramples under foot all whom Christ has blessed as "poor in spirit." Weakness has no rights, and it is immoral to give it any. The most despotic of all the Olympian gods could not have exceeded this German philosopher in his contempt for human freedom. To him the Christ-spirit—gentleness, kindness, charity—loving one another as children of a common father—was anathema. He said—"I call Christianity the one great curse, the one

enormous and innermost perversion . . . the one immortal blemish of mankind."

Professor Schiller says that Nietzsche was an anarchist in his revolt against State supremacy; an aristocrat in his revolt against Democracy; and a brilliant epigrammatic lunatic in his revolt against all the softer virtues.

He was a man who had nothing but ridicule for the softer virtues. The Indian is apt to regard as a coward the man who will show mercy. So with Nietzsche. He was a refined savage. He could not distantly comprehend that—

> "It is excellent
> To have a giant's strength, but tyrannous
> To use it like a giant."

In world-politics, the man who would preach that policy was to be regarded as a fool. A giant, says Nietzsche, who would not use his full strength to carve his way to power would be an immoral recreant. He would be making unprofitable the talents confided to him. If a nation had the gift of strength, it was for use, not to fall into rust.

Doctrines like these had captivated Von Roon and Moltke. And Treitschke and Nietzsche tutored their countrymen that Germany had a moral mission to march over the carcases of humanity to the overlordship of the world.

Bernhardi holds that a world without war would become degenerate. His school believes that "Corsica" has conquered "Gallilee"; that Napoleon was a finer teacher than Christ.

Professor Cramb revises Christ's teaching thus—

"We have heard how it was said in old times, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth'; but I say unto you, 'Blessed are the

valiant, for they shall make the earth their throne.'

"And ye have heard men say, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit'; but I say unto you, 'Blessed are the great in soul and the free in spirit, for they shall enter into Valhalla.'

"And ye have heard men say, 'Blessed are the peacemakers'; but I say unto you, 'Blessed are the war-makers, for they shall be called, if not the children of Jahve, the children of Odin, who is greater than Jahve.' "

That was the German teaching which preceded the war and prepared for it. To be poor was pitiful; and pity is poor. Mercy is a maundering quality, which a heroic people should despise. Meekness is the mummery of an idiot. Weakness, wherever found, is there for strength to crush, because strength must live as the survival of the fittest. Honor is a myth, if it conflicts with national advantage. The whiff of grapeshot is the *ultima ratio.*

According to the "Rheinisch Wesfaelische Zeitung,"—"A country is invaded, not to be taken care of, but to make the people want peace with all their might. Do we shrink because we are likely to lose neutral's sympathies? The more Belgium's goods become ours, the more will our mortal enemy's power in that country be weakened. Let's be rich, and we shall have friends."

Treitschke says that "it has always been the weary, spiritless, and exhausted ages which have played with the dream of perpetual peace." A virile people delight in war.

It is a very wrong thing, says Bernhardi, to deny to war its place in historical development. "War is a biological necessity of the first importance, a regulative element in the life of mankind which cannot be dispensed with. War is the father of all things. To supplant or be sup-

planted is the essence of life; and the strong life gains the upper hand. The law of the stronger hold good everywhere."

So far from cherishing a desire for peace in the world, the persistent struggle for power and sovereignty governs the relations of one nation with another.

Right is to be respected only so far as it is compatible with advantage. Without war inferior or decaying races would easily choke the growth of healthy budding elements, and a universal decadence would follow. War is as necessary as the struggle of the elements in Nature. That is German kultur.

Germans were taught that though they might be set back now and then by a combination of weaker nations, they had only to bide their time for an ultimate victory over numerical superiority.

They were exhorted to bear another thing in mind. Most of the world is now inhabited. That which is inhabited by inferior races must be taken from them—"that is by conquest which thus becomes a law of necessity."

The conquering Teuton must never be afraid of laying his hands on anything available. The right of conquest is universally acknowledged. If a nation sees foreign territory and desires it for a new home for its people, it must acquire that territory by war. "It is not the possessor, but the victor, who then has the right. In such cases might gives the right to occupy or to conquer. Might is at once the supreme right, and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war. War gives a biologically just decision, since its decisions rest on the very nature of things."—Bernhardi in "Germany and the Next War."

That is the literal teaching of Bernhardi, whose

counsels inspired the Junker war party in Germany, and do so now.

Treitschke is as fervent in praise of war, as was the great Fritz. They hold that the love of God and of one's neighbor is not applicable to countries, but only to individuals. The Christian morality does not apply to States. States must act on a morality of their own, according as their interests may dictate.

Such were the teachings. They appear at first sight such a travesty on Christianity that one feels a difficulty in believing that they could be accepted in a Christian nation. But in its policy Germany was much more pagan than Christian; and thus it seemed quite reasonable to the German that Might should be the world-standard of Right. Germany wanted a place in the sun, and she was justified in taking it by putting all other people in the shade.

Rejection of Disarmament.

To that end, Germany had rejected all overtures for disarmament. Seventeen years before, in 1898, the Russian Czar issued an Imperial Rescript, in which he propounded to the world at large a plan of general disarmament. All the nations save one were willing to consider it as a happy means of deliverance from the crushing weight of militarism. The one exception was Germany. The Fatherland laughed it out of practical politics. No one, said the German Chancellor, must presume to interfere with German destiny. War was Germany's hope. She cultivated the thought of it. She taught her sons to long for "The Day."

Germany had prepared for war on a scale with-

out precedent. For what? For defence? No! No one was preparing to attack her. Many, it is true, were preparing for defence against her. England was. England had doubled her naval expenditure; but only because, while the Teuton was supreme in military power, she was challenging also the supremacy of the sea.

England had no army. Both France and Russia had increased theirs; but neither of them was ready for aggression, and but half-prepared for defence. The German power was therefore not for defence, but for aggression, as soon as the Prussian Junkers should think the psychical moment had come.

There was not much concealment about it. The Kaiser quite openly declared that he meant to "grasp the trident," and that "Germany's future was to be on the sea." In 1900 she made a formidable increase in her navy.

This had a tremendous significance to Great Britain, because while the frontiers of Germany are land frontiers, those of Britain everywhere are on the sea.

Sir John Seeley graphically described the British Empire as "a world-wide Venice, with the sea for streets." Germany's food supply was safe, because she was either self-supporting or fed overland. Great Britain might starve if she lost that sea supremacy which Germany was threatening.

In 1909, five years before the war came, Sir Edward Grey had said in Parliament that there was no comparison "between the importance of the German navy to Germany, and the importance of our navy to us. Our navy is to us what their army is to them. To have a strong navy would increase their prestige, their diplomatic influence, their power of protecting their commerce; but it

is not the matter of life and death to them that it is to us."

Yet Germany's answer to the policy of disarmament at the end of last century was to almost double her navy in 1900. And again, six years later, the German Emperor told the British Ambassador at Berlin that if the proposed Hague Conference were to discuss disarmament he would refuse to be represented at it, since no State could brook the interference of another. Every nation was to do whatever it was strong enough to do.

In 1907 Great Britain renewed overtures for a reduction of naval armaments. The German Government said emphatically that no discussion about naval armaments with a foreign Government could be tolerated; and in that year there was another large increase in the German navy.

In 1908 Austria-Hungary violated the Treaty of Berlin by annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina. The German Emperor declared that he stood in "shining armor" by Austria's side to support her. It was a provoking challenge to Russia. Germany had "rattled the sabre" against France about Morocco, and against Russia about Bosnia. But Russia was not then strong enough to vindicate her right.

In 1909 the German Chancellor tried to get England to promise neutrality should Germany be at war with France. Had Germany invaded Belgium, under that proposal, England's hands would have been tied. Then suddenly Germany sent a warship to Agadir in 1911. That was an open challenge to France; and once more Germany asked Great Britain to pledge neutrality should Germany be engaged in war, which was equivalent to asking that the defensive Triple Entente. should be broken up, so that Germany would be left free to deal singly with France, Russia, or Belgium.

This overture of the German Chancellor forcibly recalled the words of the German historian, Treitschke, who had written—"If our Empire has the courage to follow an independent colonial policy with determination, a collision of our interests and those of England is unavoidable. It was natural and logical that the new Great Power of Central Europe had to settle affairs with all Great Powers. We have settled our accounts with Austria-Hungary, with France, and with Russia. The last settlement, the settlement with England, will probably be the lengthiest and most difficult."

Fresh naval increases were proposed by Germany in 1912. The whole trend of her policy was towards war. Her statesmen proclaimed that their mission was the acquisition of strength, since the sword alone must carve out their destiny.

Germany could never consent to any agreement for disarmament, because it would be a derogation from her imperial destiny. Even if some international agreement were drawn up "no self-respecting nation would sacrifice its own conception of right to it."

Finally, as a reason why Germany refused the proposal of mutual disarmament, we may well read this passage from Bernhardi:

"If we sum up our arguments we shall see that, from the most opposite aspects, the efforts directed towards the abolition of war must not only be termed foolish, but absolutely immoral, and must be stigmatised as unworthy of the human race. To what does the whole question amount? It is proposed to obviate the great quarrels between nations and States by courts of arbitration—that is by arrangement. A one-sided restricted formal law is to be established in the place of decisions of history. The weak nation is to have the same right to live as the vigorous

and powerful nation. The whole idea represents a presumptuous encroachment on the natural laws of development."

German statesmen held that as a matter of national policy, their country should be always ready to take advantage of any favorable opportunity for making war. "The end-all and be-all of a State is power," says Treitschke, "and he who is not man enough to look this truth in the face should not meddle in politics. The State's highest moral duty is to increase its power."

By that dictum the Christian law of duty and sacrifice does not exist for the State.

"The Germans are the chosen people of the twentieth century. Hence one law for the Germans and another for other nations."

German Prosperity.

There was and is in the German character a marvellous fund of practical common-sense energy. That energy and common sense had been set by Bismark on the road to success, when in 1879 he demanded for Germany a complete control of her own markets. Then all her native shrewdness and self-seeking were directed to subduing the world industrially.

Ruskin made an estimate of German character in his "Fors Clavigera," vol. 4, p. 84. He says some things which the last three years have verified—

"Blessing is only for the meek and merciful; and a German cannot be either. He does not understand even the meaning of the words. In that is the intense, irreconcilable difference between the French and German natures. A Frenchman is selfish only when he is vile and

lustful; but a German is selfish in the purest states of virtue and morality. A Frenchman is arrogant only in ignorance; but no quantity of learning ever makes a German modest. 'Sir,' says Aubert Durer of his own work (and he is the modestest German I know), 'it cannot be better done.' Luther serenely damns the entire Gospel of St. James because St. James happens to be not precisely of his opinions. Accordingly, when the Germans get command of Lombardy, they bombard Venice, steal her pictures (which they can't understand a single touch of), and entirely ruin the country morally and physically, leaving behind them misery, vice, and intense hatred of themselves, wherever their accursed feet have trodden. They do precisely the same thing by France—crush her, rob her, leave her in misery of rage and shame; and return home smacking their lips and singing Te Deum."

How exactly has this sketch of character been verified in the Belgium invasion.

The German author of the book "J'accuse" gives a graphic picture of how the German proletariat was led by its autocratic rulers to the slaughter. It is the Junkers who rule, and who teach in the persons of their Bernhardis and Treitschkes that the German people are the chosen of God to rule the world. To these have gathered doctrinaires of the schools, disappointed diplomatists, great cannon kings who were coining millions out of the military cult, and subsidised inflammatory journalists, whose mission was to sow the doctrine of international ill-will.

These stirrers-up of strife were at most but a small minority of the German people; but they owned most of its wealth, and were an organised phalanx.

They played with all but invincible power on the passions of the German democracy.

It was not however the German democracy that got great naval and military budgets passed, that moulded war events, and that forged tens of thousands of war machines ready to go off at the touch of a button. The German democracy, inarticulate in politics, was busy as bees in a hive, redundant in its material prosperity, proud of the Fatherland and its growing opulence and greatness, and fully conscious of the scientific eminence of the nation. Yet all this time it was the merest pawn in the hands of the military machine which it had bought and paid for.

England's attitude during this time of portentous preparation was almost drivelling in its sottish stupidity. This was caused by her insensate free-trade fanaticism. Germany's tariff had not only amply protected the Fatherland at Bismark's instance, giving Germany complete command of her own markets, but it had enabled the Teuton to destroy British industries, such as the dye works, the sugar trade, and others. Mr. Chamberlain had urged all this on his countrymen with a force that had not been heard and felt in England for fifty or sixty years. But the great body of Englishmen had deaf ears for anything that might be said about peril from Germany. Mr. Leonard Courtney, one of the most fanatical of Cobdenists, said that he would rather see the British Empire crumble than that free-trade should fail. We can all see now in the lurid light of war the folly of those utterances. England sees now that she was actually grinding the German sword to smite herself. When she told her Dominions oversea that in trade the Chinese and Germans were on the same level in her regard as the members of her own family, she

spoke under the influence of a trade superstition which had completely blinded her judgment. The Cobdenist theory that in trade all men become brethren, is demonstrably false, because trade rests upon a competitive basis, and wherever men compete—whether with guns, tariff, or trade undercutting—they are at war.

German trade was booming before the war. The Fatherland had surpassed every expectation. And what was to her great advantage, England, her great rival, had no smack of jealousy. Germany's production of pig iron had gone up from 2,500,000 tons in 1873 to 14,000,000 tons in 1912. Germany had increased her output by 500 per cent. Britain had increased hers by only 50.

German chemistry came to the help of the great ironmakers and did for them what it has since done for her generals in the field. In paper making the Teuton simply took hold of the trade and made it almost his own. In the production of metals she got her grip almost on the world.

The German nation was certainly, productively, one of the marvels of the world. She felt within herself those beating pulses that spoke of a capacity for illimitable expansion, alike in the fields of war and industry. Owing to their protective tariff they made a handsome profit in their own market, whilst establishing these trades, and then sold a penny a pound cheaper in the British market. The free-trade fallacy of that time taught that all the advantage of this was to Great Britain, since Germany was selling under cost. But Germany smiled at British folly and persevered.

The Germans saw that the logic of accomplished fact were in their favor. In twenty

years they had doubled their trade, whilst England's trade had increased by only 10 per cent. Their own Professor Schmoller assured the Germans that the Fatherland had invested trade profits in home and foreign securities, to the extent of £600,000,000.

It is not very wonderful that German feeling towards her neighbors developed into a kind of passive contempt, to be afterwards changed into an active policy. A trade commission of inquiry reported in England that—"The Germans seemed to look upon England as a sort of rubbish heap on to which they could shoot all their surplus products at cost price, or a little below." Sometimes, here and there, an English journalist would warn his countrymen. One of them said one day—

"Germany wants in the first place sea-power, and all that sea-power gives, and this she can only obtain from us. Next, Germany wants a great commercial expansion, and this she thinks she cannot obtain except through our overthrow."

But England did not care. She was deaf to all this. She was supremely content in her free-trade policy. If she could get cheaper iron from Germany so much the better. She could build her ships all the more cheaply. There was nothing to mind in German expansion. It was quite natural that Germany, wanting sea-power, should look upon England as her rival.

And so things went on, and Germany prospered, prospered amazingly; and certainly her prosperity was due to her own thoroughness.

She had few natural advantages. Her coal does not lie close to her ports and foundries, as England's does. Her soil was not rich like England's; but she increased her cereal harvests, while England allowed hers to diminish.

All these advantages came to her from her own

inherent thoroughness in things—thoroughness in education, thoroughness in organisation, thoroughness in work.

The Australian Prime Minister informed us in 1915 that the German grip on the metal industry was portentous. It was, he said, "a scheme of organisation, masterly, complex, and far-reaching, and it had been firmly established. By means of it the fortunes and developments of the industry were developed by German capital and influence, and its profits flowed into German pockets. This great German octopus, whose tentacles gripped the Australian metal trade, stretched throughout the world. Britain, France, Belgium, America, Africa, were all within its grip. Its power had long been tremendous, and was daily growing greater."

It is therefore pretty plain that, judging on the surface of things, all the prognostics were against Germany rushing the world into war when she did. Her material interests appeared to be in the maintenance of peace. She was out-growing everything about her. Her population had grown from 41,000,000 in 1871 to 70,000,000 in 1914. It increased by 800,000 a year, whilst that of France was stationary. The Kaiser loved to boast that he had been an upholder of peace for 25 years, even in spite of a little sabre-rattling and a few "mailed fist" menaces. Truth to say his peace professions were largely taken as sincere because they accorded with the maintenance and continuance of German prosperity.

These things were open to the eye of the world, and the world saw them. German riches, in forty-five years, had multiplied beyond conception. Its army was the greatest the world had ever seen. Its navy was second only to that of Great Britain. Its colonies were increasing in

every part of the globe. Its trade was as wide as the hemispheres, and as lucrative as another Golconda. The Fatherland had applied the discoveries of science to industry in a manner that had turned her fields, her mines, her forests, to a maximum of profit. She had subdued Nature to her uses. She had cheap power from water, from furnace-gases, from lignite, and even from peat. She had from all an exhaustive store of electric power.

She had gone further. She had so studied the economy of trade amalgamations and combinations that she could outrival all her neighbors, save perhaps America. The German occupation census of 1907 showed 1,423 industrial undertakings which employed an average of 1,080 persons each, while the Krupp firm employed 70,000 hands and worked £9,000,000 of capital.

She had her State-owned railways, the capital of which in 1910 had gone up in thirty years from £440,000,000 to £867,000,000.

Germany Directs all to the War.

Consistently with her moral code Germany spent forty-five years, and all the proceeds of her splendid industrial system in building up her army and navy, after the Franco-German war. She neglected nothing. Not a year passed but her army and navy were stronger, and her volume of trade increased.

And all the stupendous profits from those industries were converted into guns and explosives. Every German sailor was encouraged to toast "The Day" when his fleet would meet that of Great Britain on terms of equality.

Far-seeing Englishmen like Lord Roberts implored their countrymen to open their sealed vision and recognise the preparations that were going on for the transfer of the Trident to the German navy.

But the easy-going unsuspicious Briton went laughing on his way. Armaments might multiply on the Continent and Europe might become an armed camp. The spike-helmeted warriors might blaze everywhere in shining armor, always ready, and awaiting only the opportunity. But England still believed that Germany at heart was peaceful. The Kaiser's professions of friendliness were accepted, and he awaited his chance to strike.

That opportunity came through the Serbian assassination and the Austrian ultimatum. Germany had bided her time; and at the end of July, 1914, when her great guns were countless as the hosts of Sennacherib; when her legions were full, and her troops prepared to the last button; when her stores of munitions were mountains high; and when she knew that none of her neighbors were in a like state of preparedness, she declared war against Russia and France.

Her strength was the strength of a Colussus, No other Power cared to think of measuring its might with her. It was at such a time that, with a suddenness as startling as a tropical storm, and with a wantonness as wilful as a maniac's outburst, she launched her thunders, with a giant's resistless strength.

The fearful war machine was timed to a minute. It forged its way through fire and fortress in the sheer delight of destruction. It was to blazon a name at which the world should grow pale.

It was not enough to be a Superman in peace. The Superman must show his Super-humanity.

He must live in the world without a rival. The semi-maniac maker of uncounted legions needed the mask of Peace no longer. He had but to press a button, and his soldiers could overrun the earth and say to every people—"You live at my nod." This was the vaulting ambition that overleaped itself. The best laid schemes aft gang agley. The German Emperor soared like a rocket, only as we hope to fall like a blackened stick.

II.

THE GENESIS OF THE WAR.

Germany's Moral Precipice.

A lighted cigar is carried into a powder magazine—probable result, Explosion.

A tinder spark falls on inflammable matter—natural consequence, Conflagration.

Prodigious and unique military power in the keeping of a semi-insane, ambitious war-lord—product, War.

It has been said that the genesis of this war was "mere sordid trade." We will see.

Germany had lived on the thoughts of war, had slept on war, had dreamed war—got ready for war. She had fought in recent years in three or four successful wars—with the Danes, the Austrians, the French. She had always won. She felt that she could always win—that she was invincible.

For forty-five years Germany had sedulously built up her army and navy. Quietly, steadily, ceaselessly grew her military machine. Its goal was the establishment of a resistless power. The efforts to create it were quite successful. There was nothing else on earth like it. It was to crush everything that might stand in its way. It was to place Germany in the Overlordship of a dependent world.

To the German mind that was ethically the correct thing to do. As I have elsewhere shown the moral teachings of the Fatherland were

those of the pagan Sophist in Plato's Republic, that Might is Right. That the highest virtue is to be efficient, virile, merciless, strong. That the weak nation is always wrong. That the strong nation is always right. That Strength is Goodness. That the best religion is valor—to be hard, bloody, ruthless, so that strength may fulfil its purpose. That Germany's mighty destiny was to be wrought out in "blood and iron." That the true State hero should ride down and trample all in his way.

Germans were taught to believe that the Beatitudes of Christ are the teachings of weaklings, the doctrines of human rejects; that Nietzsche, Bernhardi, and their Supermen, are the only true national guides.

One of the most startling of the doctrines preached amongst the Germans was the denial that there are any duties owed by the State to humanity, beyond that of imposing its own superior civilisation upon as large a part of humanity as possible. Another is the denial of any obligation to observe treaties when it is inconvenient to the interest of the State to break them.

It has to be noted that to modern German writers the State is a much more tremendous entity than it is to Englishmen or Americans. It is a supreme power with a sort of mystic sanctity, a power conceived of, as it were, self-created, a force altogether distinct from, and superior to, the persons who compose it.

German ethics hold that the State may do morally what an individual may not. It may rob and murder for the benefit of the collective power. The moral responsibilty changes when men act together for the collective benefit. The State has no morality save that which serves its

own interest. There is no ethical standard for a nation. The highest morality for a State is Force. Goliath applying a battering ram against a Christian citadel would be the ideal German hero. From this standpoint there was nothing wrong in Germany invading Belgium under the plea of military necessity.

It is not difficult to see that a great military State, holding such views, stands on the brink of a moral declivity over which it is certain to fall.

This was seen a little later when the Lusitania was torpedoed, with a thousand helpless passengers on board.

Some German writers were a little ashamed, and inclined to be apologetical. This angered the Hun character, and a typical German journalist burst out indignantly as follows:—

"The civilisation of mankind suffers every time a German becomes an American. Let us drop our miserable attempts to excuse Germany's action. We willed the sinking of the Lusitania. Our might shall create a new law in Europe. It is Germany that strikes. We are morally and intellectually superior beyond all comparison. . . . We must . . . fight with Russian beasts, English mercenaries, and Belgian fanatics. We have nothing to apologise for. It is of no consequence whatever if all the monuments ever created, all the pictures ever painted, all the buildings ever erected by the great architects of the world, be destroyed. . . . The ugliest stone placed to mark the burial of a German grenadier is a more glorious monument than all the cathedrals of Europe put together. No respect for the tombs of Shakespeare, Newton, and Faraday. They call us barbarians. What of it? The German claim must be: . . . Education to hate. . . . Organisation of hatred. . . . Education to the desire for hatred. Let us abolish unripe and false shame. . . . To us is given faith, hope, and hatred; but hatred is the greatest among them."

There spoke a Hun in all the sincerity of his Hunnishness. Thinking as the Germans did, feeling as they did, they could not act otherwise than

as they did; and the conflict between them and the higher type of civilisation was a mere question of time.

The Opposite Ideal.

In considering the genesis of this war it is necessary to take a survey of the moral forces which precipitated it. In the preceding section we have had a glimpse of German ethics. We must glance at the governing principles which ruled the rest of Europe.

Germany's neighbors were not militant. Their writers and thinkers did not glorify war. Without being spiritually minded, their hero was not Napoleon, but Christ. They believed, at least theoretically, in justice being as much the birthright of the beggar as of the king. They might have a hundred divergent ideas of Right; but no one of them ever dreamed of making Might the standard of Right as a maxim of conduct, as the Germans did.

So far from holding that small nations have no claims to live beyond those which they can maintain, they had expressly given to Belgium a national status and pledged themselves to its maintenance. They held that even the weakest sovereign on earth had an indefeasible right to his own. The higher nobility was not the will to secure power by the right of the strong hand, but the will to bless the weak.

If a State has valuable minerals, as Sweden has iron, and Belgium coal, and Rumania oil; or if it has abundance of water power, like Norway, Sweden and Switzerland; or if it holds the mouth of a navigable river the upper course of which belongs to another nation, the great State may not conquer and annex that small State as soon

as it finds that it needs the minerals, or the water power, or the river mouth.

There is such a thing as common humanity; and all nations have obligations to it. They may not neglect that "decent respect for the opinion of mankind" postulated by the framers of American Independence.

They hold that no nation could before the rest of the world, set up the right of being a supreme law to itself. Germany held her right to ignore the wishes of all the rest of the world and consult her own desires exclusively.

The interests, the sentiments, and the patriotism of small nations are of supreme consequence, as typifying the sacredness of right.

Cardinal Mercier in "The Voice of Belgium," says—"The rigidity of pagan morals and the despotism of the Cæsars suggested the false principle—and modern militarism tends to revive it—that the State is omnipotent, and that the discretionary power of the State is the rule of Right. Not so, replies Christian theology. Right is Peace; that is the interior order of a nation, founded on justice."

Civilisation must not turn on itself, nor may barbaric force take the place of culture. People's liberties must not depend on the weapons of the conqueror.

Modern nations are not to worship a naked sword, as the Scythians did. The God of Justice rules nationally as well as individually. Righteousness exalteth a nation; not the weight of gun metal.

These were the general average level of men's opinions outside the German empire. But they were at the extreme opposite of those which had been growing up in the Fatherland.

To those who looked below the surface of

things it was not difficult to see that such divergences in the conception of national rights and duties might at any time precipitate a conflict. But this knowledge came very slowly. To teach that the law of Force is the moral law could only have one ending. The Germans foresaw that end; the other nations did not.

As it became more and more apparent, a frightful chasm seemed to open at the feet of those nations which, like England, had cherished a belief in a peaceful solution of the military situation. It was setting back the onward march of civilisation. The work that had been done since the middle ages to regulate the conduct of war and introduce some mitigations of its essential inhumanity, seem to have been thrown away. All the efforts made to secure the arbitration of international disputes, to provide safeguards for peace, to promote goodwill between the people, were in a moment lost, forgotten, trodden underfoot. We seem to have been suddenly thrown back into the ages of savagery.

Precipitating the Conflict.

Such was the state of tension in men's minds at the end of July, 1914, when Austria sent her ultimatum to Servia, and when Russia began to mobilise to protect the Slav.

We all remember how Sir Edward Grey pleaded with Germany to intervene and get the business settled by a European Conference. And we all remember how Germany emphatically refused and declared war on Russia and France. Prince Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador in London in 1914, has since completely vindicated Britain and put the whole onus of the war on Germany.

That is a German testimony. I will now quote a Belgian one.

"On the 9th of April, 1839, a treaty was signed in London by King Leopold, in the name of Belgium, on the one part, and by the Emperor of Austria, the King of France, the Queen of England, the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Russia, on the other; and its seventh article decreed that Belgium should form a separate and perpetually neutral State, and should be held to this neutrality in regard to all other States. The co-signatures promised, for themselves and their successors, upon their oaths, to fulfil and to observe that treaty in every point and every article without contravention. Belgium was then bound in honor to defend her own independence. She kept her oath. The other Powers were bound to respect and to protect her neutrality. Germany violated her oath. England kept hers."—Cardinal Mercier's "The Voice of Belgium," p. 23.

In the Reichstag on the 4th of August, 1914, Chancellor Von Bethman-Hollweg made this admission—

"We were compelled to override the just protests of the Luxemburg and Belgian Governments. Our troops have occupied Luxemburg and are perhaps already on Belgian soil. Gentlemen, that is a breach of international law. It is true that the French Government has declared at Brussels that France is willing to respect the neutrality of Belgium, so long as her opponent respects it. France could wait, but we could not. The wrong —I speak frankly—that we are committing we will endeavor to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached. The Kaiser had to take the gravest decision which has ever fallen to the lot of a German, and was compelled to order the

mobilisation of the German forces, following on the Russian mobilisation."

We know the horrors which have been ever since wreaked on Belgium.

That speech of the German Chancellor was one of the customary falsehoods circulated at the time. On October 23, Sir Edward Grey stripped the lie of all its plausibility. He said—

"Germany talks of peace. Her statesmen talk of peace to-day, but what sort of peace do they talk of? Oh, they say, Germany must have guarantees against being attacked again. If this war had been forced upon Germany that would be a logical statement. It is precisely because it was not forced upon Germany, but forced by Germany upon Europe, that it is the Allies who must have guarantees for future peace. In July, 1914, no one thought of attacking Germany. It is said that Russia was the first to mobilise. That, I understand, is what is represented in Germany as a justification for the statement that the war was not an aggressive war on Germany's part, but was forced upon her. Russia never made the mobilisation of which Germany complained until after Germany had refused the conference, and she never made it until after a report had appeared in Germany that Germany had ordered mobilisation, and that report had been telegraphed to Petrograd. As a matter of fact, it was the story of 1870 over again—preparation for war, not only the preparation of material, but the preparatory stages all advanced in Berlin to a point beyond that of any other country, and then when the chosen moment came a manœuvre was made to provoke some other country to take a defensive step, and when the defensive step was taken, then to receive it with an ultimatum which made war inevitable.

"The same thing with the invasion of Belgium. Strategic railways had been made in Germany, and the whole plan of campaign of the German staff was to attack through Belgium, and now it is represented that they had to attack through Belgium because other people had planned to attack through Belgium. I would like nothing better than to see those statements—that the Russian mobilisation was an aggressive and not defensive measure, and that any other Power than Germany had trafficked in the neutrality of Belgium, or planned to attack through Belgium—I would like to see those statements investigated before any independent and impartial tribunal.

"German organisation is very successful in some things, but in nothing more successful than in preventing the truth from reaching their own people, and succeeding in presenting to them a point of view which is not that of the truth—the statement that the war was forced upon Germany. When England proposed the conference Russia, France, and Italy accepted the conference; when four Powers offer a conference and one Power refuses it, is it the Powers who are offering the conference which are forcing war, or the Power which refuses it? The Emperor of Russia offered The Hague Tribunal. One Sovereign offers The Hague Tribunal and another ignores it. Is it the Sovereign who offers reference to The Hague who is forcing war? On the very eve of war France gave her pledge to respect the neutrality of Belgium if Germany would not violate it. We asked for such a pledge. Was it the Power which asked for the pledge and the Power which gave the pledge which were responsible for the violation of the neutrality of Belgium, or the Power which refused to give the pledge? Belgium knows, as well as very Frenchman and Englisman, that never at any time was there a suggestion that French or English soldiers should enter Belgium unless it were to defend Belgium from the violation of her neutrality, which had first been undertaken by Germany.

"Why was it that all the efforts to avoid the war in July, 1914, failed? Well, because you cannot have peace without goodwill, and because in Berlin there was the will to war and not the will to peace."

That was the cause of war, not any hankering after "mere sordid trade."

The answer to the question of who made the war is not a matter of opinion. It is one of irrefutable fact. It is settled by the official white books of the several belligerents. But there is a flood of light on it apart from these. The Reichstag statement of Herr Haase, that war was determined at Potsdam on July 5, 1914—three weeks before the ultimatum to Belgium—has now received so many confirmations that it is impossible to ignore that assertion. The Potsdam gathering was held a week after the murder of Prince Francis Ferdinand and his wife, at Serajovo. There were present at that gathering the Kaiser,

Bethmann-Hollweg, Admiral Tirpitz, General Falkenhayn, and among the Austrian group, the Archduke Frederick, Count Berchtold, and Count Tisza. All the chief points in the Austrian ultimatum to Servia were then decided upon, and it was determined to present that ultimatum in the imperious form in which it was proposed, though it was recognised that such a course might provoke Russia to war. After the meeting the Kaiser went on a sea trip, to return to Berlin three days after the provocative ultimatum had been delivered. The denial of this in Germany goes for nothing, because the assertion of this Potsdam conference has been alluded to in other quarters than the speech of Herr Haase. A Danish paper, the "Politiken," directed attention to it not long after the outbreak of war, and Lord Robert Cecil has given us his assurance that the Conference took place just as Herr Haase declares.

Germany's denials of this Potsdam meeting have provoked a letter from Mr. Lewis Einstein, agent for the American Embassy in Constantinople. He tells us that on July 15 the Marquis Garroni, Italian Ambassador at the Porte, informed him that Baron Wangenheim, German Ambassador at Constantinople, had just returned from Berlin. The Baron told the Marquis that a few days before he had been present at a conference at Berlin, presided over by the Kaiser, at which war was decided. Mr. Einstein quotes this statement from his diary. He also adds:—"Another diplomatist in Constantinople was told by Wangenheim that a month before the outbreak of hostilities the Kaiser summoned the leaders of the army, of finance, and of industry, and asked if they were prepared for war. All replied they were, and Baron Wangenheim gave his Majesty

the assurance that he was ready to answer for Turkey."

Mr. Henry Morgenthau, formerly American Ambassador to Turkey, has made some remarkable disclosures. He says—

"There is direct evidence that the Kaiser willed the war, and caused it when it suited his purpose and preparations. Marquis Pallavincini, the Austrian Ambassador to Turkey, told me on 18th August, 1914, that the Austrian Emperor had informed him in May that war was inevitable. Baron von Wangenheim, the German Ambassador to Turkey, in an outburst of enthusiasm after the arrival of the fugitive German warships Goeben and Breslau in the Dardanelles, told me that a conference was held in Berlin early in July, 1914, at which the date of the war was fixed.

"The Kaiser was present at the conference, also Baron von Wangenheim, Count von Moltke, Admiral von Tirpitz, and a few selected leaders of German finance and industry. The Kaiser asked then if they were ready for war. All replied in the affirmative except the financiers, who said they must have a fortnight in which to sell securities and arrange loans. The financiers were feverishly, but secretly, busy, while the army marked time. All the great stock exchanges experienced acute depression as German-owned stocks were quietly pushed on the market.

"Baron von Wangenheim also told me that next time Germany would be even more far-sighted and would have at least five years' supplies of copper and cotton before striking.

"Later I learned that if Germany were victorious she intended to attack America on the ground that America had supplied munitions to the Allies. She would enforce the payment of

an indemnity which would make Germany the richest nation in the world. I have heard that the sum fixed was £2,500,000,000. The Kaiser has for years been obsessed with his dream of becoming the centre of a great moving picture, directing and controlling the destinies of the world. Prince Henry of Prussia was sent to America to consolidate Germany's strength in the United States. Germany's mastery of the situation in Turkey was so complete that she dictated the postponement of Turkey's entry into the war until a powerful wireless plant at Constantinople had been completed, and guns and munitions had been brought to Turkey."

The Kaiser cabled to President Wilson on August 10 that "Belgian neutrality had to be violated by Germany on strategical grounds, news having been received that France was already preparing to enter Belgium." This explicit admission of wrong-doing can be placed by the side of the Chancellor's, in his celebrated explanation to the Reichstag.

The Kaiser's message to America was an admission that he was going to injure an unoffending neighbor whom he was pledged by treaty to protect. The excuse that he had heard that France was going to do it, means only that he was anxious to be the first to do a wrong. It deepens his dishonor. It makes that deep blot on his personal escutcheon which has since caused President Wilson to write that he will have no negotiations for peace with the House of Hohenzollern.

Almost every week there are further revelations of the bad faith which precipitated this war. We have not space here for even the substance of the official negotiations that took place between England and Germany; but we will quote

one short passage that stands in the resume to the German White Book—

"We were perfectly aware that a possible warlike attitude of Austria-Hungary against Servia might bring Russia upon the field, and that it might therefore involve us in a war, in accordance with our duty as allies. . . . We permitted Austria a perfectly free hand in her action towards Servia. . . . Sir Edward Grey had made the proposal to submit the differences between Austria-Hungary and Servia to a conference of the Ambassadors of Germany, France, and Italy, under his chairmanship. We declared that we could not participate in such a conference."

And why? Because such a conference would have prevented war, and thus have baulked Germany of her expected prize when everything was apparently propitious for her to snatch it. The words quoted above give us Germany's own admission that she knew Austria was plunging the world into war and that the Fatherland refused to employ any conference to prevent it.

In confirmation of this we may cite one short extract from the despatch of Sir M. de Bunsen to Sir Edward Grey. Sir M. de Bunsen was British Ambassador at Vienna, and described in the despatch what took place a few days before the war. Count Berchtold was the Austrian Foreign Minister, and he agreed, on the 30th of July," to the continuance of the conversations at St. Petersburg. From now onwards the tension between Russia and Germany was much greater than between Russia and Austria. As between the latter, an arrangement seemed almost in sight. . . . M. Schebeko (Russian Ambassador to Vienna) repeatedly told me that he was prepared to accept any reasonable compromise. Unfortu-

nately these conversations at St. Petersburg and Vienna were cut short by the transfer of the dispute to the more dangerous ground of a direct conflict between Germany and Russia. Germany intervened on the 31st July by means of her double ultimatum to St. Petersburg and Paris. The ultimatums were of a kind to which only one answer is possible, and Germany declared war on Russia on the 1st August, and on France on the 3rd August. A few days delay might in all probability have saved Europe from one of the greatest calamities in Europe."

But those few days of delay were just what Germany did not want. Having everything prepared for a coup, as she knew, and her enemies being unready, as she knew, she feared more than anything else to miss that chance of a sudden stroke. These and other facts like them, contained in the blue books and white books of the belligerent nations, have brought the greatest lawyers of the world to come to one common opinion as to the genesis of the war.

They hold that the making of this war was a crime against the sense of the world at large. Every nation, save two only, wanted peace. These two were Germany and Austria. Italy, a member of the Triple Alliance, wanted peace, and would not hear of joining her partners in the war. Indeed, reduced to the last residuum, Germany alone wanted war, and she did so because her War Council was convinced that the time was over-ripe for reaching out and plucking the splendid fruit of a world-sovereignty.

She was drunk with the splendid promises of a vast vaulting ambition. She believed in her very heart that her mission was war, God-guided. She had eaten of the food of war; drunk of the wine of war; toasted the toast of war; prepared as no

other nation had ever prepared for war. "The Day" of war was to her sacred as an inspiration. She was war-made, war-making, war-souled, and war-embodied.

Paul Rohrback, in his book "The German Idea," puts her aspirations into words—"The World has no longer need of little nationalities. They must fall into line with the world-power of Germany."

Can anybody wonder that a nation, fed daily on such food as that, should have grown sick with over-gorging egotism and vanity.

Herr K. F. Wolff, another of the tribe which ministered to Germanic mental inflation, told his countrymen that—"There are two kinds of races—master races and inferior races. Political rights belong to the master race alone, and can only be won by war. The inferior race will not be educated in the schools of the master race, nor will any schools be established for it, nor will its language be employed in public."

Three times during the 19th century had the Prussian soldier entered Paris and looked down from the heights of Montmartre on a prostrate France. What had been done with less efficient armies might be repeated for a fourth time, and more effectively than ever before.

German Atrocities.

Between their gasps of horror at the first stories which came to us of German "Frightfulness," men paused and asked each other—"Can they be true?"

Never before in civilised warfare, during a period of 2,000 years, has the tiger in man had unchecked freedom. There were rules of chivalry and honor that softened the fiercest contests.

Soldiers might not poison the earth, the water or the air. They might not bayonet the wounded, nor slaughter in cold blood, women and children, or old and unarmed men.

Such methods were known to the Red Indian in his unredeemed savagery, when his hatchet, his firebrand, and scalping knife were his only law. In the Indian Mutiny, too—when the hot blood of the Hindoo was at boiling point—female and infant helplessness went down in the orgie and untamed fury of the aboriginal in rebellion.

But there Christianity did not pretend to rule. The Red men were outside the civilised pale.

The Germans, Huns as they are at heart, were professing Christians, and they wore the veneer of civilisation. And yet, as the world, standing aghast, saw with a shudder, German officers and soldiers alike ran amok and murdered unarmed citizens wholesale. In one case, drunk with blood, Hun officers lined up 500 citizens and shot them deliberately in rows, in the sight of their wives, mothers, and sisters. When they were dead, the survivors were compelled to dig their graves and shovel the corpses in.

Worse still. German soldiery, drunk with pillaged wine, broke into the sanctuaries of convents and committed on the nuns outrages, the mere thought of which makes the brain reel with horror.

Cardinal Mercier, at p. 10 of his book "The Voice of Belgium," says—"Thousands of Belgian citizens have been deported to the prisons of Germany, to Munsterlagen, to Colt, to Magdeburg. At Munsterlagen alone 3100 civil prisoners were numbered. History will tell of the physical and moral torments of their long martyrdom. Hundreds of innocent men were shot. I possess no complete necrology; but I know that there were

91 shot at Aerschot, and that there under pain of death, their fellow citizens were compelled to dig their graves. In the Louvain group of communes, 176 persons, men and women, old men and sucklings, rich and poor, in health and sickness, were shot or burnt."

At first mankind was sceptical as to the possibility of these things. But unfortunately two separate Commissions of Inquiry sat and gathered data which, after the most careful sifting, left no doubt that the worst of crimes were substantiated.

The excuses of the criminals were that on the entry of German soldiers into captured towns, they were fired at by the citizens from windows. Seeing that they were unable to ascertain the identity of these citizens, they took them en masse and massacred them as a deterrent on others. They wished, they said, that every Belgian cheek might grow pale at the mention of a German.

Lord Bryce, who sat on one of these commissions, says that there is no room for doubt that the Kaiser is a blood-stained monster.

Then came the Lusitania, sunk by order of this German war-lord, with 2,000 passengers on board. The coroner in an inquest on forty infants drowned by that crime, brought in a verdict of wilful murder against the Kaiser. The horror was one that was proved to have been deliberately planned and executed.

It was known that the ship was unarmed, that the passengers were civilians and women and children, unconnected with the war. It was known that the sinking of the vessel was not an act of war, but one of murder. It was known also that the Kaiser, when the crime was reported, openly rejoiced at the slaughter of the innocents,

and ordered a school holiday for German children to commemorate it.

Men, shuddering, asked—

> "Can such things be
> And overcome us like a summer cloud,
> Without our special wonder."

But, alas, there was no doubt, and what was worse, the Hun stood up in his infamy, a monster naked and unashamed, his plea being that all is fair in war, even outrages on nuns and babies.

Cardinal Mercier, in his brave Christmas Pastoral, denounced especially the hanging and shooting of certain priests. Upon this Colonel Wengersky, the officer commanding in the Malines district, wrote to the Cardinal, saying—"In order that I may institute an inquiry, I beg your Eminence to be good enough to inform me if any innocent priests have been killed, and if so to give me their names."

The Cardinal instantly replied—"The names of the priests and the religions of the diocese of Malines who, to my knowledge, have been put to death by the German troops are the following:—Dupierreux, of the Society of Jesus; Brothers Sebastian and Albert, Josephites; Brother Camdidus, Brother of Mercy; Father Maximus, Capuchin; Father Vincent, Franciscan Conventual; Carette, professor; and Fathers Lombaerts. Garis, de Clerck, Dergent, Wonters, and van Bladel, parish priests."

The Cardinal added that 143 victims had since been exhumed and identified, and requested that the proposed inquiry should be thorough by being half German and half Belgian, with an American president.

Nothing was done. Nothing was intended.

Such deeds could not bear the light. The policy of "Frightfulness" was no accident. It aimed at cowing mankind before the German name, as Attila became "the Scourge of God." German psychology erred in this as in so many things. Her crimes enraged the world; they did not terrify it.

American Opinions on the Causes of the War.

Long before President Wilson had made up his tardy mind about what was his duty in this war, and while he was still writing Notes to Germany, and congratulating the Kaiser on his birthday, the foremost minds of America had quite convinced themselves about merits of the conflict. There is not one amongst them, so far as I know, who has found any trace of a "sordid trade" origin in it.

Dr. J. William White, of the Pennsylvania University, has placed on record his impressions. He says—"The war is a German-made war, having its source and inspiration in the writings and teachings of the Pan-Germanists; in the ambition of an autocratic military caste, headed by a highly neurotic, unbalanced, and possibly mentally diseased overlord, with mediæval views of his relation to his country and the world, and supported by a subservient corps of 'learned men,' the majority of whom are paid servants of the State."

Dr. Whitridge, a leading member of the New York Bar, has placed his opinion on record, thus—"For many years certain German publicists have been writing about 'a day of reckoning with England.' They have not been very explicit about the account on which the reckoning was to be

had, but generally the day of reckoning was that upon which it was to be decided whether many desirable things in the possession of England should be taken away and made German. For nearly as many years also the youth of Germany, especially in the navy, have been drinking to the toast of 'The Day.' 'The Day' has at last come, and brought with it the most gigantic and the most wicked war of the whole Christian era. It is as clear to me as the daylight that the invasion of the neutrality of Belgium was the proximate cause of the war, at least with Great Britain; and there is a sufficient amount of evidence to make it equally clear that Germany had long been preparing for the war, and had intended to have it about this time, before even the particular pretext for it was found."

Quite a number of eminent Americans have placed on record their conclusions that the Kaiser, puffed with his pleasant confidence in God's partnership with him, had satisfied himself that the psychical moment had arrived. Others have stated their settled opinions that the differences between democratic and autocratic governments, being radical, the two cannot live side by side save under constant mutual protest. This is because the very concepts of civilisation are not the same in democracies and in aristocracies and autocracies. Some of our American friends have told us that they have espoused our quarrel not from any ties of kinship; but because we are in this war for the rights of humanity as against the oppressions of castes and autocratic domination. We are in the war they say, for the rights of peoples; "for the cause that Franklin and Jefferson and Madison wrote for; that Patrick Henry spoke for; that Washington and Jackson fought for; that Lincoln died for; that McKinley suffered

for; and that every American statesman worthy of the name now lives for."

When the Americans had quite made up their minds as to the origin of the war, and as to the merits of it, they went a step further; for it began to dawn upon them that their interests in it might be more than academical. They asked themselves what would be the consequences of a German victory? If all Europe—Belgium, Italy, France, and England—were under German patronage, what would be the American position in the world? It began to be apparent that America's turn would come for subjugation. "Deutschland uber Alles" would apply to the United States and South America; for Germany's immense fleet, embracing as it would the warships of Great Britain, could scatter to the winds the Monroe doctrine. And so it was that many of their most thoughtful citizens concluded that if the great work of the Allies was to prevent Germany becoming irresistible, that object was just as important to America as to Europe; and Uncle Sam had his own interest in taking up a part of the burden.

As that idea took root, it was perceived that the life and death grapple in Europe is really between military imperialism and the divine right of kings on one side, and the democratic rights of peoples on the other. For although German science had laid the world under obligations, so had that of England and France.

Regarding the situation from that standpoint, Putnam, the American publisher, who had but recently travelled a good deal in both Germany and Great Britain, said he was quite clear as to both the origin and motive of the war. It was, he said, deliberately prepared by Germany in accordance with the Bernhardi doctrine—that it

is the destiny of the strong to take from the weak. The British Empire was popularly believed by German opinion to be ready to fall into the first strong hand that should reach out to grasp it, and Germany was its rightful inheritor. Putnam wrote—"In sojourns in England during the past fifty years, I never read or heard an English utterance expressing a desire for anything that belonged to Germany. In Germany, and among German-Americans outside of Germany, I have repeatedly heard the prophecy that the English Empire must be broken up, and that its colonial power must be transferred to Germany."

He remarked on the intense dislike of Germans towards Great Britain. Nothing is more clear than that our Empire's overthrow was to be the ultimate end, though it was not designed that Britain should suspect this until France had first been "so completedly crushed that she can never again come across our path," as Bernhardi puts it.

Professor Cramb, in his "Germany and England," lays it down that the real origin of the war was Germany's intense hatred for England. Britain is a world-empire. She occupies that place in the sun on sea or land which Germany thinks should be her own. Germany believed Great Britain's power to be crumbling to decay; to be ready to fall to pieces at the mere roar of a German big gun. She believed Englishmen to be effeminate, degenerate, bloated by luxury, and weakened by soft-living and over-eating. Germany had a great respect for the British fleet, but she believed the British navy to be living on a past reputation. As to her military strength, that was quite beneath German consideration. A couple of German army corps could devour it for breakfast without any sense of repletion.

Long before America declared war, the bulk of

her people wished for it. One of her foremost citizens, Geo. Burton Adams, voiced that opinion thus—"If it comes to the point when it is necessary for the United States to aid the Allies, then I hope it will be done. Germany is opposed to everything for which we stand, and our turn will be next if Germany were successful."

Lincoln in his campaign for the Presidency, said—"No nation can exist one half free and one half slave." Wilson has applied that reasoning to this war when he says in his reply to the Pope's Peace Note—"Peace must rest on the rights of peoples, not of governments. The test of every peace plan is whether it is based on the faith of the people, or merely on the word of an ambitious and intriguing government."

In that same document the American President reveals the immense importance which he attaches to forms of government; for he says—"Our object is to deliver free peoples from the menace of the actual power of a vast military establishment controlled by an irresponsible Government, which secretly planned to dominate the world and tried to carry out the plan without regard for treaties and international honor. Germany chose her own time for war, and struck fiercely and suddenly. She stopped at no barrier either of law or mercy. She swept the Continent with a tide of blood. It is not our business to say how the German people shall live under their ruthless master, but we must see that the rest of the world is not left to the mercy of the German Government."

It would almost seem as if the mind of President Wilson is undergoing change. Since he said as above that the German people must choose for themselves as to how they will "live under their ruthless master," he has since repeatedly declared that he will not negotiate with any Hohenzollern

or other form of German autocracy. Like Lincoln, he has come to believe that it is with the world as with nations, that it cannot live "one half free and one half slave." The meaning of this is that no nation in the future may be permitted to please itself as to the extent of its armament, because the world cannot live in peace while one half of it is armed and the other half unarmed. All must be equally armed or unarmed. If it were not so, the armed half would enslave the other. The Democracies of the earth have usually been least inclined to militarism; and they are so now. Hence Wilson's resolve against all future autocracies.

On that point Laurence F. Abbott, an American writer of distinction, says—"The leaders of modern Germany wish to dominate Europe—the militarists for power's sake; the industrialists for the sake of commerce; the intellectuals for the sake of imposing German ideals upon the world. . . . I believe it may be said in a very real sense that a victory of the German militarists would destroy the German people, and that a victory of the Allies will save them."

How the World has Accepted the Inevitable.

As soon as the nations had time to turn about and consider the frightful cataclysm into which they were plunged, they met their troubles with a very resolute courage.

They never were much inclined to underrate the formidable strength of the enemy. They knew indeed that that strength was the mightiest the earth had ever seen. But they knew also that the issue was Liberty or Slavery.

Germany had drawn her sword against an unprepared world, declaring that "Germany shall not confront the twentieth century and its thronging vicissitudes as the worshipper of an alien God, thrall of an alien morality." She expressed her belief in a new creed of "Faith and Hope and Hatred." Her first footsteps under that standard were upon a pathway of crime—a pathway of blood and fire, smeared over the face of Belgium. The pirate standard of "Frightfulness" streamed over the stricken land. But there was never a sign of unmanly fear. The Hun tramped on, over demolished cities, razed cathedrals, burning libraries, profaned altars, desecrated sanctuaries. There were bursts of anger, but no appeals for mercy. There lay Belgium beneath the iron heel of her conqueror, starving, homeless, bleeding; but never for one moment despairing. Her only sin against Germany was that she lay in the pathway towards France, and that she was a small kingdom which had no right as against a more powerful one. Belgium, which has so often been the cockpit of Europe, has never taken any but a defensive part in war since Cæsar's time, and has been one of the most thrifty and humane nations in the world.

All the world saw and shuddered as the giant struck the dwarf with his bloody gauntlet. But there was no piteous wail. The Belgian died, but did not surrender. All the nations set their teeth and began a preparation such as no man before had any conception of. Even before the Battle of the Marne checked the enemy on the outskirts of Paris, there was a firm belief in ultimate victory, because of the invincible resolve to win it.

On the part of Great Britain there had been little or no national antipathy towards the Germans. Rather there had been a yearning to cul-

tivate better relations. The mass of the British people were almost unaware of the antithetic ideals which inspired the German people. British publicists were doubtless familiar with the writings of Treitschke, Nietzsche, and Bernhardi; but they regarded them rather as the random opinions of speculative cranks than as the deliberate ideals of the nation.

Viscount Bryce touched this aspect of affairs very happily, when he said that it was neither commercial rivalry nor jealousy of German power that brought Britain into the field. Nor was there any hatred in the British people for the German people, nor any wish to break their power. The leading political thinkers and historians of England had given hearty sympathy to the efforts made by the German people (from 1815 to 1866 and 1870) to attain political unity, as they had sympathised with the parallel efforts of the Italians. Besides this, he remarked that the two nations—German and British—were of kindred race, and linked by many ties.

That was the general feeling when the war broke out. It is different now. The Hun is now everywhere regarded as a savage. He cannot be anywhere regarded as an equal. The Germans are not gentlemen. Their word of honor is given only to be broken. President Wilson tells the Pope—"We cannot take the word of the present rulers of Germany for anything, unless it is explicitly supported by conclusive evidence of the will and purpose of the German people."

Time may carry a wallet on his back, in which he bears "alms for oblivion," but the frightful spoliation of Belgium will remain an unobliterated blot for ever on the pages of modern history. No touch of human pity or thought of human right

softened the brutality which the people had to sustain.

The apostles of "kultur," fired with the lust of war, acted as ravening beasts, to whom the feebleness of age, and the helplessness of woman appealed in vain.

No man, when the war began had even a distant conception of its cost and ravage. But the spirit which began it has remained unshaken. Germany, notwithstanding all her might has met more than her match. She was to have first reduced France to submission, then overrun Russia and dictated peace, after which she could turn her arms against England.

But things have not worked out according to her calculation. Her military machine, her thinking machine, her diplomacy, have all reckoned awry. There is room for many differences of opinion about the management of the war; but on the question of its genesis, it is quite safe to say that impartial history will debit it to a lust of imperious German ambition.

III.

GOD AND THE WAR.

God's Judgment on the World Through War.

Very many people have expressed their opinions that Almighty God has made visible His chastening hand in this war. They believe that He is scourging the world for its wickedness and its forgetfulness of Him. They say that He is the same God in the twentieth century of the Christian era as He was a thousand years before Christ; and that, as He burnt Sodom and Gomorrah, because of the heinousness of their offences, so is He now visiting His chastisements on men who have affronted His name.

One can certainly trust that the great God, who has permitted the earth to be deluged in blood, and these millions of wrongs to be wreaked by wicked rulers, knows most perfectly His own business; and in His way, which is not our way, will turn the curses of iniquity into blessings.

We may profitably call to mind a speech of the Fifth Harry on the eve of Agincourt. Things looked far more gloomy to that young sprig of the Plantagenets than they have ever done for George of England. The French outnumbered the English by ten to one, and there was no retreat for Harry in case of defeat. Yet he meditated—

God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
For our bad neighbors make us early stirrers,

Which is both healthful and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us; admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the Devil himself.

There spoke the prince of optimists. But it is objected that the chastisements of war fall on the guilty and the innocent alike. The poor Belgians taught no paganism, but they felt the first sharp edge of the enemy's sword. God's rain falls on the just and the unjust; and the visitations of Providence in sickness and life's losses are equally without regard to the virtue of those afflicted.

I recollect that during the last year of the life of the late Archbishop Carr, of Melbourne, of saintly memory, that prelate was several times emphatic in declaring his opinion that war is a direct chastisement of an offended Diety. He said that the fearful sufferings inflicted by this war may well be taken as a stroke from God's correcting hand as a punishment of men's secession from the Divine authority.

Many others spoke to the same effect. An Anglican prelate in the old country, said—"It is for us to ask ourselves, both as individuals and as a nation, whether it may not be said of us, as it was of the Israelites, that our sin, too, is great, and that the fierce anger of God is hanging over us. Certainly, if we look around us in this country there has been for years much to draw down God's anger upon us. God's existence and His providential care of His creatures, if not denied, are practically left outside the thoughts of everyday lives of men. The idea of Divine worship, man's first duty to His maker, is disappearing even from religious services; and there are millions upon

millions of men and women whose shadow never darkens the door of a place of worship from year-end to year-end. The sense of sin and the need of atonement for sin is fast disappearing. Men in increasing numbers are ceasing to believe in a Christian revelation, in a future life, in eternal punishment. Pleasure seeking and self-indulgence are the great objects of pursuit; impurity is spreading like a very plague among the old and young; and this country is fast becoming notorious for the criminal practices identified with race suicide."

Another writer of equal authority says—"In England the unbelief of the artisan class, the apathy of the agricultural class in all that concerns religion, would be portentous were it not so familiar."

Those are points which scarcely require proof. Kipling had it in his mind when he wrote his "Recessional"—"Lest we forget."

All the world over, the pagan spirit has been advancing. Rich men live for luxury; poor men toil for purely mundane things. These are but the words of Isaiah over again—

"Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth; for the Lord hath spoken—I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me.

"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider.

"Ah, sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil doers, children that are corrupters: They have forsaken the Lord, they have provoked the Holy One of Israel unto anger, they are gone away backward."

We see from words like these that history is but repeating itself. To revert to King Harry, on the eve of Agincourt, we find him talking not unlike Dr. Carr and the Anglican Bishop. He says—

"There is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it comes to the arbitrament of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some making the war their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is His beadle; war is His vengeance; so that here men are punished for before breach of the king's law in now the king's quarrel."

Here we find the British hero-king just as we find the prelates quoted, claiming for war that it is God's instrument of chastisement. In the great Accompt, when hidden things shall stand revealed, it may be seen that through war, invoked by man's soaring ambitions, God vindicates His eternal Providence in a wider sense than that of the poet who said—

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us."

If this be so, then it may follow that God, using man as His instrument, punishes man by fire and sword, and by the great hell-bursts of shrapnel that lacerate and desolate the beautiful earth.

Some say that there is a good deal of evidence already available that the war has already acted like a disinfectant on French paganism, converting millions to the God they had before contemned. That will be examined in another essay.

The Plain Man's Difficulty.

The man in the street, hearing all this, stops and asks—How can you make that good? If the war has been sent as a punishment on the

wicked, why is it indiscriminating? The innocent Armenians have suffered far more than the persecuting Turks.

If God is now punishing the world for its lapses and blasphemies, why do His punishments fall like His rain, on the just and the unjust alike?

A writer in "The Age" of December 29, 1914, said—

"If Archbishop Carr's views on the war be correct, then the Kaiser is right after all in his assertion that he is God's instrument. For, according to His Grace, it is not the German army which is responsible for the agony of Belgium, but God Himself. It is to be hoped that the homeless Belgians, through the devastation of the Germans, will be properly appreciative of God's interest in them. Having been brought up a Roman Catholic, naturally I feel the greatest respect and deference for His Grace, but I am still of the opinion that the war is clearly the outcome of the ambition, greed, and want of conscience of brutal men, apart from any interference of the Almighty."

A few days later the following appeared in "The Leader":—

"Archbishop Carr is a bad recruiting sergeant. He regards the war as deliberately inflicted upon mankind by the Almighty as a punishment for the wickedness of the world in neglecting divine worship and encouraging the spirit of infidelity. It must be evident that if the war is of God's making, we have been very unjust to the Kaiser, who is merely what he claims to be, the instrument of the Most High. Furthermore, if this war is God's war, we are guilty of the very infidelity of which the Archbishop accuses us in raising contingents with the object of putting an untimely end to the sacrifice. But Dr. Carr's assertion leaves us plunged in perplexities. Why is unbelieving Asia free of the scourge? Are we to believe that the United States is a centre of righteousness, seeing that it is escaping the infliction which falls so heavily on Belgium, a country not conspicuously wicked? If Archbishop Carr is right, we are all wrong in condemning the abominations and outrages of which the Germans have been guilty. Since it is all God's will, where is the sense of reviling His emissaries?"

Of course one perceives at a glance that such reasoners as these have quite missed the distinction between first and secondary causes. But they and in good faith, and possibly speak the thoughts of thousands who have but glanced on the surface of theology.

What puzzles them is why God, being omnipotent, permits sin? And, having permitted it, how He can justly punish it? They see clearly enough that the war could not have happened without God's permission.

They believe the war to be a sinful war. Indeed its wickedness is manifest. God has therefore permitted to occur a sinful war which He might have prevented. He Who Himself can do no evil, has allowed certain brutalities to be visited on unoffending nations; and the offenders yet go unpunished.

That is the Plain Man's stumbling-block.

The Argument from History.

What is there that can make clear to this Plain Man that war is God's beadle? Where is it manifest? Can it be shown to be historically true that God does permit bad men to make unjust wars in punishment of sin? We know that the Prophets in the Jewish Scriptures are full of jeremiads concerning such punishments. The Israelites were again and again abandoned to their pagan enemies because of their backsliding and idolatries.

Two or three examples will suffice here. The Captivity was one. In that instance the Jews were carried away wholesale.

Josephus, in his 9th book, speaking of the wicked King Ahaz, says—"Now, when the King

of Jerusalem knew that the Syrians had returned home, he supposing himself a match for the King of Israel, drew out his army against him, and joining battle with him, was beaten; and this happened because God was angry with him, on account of his many and great enormities. Accordingly, there were slain by the Israelites 120,000 of his men that day."

The same Jewish historian, writing of Hoshea, who had come into the crown of Israel by treachery, says that he kept his crown for nine years; "but was a wicked man, and a despiser of the divine worship; and Shalmaneser, the King of Assyria, made an expedition against him and overcame him (which must have been because he had not God favorable to him)."

This king of Assyria carried away all the Ten Tribes of Israel into Media and Persia. "So the Ten Tribes of the Israelites were removed out of Judea . . . when they had transgressed the laws, and would not hearken to the prophets . . . and made God to be their enemy."

Absalom's war against his father David is another historical case in which God sent a war upon the people in punishment for sin.

"Now therefore the sword shall never depart from thy house, because thou hast despised me, and hast taken the wife of Uriah the Hittite to be thy wife."

"Thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will raise up evil against thee out of thine own house."—Samuel II., 12.

"God was despised by David, and affronted by his impiety when he had married and now had another man's wife. . . . God would inflict punishments upon him on account of those instances of wickedness, and he should be treacherously supplanted by his son [Absalom]."—Josephus, "Antiquities of the Jews," Book VII., Sec. VII.

Absalom in his sinful ambition made war on his father and was slain. His guilty war was a punishment of David's guilty theft of Uriah's wife.

A third example is found in Christ foretelling the destruction of Jerusalem and the Temple. He spoke of it as "the abomination of desolation." The people of Jerusalem had been conspicuously unfaithful to God.

"And when you shall see Jerusalem compassed about with an army, then know that the desolation thereof is at hand."

"For nation shall rise against nation and kingdom against kingdom, and there shall be earthquakes in divers places and famines."

All these things were to happen in punishment of Jerusalem's sins. And they did happen. Was God, therefore, the author of all the crimes committed by the army of Titus?

That is the question which is raised by the critics of Dr. Carr. If God chooses sinful instruments to punish sin, is He not therefore responsible for the sins of His instruments? He chose the rebel Absalom to punish David the adulterer. He chose Titus to punish the infidelities of Jerusalem.

Byron puts the same question into the mouth of Manfred—

"Must crimes be punished but by other crimes,
And greater criminals?"

Did the War Come by Chance.

May we not open this section with a question to the good people who say that this war has come about through the greed of men, "apart from any interference of the Almighty?"

If wars do not come from God, how do they come? Every effect has its cause. There must be a cause for war. To say that a man's criminal ambition made the war does not help us, because the man himself was the effect of some precedent cause. Follow the logic as you will, it leads you back to a First Cause, or God.

If you refuse to believe in God at all, you escape no difficulty. You must still find the cause of this effect—war. For as Polonius says, "This effect, defective, comes by cause."

The man who tells you he will believe only what he understands, must refuse to believe in life, in language, in sound, in color, smell, wind, cold, heat, electricity, sleep, fatigue, sorrow, pleasure; he cannot believe in matter, in the growth of a blade of grass, in light, in his own eyesight, in thought. They are all beyond human comprehension. We only know that they are, not how they operate. We have still to solve the problem —the cause of the war.

It is related of Father Kircher that he was called upon by a young atheist, who wished to dispute with him as to God's existence. On entering the priests's library, the young fellow was attracted to a globe. Passing his hand over it, he touched a secret spring which set the mechanism in motion, so as to imitate the movements of the universe. When the priest entered, the young man turned, full of admiration, and asked—"Father, what genius devised this wonder?" The Father replied—"Nobody made it; it made itself." The young man looked grave, as he said—"Father, you trifle. It is against reason that such a splendid miniature of our universe should be the work of chance or have made itself." "What," said the priest, "you assert that a genius was necessary to make this poor miniature imitation, and yet

deny that the universe itself had a Maker." The young man dropped on his knees, and said, "My God, I believe."

A disciple of Voltaire was once holding forth in a small company, and proving as he thought that there is no God. Mortified by the resistance of a lady who refused assent to any of his arguments, he said—"I could not have believed in such a company as this I should be the only one not to believe in God.' The lady replied—"You are not the only one. My horses, and my dog, and my cat are in the same category of unbelief as you, only they have the sense not to boast of it."

The man that made the war was made by God, governed by God, unable to move a hand, think a thought, speak a syllable except through the power received from God. Therefore, if he made the war, he was God's instrument in making it.

That argument to some avails nothing.

But does the war come as the result of Chance? Do you take refuge in the theory of accident? Blind Chance?

What is Chance? It is merely the atheist's negation of God. Has anybody ever defined it? Can anybody ever do so? It is a shadow, a nothing, a senseless word. To suppose that Chance governs this world, or anything in it, is to suppose that Chance made Father Kircher's miniature globe, or the universe it represented.

It you say that we are in a topsy-turvy world, full of inequalities, where the good people suffer and the wicked thrive, it is fair to ask you, my glib friend, how can you be so sure that what offends your ideas are really confusion and disorder? You judge things to be useless without knowing a hundredth part of the complexities of being. You think things bad, because you do not know what they are good for. Your want of

knowledge of the secondary causes surrounding you, certainly does not justify your ascribing the war to Chance.

Perhaps you may vary the phrase, and say that they come as the accidental conjuncture of circumstances. But if God rules in the fall of a sparrow, there can be no accident. And you do not show what else rules that fall.

Can we gaze around us without perceiving that the Universe is under a law? Can we look into the stellar spaces and not see how perfectly they follow a prescribed course—so perfect that our astronomers can predict eclipses centuries ahead? No chance—all regulation.

"I can easily," says Dr. Barry, "believe in miracles, provided that there is a Disposer of all things Who wills to work them; but in blind Chance, or Eyeless Necessity, I cannot so much as discover a positive meaning at all."

The poet Pope was not without a glimmer of inspiration when he wrote—

All nature is but art, unknown to thee.
All chance direction, which thou canst not see.
All discord, harmony not understood.
All partial evil, universal good.
In spite of sense, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear—whatever is, is right.

If that be so, then this bad war will eventuate in right, as part of the Divine economy. I turn a leaf of one of Father Lambert's books. His was one of the keenest intellects of his time. I find this—

"If you ask why one creature is more perfect than another; why this one is placed here and that one there; why winter is cold and summer hot; why it rains now and not at another time; why this loss of fortune, of health; why that sickness; why that young child's death, while the old man near to it lives on; why that good man is carried off by death, while the bad man who does

nothing but evil is spared—I shall reply to you that an INFINITE intelligence, an INFINITE wisdom, an INFINITE justice and goodness have thus regulated these things, and that it is certain that all is in due order, although it may not seem so to us. . . . Chance governs nothing here on earth, because it is itself nothing."

Vindicating God's Ways.

If, as St. Augustine says, "Nothing occurs by chance in the whole course of our life," then God made this war.

Now the war is an evil war. Did a good God make an evil war? We turn to the 45th chapter of Isaiah, 6th and 7th verses, and we read—

"That they may know from the rising of the sun, and from the west, that there is none beside me; I am the Lord, and there is none else."

"I form the light, and create darkness. I make peace, and create evil. I, the Lord, do all these things."

So that nothing happens on this earth but God wills it, or permits it. He does all, orders all, directs all. He numbers the hairs of our heads, the leaves of the trees, the grains of sand on the seashore, the drops of water in the ocean. He therefore made this war, and it is an evil war. But it does not follow, as we shall see, that the Holy God is the Author of evil. The Prophet Amos says—

"Shall a trumpet be blown in the city, and the people be not afraid? Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?"

How can God will evil? How can He take part therein? He can have nothing in common with sin. Theologians very clearly explain this seeming paradox. They point out that in every evil deed two separate elements must be present. There must be the exterior act and the interior malice

of determination. The exterior act is always God's. It could not happen without Him. The interior malice of determination is man's in the exercise of his free will.

Cain struck Abel a murderous blow long ago. Brown did the same to Jones yesterday. There were in those wrongful acts (a) the violent motion of the arm, and (b) the malicious intention of the mind. Cain's arm committed no sin; his mind did.

God could have paralysed Cain's arm and prevented the blow. He permitted Cain's blow to fall upon Abel, and He is therefore the Author of Abel's death, which he could easily have prevented. But not the Author of Cain's malice.

God permits men to do evil because He will not interfere with men's free will. Abel's death was not an evil to Abel, but only to Cain. In like manner the martyrs' deaths are not evils to those who incur them; but only to those who inflict. St. Peter, dying on the cross for Christ, incurred no evil, but received a great good. St. Ignatius had his leg broken at the Battle of Pampeluna. That was to him not a bane, but a boon. A robber steals my purse. He does himself an evil; but none to me, if I accept the loss as God's will in my regard. God permits the thief his free will to steal, but has no share in the malice of the theft.

This principle is one which all the world acts upon in things mundane. For instance, a judge condemns a culprit to death. The executioner, out of a private hatred which he bears to the condemned man, exhibits a fiendish joy in despatching him. The hangman's work in the execution is innocent; his private malice is sinful. The judge has no share in either.

A Parliament passes a Conscription Act for

the defence of the Commonwealth. A certain recruiting officer, who nurses a private grudge against an invalid citizen, under that law compels the invalid citizen to enlist. Under the hardship of camp life the delicate man dies, and his widowed mother is deprived of her only maintenance. The Conscription law was not blamable for that man's death, which was due to the malice of the recruiting officer.

The Examples of Job and Joseph.

Satan, by God's special permission, visited upon Job, tremendous sufferings. Job was a very rich man and beloved of God. "He was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil." In order that Job's piety might stand revealed to all men, Satan was allowed to strip him of all his vast possessions and to cover him with infirmity of body. His friends come to him and add to his afflictions of body by describing God's judgments upon him to the secret sins of his life. Job scarifies his comforters by telling them—"No doubt ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." But he professeth confidence in God. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though, after my death worms destroy the body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." His friends still taunt him that his secret wickedness hath found him out. He says that wickedness often goeth unpunished here, but that there is a secret judgment for the wicked. God's power is infinite and unsearchable. Then God rebuked Job's unjust critics; showed to them Job's justice; restored all his possessions, and made him twice as pros-

perous as before. All Job's afflictions came from God, not from the Devil, though it was the Fiend's malice that conceived them and which struck Job with them. Job himself expressly says so—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." Commenting upon this St. Augustine says—

> "Behold how this holy man understood the mystery of God's providence! He did not say, the Lord has given me children and riches, and the Devil hath taken them from me! But he said, 'the Lord hath given; the Lord hath taken. As it hath pleased the Lord, and not as it hath pleased the Devil, also it is done.' "

There, in a sentence, we have the philosophical and theological pith of it. God was the Author of Job's afflictions, and for Job's own good. The Devil was the author of the malice in them; and the sin was overruled for good by a loving God.

In like manner, Joseph was envied and hated by his brethren. They sold him into Egypt. God was the Author of their exterior act, but not of their interior sin. Joseph afterwards said to his brethren—"So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God."

The reasoning grows perspicuous. Joseph's brethren simply sold Joseph, and sent him as a slave to Egypt. But God, the Author of the exterior act, but not of the interior sinfulness, overruled all for good.

May He not do the same in this war? Without being in any way responsible for the pride and ambition which inflated the caitiff Kaiser, may He not have directed events to the correction of creatures who have forgotten Him?

I take up Father de Lehen's exquisite book, "The Way of Interior Peace." The learned author is a Jesuit, who has spent a lifetime in the study of patristic literature. His work bears the

sign manual of his church. Dealing with this subject he says—

"God wills you to be humbled and deprived of temporal goods, that thereby you may become better and more virtuous. It is then really not the sin that humbles you, that plunges you into poverty and misery. It is the blow dealt at your honor, the loss of your wealth, that produces those effects, for the sin itself hurts only him who commits it. We must always discriminate between what God accomplishes through the instrumentality of men, and what their own evil will may add thereto. . . . You complain that some one wrongs you, insults, slanders, calumniates you, or unjustly robs you of your property. . . . I am firmly persuaded that no greater joy could be granted you than that which has rendered you so disconsolate. I have a thousand reasons for my conviction. And if I knew all that God knows, and saw the future rich with blessings resulting from these sufferings, how strengthened I should become in my first convictions."

And again in another passage which I cannot resist the temptation to transcribe, he says—

"We must not attribute our losses, our misfortunes, our sufferings, to the evil spirit, or to man; but to their true Author, God. Let us not venture to say—'This one or that one is the cause of my misfortune, my ruin.' No; our trials are not the work of man. They are God's own work. This will redound to our greater tranquillity; for all that God, the best of Fathers, does, is full of infinite wisdom. All is subservient to His highest and holiest purposes."

Judas Iscariot's name is always forced into the mind in reasonings like these. God employed Judas as the indirect instrument of Christ's death. Judas's free will conceived the design of that great betrayal; and God permitted the betrayer to deliver Christ to His enemies. The sin was Judas's, not God's. But God's was the act which wrought our redemption.

Applied to Belgium.

In the light of this reasoning the critics of Dr. Carr may see that while the Kaiser's war may be God's war, we may still rightly contend against the Kaiser's malice that began it.

God permitted the Devil to afflict holy Job; but He did not condemn Job, nor those who would really bring him comfort.

God allowed Joseph's brethren to sell Joseph into slavery; but He did not condemn Pharaoh for making Joseph the ruler of Egypt.

God permitted Potipher's wife to cast Joseph into prison; but He Himself by the medium of the King's dream effected Joseph's rescue.

God permitted a certain man between Jerusalem and Jericho to "fall amongst robbers;" but He commended the Good Samaritan who succored the victim.

God permitted Judas to betray Him; but He condemned Judas for his treachery.

So God has permitted Belgium and France and all the world, to suffer punishment from the myrmidons of a brutal Autocrat; but He may signally bless us if we assist in the punishment of the criminals.

While God permits the Kaiser to wreak the full measure of his malice, He may make the Allies His instruments for inflicting the full measure of His retribution.

Scandals indeed must come to the world; but woe to him from whom the scandal cometh.

There is comfort as well as wisdom and truth in this doctrine. When suffering, misfortune, drought, war, sickness, calumny, or humiliation, come upon us, it is very consoling to feel that they come from God, our Friend; not from the Devil, our enemy.

Finally, it is permitted to us to hope that Bel-

gium in this war has suffered no wrong in any other sense than Job did.

If God has His omnipotent fingers on the keyboards of all events; if he really sends to me my business losses, and to my brother his sickness; and if He sends to both of us alike the assurance that a blessing rests on all His dispensations; if we are convinced that He is the same Father to us as He was to Job and Joseph, to Peter and Paul, to all the martyrs in their trials, to St. Ignatius stricken on the field—why may not this visitation be to poor pitiful Belgium another of His crowning mercies?

There is on this subject a very beautiful and consoling passage in "The Voice of Belgium." Let me give it—"Alas, we have all had times in which we too fell under God's reproach. . . . Nevertheless He will save us; for He wills not that our adversaries should boast that they, and not the Eternal, did these things. 'See ye that I alone am, and there is no other God beside me. I will kill and I will make to live; I will strike, and I will heal.' God will save Belgium, my brethren; you cannot doubt it. Nay, rather, He is saving her. Across the smoke of conflagration, across the stream of blood, have you not glimpses, do you not perceive signs, of His love for us?"—Cardinal Mercier, in his Christmas Pastoral of 1914.

The same remark applies, of course, to France, in which religious fervor has greatly increased. We cannot pretend to measure with our petty finite foot-rule the relations of the Infinite with Belgium, or fathom the sufferings and solaces of her people. But we can be sure that every wrong done, both nationally and individually, has been by the permission of an Omnipotence as loving as He is just.

"God," says the Belgian Cardinal, "has the supreme art of mingling His mercy with His wisdom and justice. And shall we not acknowledge that if war is a scourge for this earthly life of ours, a scourge whereof we cannot easily estimate the destructive force and extent, it is also for multitudes of souls an expiation, a purification, a force to lift them to the pure love of their country and to perfect Christian unselfishness?"

It may assuage our grief over those hapless sufferers to remember that every injury, coming to them from God, if accepted with submission and resignation, may become to the sufferers a source of supreme blessedness. Nor is there any undue egoism in the reflection that for every drop of balm which we have poured into their wounds, we shall earn the divine commendations bestowed on the Good Samaritan.

IV.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE WAR.

The Giant Awakes.

Fully and broadly Great Britain is now awake. Awake as she has never been since the Spanish Armada.

Britons may be, have been, in the past just a little unduly proud of their place in the world. They have hugged the flattery of being a "sceptred isle," an "earth of majesty," "a precious stone set in a silver sea," and of having oversea Dominions compared to which those of Alexander and Augustus were trifles.

But all Britain's former glories in military achievements and in empire-building, are dwarfed before the stupendous efforts which she has put forth in this war. She was once spoken of by one of her poets as a weary Titan staggering under the vast orb of her destiny. In the last three years she has flung aside every suspicion of a stagger, and she now strides the narrow world like a Colossus.

When the war began her German critics sometimes spoke of her as a "back number." She had grown flabby, they said. At times she may have looked like it. The greatness of the struggle before her may for an instant have dazed her. But, if so, it was for a moment only. The plunge of

the great nations into a war of giants might have given a shock to the stoutest hearts. But the flood of a mighty purpose surged up in the national bosom, and the instinctive courage of a great people came with all the rush of a reaction. The nation set its teeth as it had not done before since Napoleon's time.

Some people, half traitors, half fools, have talked about Australians being "war-weary." In the name of heaven, what for? What have they done? What have they suffered? What have they spent on the war? What have they spent in money, work, or privation?

War weary! Good Lord in Heaven! Where would civilisation and freedom be now if Great Britain had talked the pusillanimous rubbish of being "war-weary." It is a term which the lips of manhood should blush to utter.

England during the last four years has made history as she never made it before. It has now become a commonplace of the whole world that Great Britain, the Unfit and the Unready, the despair of Lord Roberts, and the possessor at the beginning of the war of only a "contemptible little army" has made herself, in four years, the greatest war-power on earth. This does not except Germany, with her forty years of diligent naval and military preparation.

Great Britain, we are told, is spending some £2,500,000,000 a year on the war. In doing that, she is remaking the country. By converting her annual consumption of 8,000,000 tons of coal into electrical power, she is saving more than half of it. This, with a saving of the big products hitherto wasted, will economise to the extent of £100,000,000 in this one article of industry alone. The national motive power will be trebled. The country with the highest motive power will have

the highest material prosperity. England is indeed awake.

When the war broke out in 1914, Britain had no army. Her navy and her command of money were all that made good her claim to rank amongst the great powers. Now her navy can outmatch all the navies of the world and her military strength is equal to that of the strongest of her enemies. The weight of her war metal in the field outclasses probably that of any other single belligerent. It is a story of truly bewildering achievement. It means starting from zero and arming 5,000,000 of men, and keeping them armed with all the most perfect appliances that modern military science can suggest.

When Lord Kitchener first began to enrol his army, the men came in ten times faster than the equipments. There were soon hundreds of thousands of soldiers in camp drilling without rifles, and at the front the enemy could count ten machine guns to our one. Not only was there a dearth of munitions, but an absence of war factories, foundries, and arsenals. The rifles, the bayonet, the bombs, the shells, the shrapnel, the mortars, the howitzers, the great guns, had all to be forged, and so had the very machinery for forging them.

Never was a great nation caught in such a shiftless state of lunatic unreadiness. The British people had refused to believe in the imminence of a great war in spite of German ostentatious preparations. Then came the war; and then also came the miracle. The nation sprang to attention, with more than her traditional national spirit. It was as if every individual Tommy was instinct with the genius of battle. War factories grew, as it were, spontaneously from British soil, as if the earth itself were pregnant with

the requisites of a great occasion, and gave out a harvest of munitions.

As an example, the item of explosives may be cited. For every ton of explosives made in England in September, two months after the war began, there were 350 times as much at the end of the first war year. Even then the factories were only as it were beginning. In another twelve months—that is by July, 1916—for every one ton at the start there were 12,000 tons made, and by the end of the year, the amount was 14,000 or an increase of 14,000 times in eighteen months. This evinces an all but incredible rapidity of development. Only a people virile to the very highest degree of masculine capacity could have thus overtaken their neglected military responsibility.

Britain sent her first troops into the firing line half destitute of bombs; but the explosive power of this weapon wielded in the middle of 1916 was 150 times what it was at the start. In 1918, its magnitude is past computation.

As it was with one weapon of offence so it was all round. The Empire had not merely sharpened its teeth; it had multiplied them so that it was compacted of one universal bite.

Artillery ammunition multiplied by 43 times between June, 1915, and November, 1917. England could produce as many shells in eight days in 1916 as she made in all the first year of the war. She has now a multitude no man can number. And what she had accomplished in the skill and means of making them, she had fully equalled in the provision of artilleryists to use them to the most deadly purpose.

Indeed at the end of 1916 the British factories were turning out in a week three times as many shells as they turned out all told in the first year of the war. A people who can thus leap to the

task of making up a perilous leeway are a sort of Supermen without being aware of it. Great Britain did for herself in three years what Germany had taken forty years to accomplish.

Her formidable guns, during the first year of the war belonged to the navy. But by the middle of 1916 her artillery of all calibres was ten times what it was in 1915, and the Germans found that no system of trenches or dugouts was immune against the unexampled weight of modern metal.

A better understanding of this may be conveyed by the statement that putting the average monthly product of the first year at 100, that of December, 1916, was about 2500. The amount of prevision which all this entailed can only be gradually apprehended. A million square feet of new ground had to be covered by factory buildings. No fewer than 14,000 women were engaged in the Inspection Department alone because of the extreme necessity for every gun and shell being able to pass the safety test. It is not always that the hour brings forth the man; but it did in this case.

Mr. Lloyd George was the first Minister of Munitions. It seemed on one side of his character as if he were born to do nothing else than multiply weapons of death.

The British army scarcely fired any high explosive shells until after the battle of Loos in 1915, because the danger from premature explosion had not been mastered. At that battle, as the Minister of Munitions informed the House of Commons, the "prematures" were so bad in damaging the guns by bursting just at the muzzles that they had to be given up. The knowledge of how to eliminate this danger had to be learned in the process of "filling" and "fusing." It was learned, and learned very rapidly. The very ap-

pearance of some manufacturing towns in England was changed, owing to the number of new factories built and equipped with machinery and tools. The trade unionists, on an appeal to their patriotism, surrendered all their rules and customs which throttled production, and efficiency leaped forward towards perfection.

The women became a great factor in this vital work of offensive preparation. There were as many as 400 processes in which women had never worked before the war; but at the end of 1916, 400,000 women were engaged in almost all kinds of this labor of attending to automatic machinery. Indeed, so successful were they that one engineer declared that when those women had had two years more experience, he would undertake with them to build a battleship complete from the keel upwards.

Have we Australians ever opened our eyes to the grandeur of these British achievements? If we have, should we not be full of a noble ambition to emulate them as far as we are able?

Britain's Achievements in Finance.

If Australians are inclined to plume themselves on what they have done, they may profitably dwell a few minutes on what Great Britain has accomplished in the single item of finance.

After Britain's hurried mobilisation of the navy, her first thought was towards finance. The sinews of war must be made tense. A war against Germany's tremendous equipments demanded gold in waggon loads. Men with big ideas grasped the situation instantly. The Boer War had cost

£250,000,000 in two years. But here was a conflict which would swallow up that sum in a couple of months.

The imperial mind became imperial in conception. It leaped to a comprehension of the monetary aspect as it did to other phases, with an almost royalty of vision. It could not forecast all the future, but it took in the great fact that the struggle was to be a fight for life to the death.

So it has happened that in finance as in other departments of the war, Great Britain has outdistanced the whole world, her previous self included. A month after the first gun was fired in Belgium, the House of Commons voted a war-credit of £100,000,000. Three months later it voted another credit of £225,000,000. That was a financial opening worthy of an empire at the world's apex.

At the end of eight months the money spent was £362,000,000, or an average of £1,500,000 a day. This was more by over a hundred millions than the whole Boer war had cost, and so far Kitchener was only just beginning to enrol his army.

The nation which had been called a "back number" was at once a thrilling "Live Extraordinary." The first war loan was for £350,000,000. It was subscribed within a week by 100,000 investors.

For the next two months the expenditure went up to £2,600,000 a day. By the end of the first twelve months of the war—that is in July, 1915—the daily outlay was £3,000,000. A year later it was £5,000,000 daily. It is now more than £6,000,000 and it is still rising. There was not the ghost of a grumble anywhere, unless it were that the Government had not spent fast enough.

Well known freetraders forgot their Cobdenism, and urged the Government to put new taxation

on imports, both to get more money and to prevent the entrance of foreign goods.

At the end of the first year the total war cost stood at £686,000,000. The second year's cost was £1,465,000,000. It meant that every British citizen had been called upon to put at least half of his income at the disposal of the State, either in loan or taxation. What have "war-weary" Australians done to approach that per capita?

Early in 1917, the British Government asked for a £600,000,000 "Victory War Loan." It got £1,000,000,000. That single sentence expresses a volume of intense patriotism. "Money talks," say the cute Yankees. But money does more. It acts. Money is a good soldier. That thousand million Loan spoke of a bulldog grip and determination. Will our Australian people try to understand what it means to take a thousand millions sterling of cash out of the pockets of 45,000,000 people? Nothing like it had ever before been known on this planet. It put the crown on patriotic fervor.

Women who had no money to give or invest sent their jewels. Eighty-seven citizens advanced £196,000 free of interest. Forty-four others made free gifts of £66,000. People rose above all normal level in sacrifices quite stupendous. There was an abandonment of all limitation. The only goal was winning the war. The War Lords had but to ask, and the people of England gave. The national purse was as open as that of Fortunatus.

At the beginning of the war, the British national debt was £700,000,000. On March 31st, 1917, it was £4,900,000,000. Now it is about £7,000,000,000. This is at the rate of about £150 per head.

There is a good deal of the same kind that may be said showing that English courage and

energy were as phenomenal in her treasury chests as they are deathless in the splendid men who faced shot and shell, frost, mud and water in the trenches. Will any Australian, contemplating this, tolerate the dastard, faint-hearted poltroon who talks about Australia being "war-weary"?

What the Money was Spent In.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has written two books on the war. They are both of them records of Britain's wonderful achievements. The first of them was called "England's Effort." The second, issued last year, was called "Towards the Goal." Both of them alike stir the pulses of the blood. Theodore Roosevelt says in his foreword to Mrs. Humphrey Ward's latest book:—"England has in this war reached a height of achievement loftier than that she attained in the struggle wih Napoleon, and she has reached this height in a far shorter time. England, when on the brink of destruction, gathered her strength and strode resolutely back to safety. A considerable time elapsed before it was possible to make the English people understand that this was a people's war, and of vital concern to the people. In America we are now encountering much the same difficulties." Alas, in Australia, one half of the people have not yet realised it. We must hope that their knowledge may not come too late. That knowledge is of high value as an inspiration to constructive patriotism.

We are lost in the magnitude of what our Imperial Mother has done. At the beginning of the war the navy had a personnel of 140,000. It has now 400,000. And there is no part of

Britain's naval strength that is not incomparably greater than it was in 1914. Its increase of tonnage is well over a million tons.

Sometimes we think of the navy as quiescent. Here is an eye-opener:—

1. Eight millions of men moved across the sea almost without mishap.
2. Ten million tons of explosives carried to the Allies.
3. A million and a quarter horses and mules carried across the sea.
4. Forty-seven million gallons of petrol supplied to the armies.
5. 25,000 ships examined for contraband on the high seas.

The current of hot energy started by Lloyd George in the ammunition shops has never died down. There is the economic side of it too.

Take one instance. Near to a military camp is a fat factory, which utilised all the food refuse of the camp to get glycerine for the explosives for millions of eighteen pounder shells. It is genius. The refuse of the camp was used up sanitarily and turned into a 240 per cent. profit.

"This pitiless war," says an author, "seems to have revealed to England herself the quality of her race." Can any Australian, save the cravens who are "war-weary," note this unmoved? Last year the output of eighteen pounder shells was twenty-eight times as much as in 1914. Unlike those of Australia, her efforts increase as the war goes on. England at first had barrack room for only 176,000 men. But soon the limit reached to a million. Fancy what that meant—timber, lighting, labor, water, drainage, roads—everything. Uniforms, too. In a year and a half England had not only equipped her own troops, but was manufacturing for her Allies. The pro-

blem had been to find the shortest cut to the making of an army. Britain found it. And the army she made was the equal of our Australian Anzacs—but twenty times as great.

One wistfully longs that the Australian mind may fully grasp these wonderful things of what the Imperial Mother has done. If it do so, it cannot remain degenerate in achievement. It is so easy to write and read of it afterwards. But the work itself was, as Mrs. Ward says, "perpetual, highly-organised, scientific drudgery." Do the drudgeries and the brutalities of war brutalise the soldier? An eminent General says: "I see no signs of it. The kindness of the men to each other, to the wounded—whether British or German—to the French civilians, especially the women and children is as marked as ever it was. It is astonishing the good behavior of the men in the French towns."

With one pair of eyes one can only see a fraction of what is in truth going on. But the whole effect is one of vast and increasing industry. We can only stand amazed at the brain-power which conceived it, and the industry which executed it? "I don't think," says an officer, "that I ever before rated the British soldier at his proper value. When he is not in the trenches his discomforts are enough to kill any ordinary mortal. When he is in the trenches it is a mixture between the North Pole and Hell. I don't think England has ever had as much cause to be proud as she has to-day."

At home and abroad the feeling is on the heroic level. Thus: "I know many of the dear fellows don't come back. What then? They will have done their job."

The work done at home in England was quite as important as the work done in the trenches.

The soldiers understood it. One of them wrote: "You see, at first we used to know that our guns were not nearly so many as the Germans, and that we hadn't the stuff to put over. Now we just climb out of a trench and walk behind a curtain of fire. It makes a difference. It seems to me we are steadily beating the Boche at his own game."

Nor is it only in the work of destruction that the efforts of Britain have gone on. That vast section of the war concerned with the care and transport of the wounded, like everything else, has been steadily and eagerly perfected during the past year. Never have the wounded in battle, in any war, been so tenderly and skilfully cared for.

Mrs. Ward's books are a record of the monumental war preparation, rushed to perfection in three years. That preparation eclipses all the flights of the most vivid imagination. Can Australians contemplate it and say that they have already done enough? Can they say that their policy should be "Australia first"? Do they not see that they are partners in Empire, and that partnership involves that each partner has equal duties with the rest?

British Efforts a Spur to America.

During the first two years of the war the Americans got a very false notion of British energy. From erroneous reports, and the very large purchases of munitions, they judged that Great Britain was lazy. Some of the papers said she was "taking the war lying down." There never was a greater libel on a great nation's marvellous efforts. Britain then began a press propaganda to enlighten the Americans as to what she

was doing. The truth, when it became known, fired American enthusiasm, and no doubt did much towards eventually bringing America into the war.

The fact was just what Lord Rosebery said of it—"Our exertions since the war began are superhuman." Democracies are never prepared for war. It is not their trade. Britain was incredibly unprepared. But as soon as Belgium was invaded, she knew the die was cast, and her exertions resembled the energy of a volcano. The "flannelled fools" that Kipling had gibed at, left the wicket, every one of them, and shouldered their rifles instead of their bats. In the coinage of a French phrase, England "improvised the impossible."

She raised 60 per cent. of her total recruitable strength in a few months. Nothing so colossal had ever a record in history. And as the Tommies sprang into life, there followed their equipment. Shops, factories, camps, leaped almost literally out of the soil. One passed through the country and his guide said: "A year ago, this was all green fields. Now those works employ 12,000 workpeople, of whom nearly half are women, who as workers are a triumphant success."

"How do you account for it?"

"How? Why for one thing the raids on the east coast. Yes, the shattered houses and the maimed women and children. Oh! these women workers are splendid. They don't mind what they do, nor how long they work. Sometimes twelve hours a day, and seven days a week. Go and ask them if they are tired. The women laugh at the question. They were well fed and money was plentiful, but beneath it all was the exultant boast: "We are helping our soldiers to win this war!"

Money was in it—lots. But there was a great deal more than money in it. There was a grim sense of honorable self-consciousness. The girls and women amongst their own machinery would look up at a passing visitor as much as to say: "Yes, we are all in it. All doing our bit, helping the boys at the front."

In one factory out of thousands that could be named, 1,200 machines were erected, and all their shell products were made by women. Yes. English women have done almost as much to save England as English men have. Hardly ever a shirker amongst them.

No doubt, Lloyd George was the mercury which put energy into the national spirit. His speeches were clarion calls: "Unless we quicken our movements damnation will fall on the sacred cause for which so much gallant blood has flowed." And then the German raid did the rest. The word ran through all England: "Hustle, lads! quicker and quicker! more guns! more shells!"

As to the women, the memory of their fervor comes again and again. "They are not so strong as the men," says a sweet-faced forewoman; "but look at them. What they lack in strength, they make up in patriotic spirit."

You go and ask them as they file away to their meals—"Are they not tired? What makes you come so cheerfully to this hard man's work?" "Tired?" they answer. "No! We just feel that we must come here and help to kill Germans!"

In making the heavy shells, men were provided at first to do the lifting, but the women soon thrust them aside.

It is easy to write about it; but the performances of some of the men too were sustainable only by the highest effort of brave spirits. The exhausting nature of some work on the Clyde can

only be known by those engaged on it. Men worked from 50 to 100 hours a week amongst a noise from steam hammers so deafening, and a heat from molten metal so weakening, that most of them were deaf for life.

Well might Walter Long, the least boastful member of the House of Commons, exclaim in a speech there: "Say what you like; blame, criticise as you like! But what this country has done since August, 1914, is an almost incredible story." And so it is. Not only were the soldiers, the workers, the women to be provided, but the places to put them in; the docks, the long lines of ships, the horses, the timber, the rations, the fodder, the coal, the coke, the petrol. Camps and depots are put up "while you wait."

There was one thing especially that is to be placed to the credit of labor. What is called "dilution of labor" was abhorrent to trades unionism. It seems that in special trades such as engineering, there are certain classes of work that on a pinch can be done by unskilled labor. Unionism is jealous against that mixture. But when it was found that war-efficiency demanded it, the tradesmen gave way to the country's needs.

In this they did what other classes did in other ways. The war to a great extent put an end to the frivolities of the rich; to the old wasteful dinner parties; to great receptions; and to more than half of the drink, chatter and gay dresses of women. There arose a fashion of wearing old clothes, and though the children of the artisans were better dressed than before, the war-spirit evinced itself in a thousand forms of voluntary sacrifice.

Australia has seen very little of this. We have not suffered anything. Are we to be recreant in a time of noble endeavor? Will we not at least

fill the bill in the new war loan? When all this became known in America it produced a wonderful effect.

Great Britain and Australia Compared.

There are men amongst us here who are still not ashamed to shriek from disloyal platforms; "Australia first!" They mean that Australians are not to consider the Empire at large; to forget Belgium and her sufferings, Servia and her martyrdom, France and her crucifixion. They are to consider Australia first and to refuse further service, on the grounds that they have done enough.

It is certain that such people cannot have considered the stupendous part which Britain has played, or they would be ashamed to say that Australia has already done her share.

It is only very gradually that the full meaning of Britain's prodigious financial contributions to the war can be apprehended. We can get a grip of it by comparison. Great Britain is now spending on the war £45,000,000 per week, or £1 per head of her people. In Australia we are spending £1,500,000 per week or 6/- per head of our people. Yet head per head, the Victorian Statist says, we in Australia are richer by £69 per head in accumulated wealth than are the people of Great Britain.

But it is not in money alone that Britain has poured unstinted treasure into this war. She has sent men as freely as she has sent gold. Lord Kitchener said he wanted a voluntary army of 3,000,000 and he got them in twelve months. The German atrocities in Belgium, and the Hun threats to Europe had done to England the work that her foresight had failed in. She was aroused as though by the note of a bugle-horn. She had

slept through all Lord Roberts's earnest warnings. She had persisted in sleeping. But she was now awake, and at the end of the first year of the war she was as full of life as a disturbed hive of bees, and almost as angry. The roar of the German cannon had done it. As the first blast of war blew across the Channel, she started up as a young dozing giant might spring up at the sting of a scorpion. Nor has she even for an instant dozed again.

There had gone abroad before the war a notion that Britain was a spent force, a played-out nation, sunk in luxury, an Empire on the downward slope of decline. German military experts, seeing her unpreparedness, regarded her as eaten up with the dry-rot of indulgence, and quite incapable of emulating her historical past.

All the world knew that British Statesmen were passionately attached to peace. They hated to hear the eternal clank of the German sabre. They persisted in believing that the sabre would not strike. And when wise soldiers like Roberts implored them to listen to the rumblings of menace about them, the eternal national optimism made them hope for the best, and go on neglecting all military preparation.

Those English Statesmen went near to the sacrifice of British dignity in their appeals to Germany and Austria to submit their complaints to an International Conference. But if it were ever true, as surmised, that high living, laziness, and luxury, had sapped somewhat the ancient British resoluteness of purpose, the German violation of the Belgian Pact was a perfect prophylactic. Consideration like an angel came to Britain and whipped all the dross of effeminacy out of her.

At that great challenge, she sprang up instantly,

with the fierce fire of war in her blazing eyes, resolute and iron-hearted.

In the early period of the war Henry James, the novelist, wrote a few lines which very clearly express this national resurrection. He said: "This grand old country has found herself again—found her soul, and her special store of energy, thereby renewing her genius and her sincerity. That nation is taking it all, and doing it, facing it, and meaning it, worthily and splendidly. At this hour she is in a perfectly magnificently moral position, the proudest to my mind of her history, and the considerable, the very considerable deficiencies in her material preparations are only the more shining evidences of that."

Kitchener improvised armies as if by magic. His regiments sprang into life as if by the touch of an enchanter's wand. Just as Roderick Dhu's whistle.

> "garrisoned the glen,
> At once with full five hundred men,"

so Kitchener's call made all civilian England martial. The blast of war which withered the cities of doomed Belgium, filled every square mile of Britain with armed men panting to avenge the horrors of German cruelty.

But this was for men only. When at the end of twelve months Kitchener had got his first three millions of fighting men, it was found that that was only a beginning. More men and still more were wanted. One man in every fifteen of the population had volunteered, and still the cry was "More!"

In the light of these facts can any self-respect-

ing Australian say that we have done enough? He knows that we can never have done enough till we have done all we can do. But there are those amongst us who meanly say that Australia has done enough. We may answer this by showing her performances compared with those of Great Britain, head for head, and pound for pound of her resources.

Three gigantic tasks were undertaken and carried through by Great Britain.

The first was her providing of about £6,000,000,000 of money for war purposes.

The second was the enlistment of 5,000,000 of fighting men.

The third was the supply of guns, shells, ships, and all war material in such abundance that no German force has been able to stand before her greatest attacks.

All that has been done and done so thoroughly that Great Britain is now a leading military power of the world.

Great Britain's population is 45,000,000. Of these 5,000,000 are in arms, and another 5,000,000 are making arms, ships, and munitions of war. That means that two in every nine of her people are so employed. Australia from a population of 5,000,000 raised 350,000 soldiers in the same time, or one in every sixteen of her people.

The measure of those British efforts is the measure of her Imperial greatness; it is the measure of her pluck and patriotism. They are all on the gigantic scale. The Dominions take a laudable pride in having done well. They have done so. But a comparison of Commonwealth efforts with those of Britain will show the unapproachable achievements of our Imperial Mother.

The appended table is but a sketch:—

Class of Service.	Great Britain.	Commonwealth.
Spent on the war per capita 30th September, 1917 ..	£121	£38
Average per capita wealth in Commonwealth and Great Britain, 1911	£153	£222
British Victory War Loan 1917, per capita yield and Commonwealth do. .	£22	£4
British and Australian weekly expenditure on the war per capita	£1	6/-
Percentage of British and Commonwealth War Workers	22%	6½%
Conscription	Accepted.	Refused.

That table is given, not to undervalue the services rendered by Australia, but to indicate the superlative efforts which have been made by our Imperial Mother, and to show by implication that we are far, as yet, from having done our full share.

It serves another purpose. It evinces the largeness of Great Britain's heart, the grandeur of her courage, and her all but unlimited resources. She shines resplendently in many a page of history. She has had in full measure her golden days of historic glory. But her efforts in this war have surpassed all her highest by-gone achievements. She has beggared her own past history by the brilliancy of her present exploits. And what perhaps is quite as much to the purpose, she has outstripped every possible forecast.

Great Britain stands before the world to-day, with an invincible navy, and a fighting power of

five millions of the best soldiers that the earth ever saw. And she has besides an array of airships and artillery unequalled by any other belligerent.

Three years of bloody and costly war have placed her almost first amongst the war-giants of the world. She was in the first and bitterest tug of the war in France; and at the Marne she helped to roll back the tide of invasion from Paris. She has been fighting ever since whenever a German is to be met or hunted, and she never gives a whine that she is "war-weary."

It seems almost true in a sense that she has thriven on the war. Her strength has grown the more it has been exerted. The German strength was at its maximum at the start, and has been diminishing ever since. The British power began at zero, and has been mounting all the time.

Great Britain has given, in addition to her five millions of fighting men, an equal number for other war services.

She has lent to her Allies £500,000,000 towards replenishing their war-chests.

She has driven every German ship from the surface of the ocean.

She has stripped Germany bare of every square yard of Colonial territory.

She is now the most amazing spectacle of strength that a warring world ever looked upon.

She was dragged into the war without anything that could be called an army. Only about three small army corps against forty in Germany. Indeed she was an object of derision to the spike-helmeted Kaiser, who sneered at Britain's "contemptible little army."

It was indeed little! And mighty were the millions which it had to meet. But it was never "contemptible" even in its unreadiest days. Von

Kluck found this out during his march from Mons to the Marne. He found it also in the blow which that army struck in turning the fortunes of the battle. And he found it again in his retreat to the Aisne. Britain's army of a few thousands had to contend against German armies counted by the million. And she made good. Her attitude was exactly that recommended by Polonius to his son. Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but being in it, bear it so that the enemy may beware of thee. That she did in a manner so thorough, that as a fighting force she can always review her record with a sense of pride. In fact, never before did her national spirit rise to so vast an occasion, and rise so vastly.

She stands to-day facing the future, stronger than at any previous period of her history, and more invincible in her resolution for victory, than on the day when her sword first flashed from its scabbard.

She has blundered, of course. She always does. For that matter so do all other nations. But her blunders have been all redeemable. Her mighty heart at the centre of Empire has never once blanched with the infirmity of a doubt or of a divided duty.

British National Sacrifice.

That acceptance of Conscription by the British democracy marks the high water mark of British patriotism. It was the casting behind of the lower self, and the proclamation that men and women were raised above themselves by a sublime devotion to the dear old flag. Australia very nearly did the same thing, but just fell short of it.

The British people hated Conscription quite as

much as did the Australian. The British are a non-military people. They have always been so. Conscription was alien to the national habit of thinking. Britain had never submitted to it. It has always been their boast that in all Europe they alone were exempt from the abhorred principle of compulsory universal military service.

And yet, when it became clear, as it did after twelve months, that the nation could not exert its full powers under a system of voluntary enlistment, every class of the country accepted the policy which was so distasteful. It was a triumph of generous patriotism. It was a recognition that a true democracy demanded equal sacrifice from all. It must be admitted that there were many wry mouths. It was equivalent to the swallowing of a nauseous draught. But it was gulped down by the people at home with a resolution worthy of the men who were fighting abroad.

Whenever the story shall be fully told of how the British political leaders adopted Conscription, the remembrance of it will be sweet with the flavor of the most exalted patriotism. All those leaders quite consciously took the great risk of going contrary to the wish of their supporters. They all knew that Conscription as a principle was alien to British thought. But they saw that it was a weapon which was needed to win the war, and that was enough.

Early in 1917, Mr. Bonar Law, the Conservative leader, paid a generous and graceful tribute to the conspicuous patriotism of English Labor, whose leaders in the House of Commons had subordinated all party aims before a burning desire to defend the Empire. The threat of German frightfulness had achieved the miracle of welding the warring elements of class antagonism, and bringing the nation to an invincible determination of national defence.

Herein the Mother Country showed herself superior to the public spirit of the Australian Dominions. Mr. Bonar Law was the representative of capitalists in the House of Commons, but speaking as a Briton rather than as the Conservative leader, he avowed his pride in contemplating the first three months' record of the war. The pride was because of the manner in which all classes alike had sprung to attention at the call of the Empire. Britons had shown, he said, a self-forgetfulness born of a common peril in a common cause. In other words a great nation had found the spring of its own greatness.

All Britain's Allies were fighting under Conscription. To those Allies it was a long habit. To England it was a repellant thing. But Britons felt that they were in a partnership of peril, when each owed to all his partners the utmost of what was in him. They scorned the doctrine of "England First." Or the still more abominable selfishness of Sinn Fein "ourselves alone." It was every man for the Allied cause, and the Allies for all. Such a thought as that which here cries "Australia First" would have been denounced as treason to the common faith of each for all.

So it was that Great Britain ranged herself beside her Allies as a conscript nation for the first time in modern history. She then stood on the same plane as Russia, Japan, Italy, and France. Great Britain owed to them this voluntary sacrifice, and she paid it like a sport. She never stood before the world in an attitude of more stirring honor then she did that day when her Parliament passed the Conscription Act. It was as if the whole nation were volunteering as a storming party, moved by the highest sense of duty. Britain, of course, knew in her soul that self-defence is the first law of nature, and that Con-

scription, being the supreme means of self-defence, by it she was facing the issue—life or death.

It was a wonderful evolution of national life. The strongest, readiest, and most virile in the land—at least 5,000,000 of them—who were with the colors. Women and boys as far as possible had filled the places vacated by the soldiers. Miners could not be so easily replaced. They met the difficulty by working double tasks.

Then arose the munitions problems. The great foundries of the land must be commandeered. They must give up their ordinary tasks and must manufacture shot, shells, guns, and bayonets. The normal life of the nation had to be turned topsy-turvey. The project was gigantic. Lloyd-George faced it—faced it with the flash and fire of genius. Old businesses had to stop and new ones replace them. The machinery of peace was by a stroke converted into the machinery of war.

The response of the people was splendid. The Labor unionist gave up his strike, the sons of peers enlisted as private soldiers, marching by Tommy's side as a Tommy. Every workshop was made to hum. Every available acre of land was tilled. Bonuses were offered for grain. No square yard of English ground must remain barren. Since nearly ten millions of men were taken away from their ordinary occupations, women, girls, and boys took up the parable and gave every ounce of energy in the place of those gone.

The times were great. The pettiness of life was driven out. Men breathed a rarer atmosphere, in which trivialities found no place. Moneybags gave up his gold in great heaps. Dukes' sons, and cooks' sons, from palace and kitchen, were there ready for any task. Delicate women

flocked to the nursing ward, and even to the plough.

Every national achievement in British history pales before those war preparations of 1914-15. There was a spontaneous burst of fervor through the land. All people took up their tasks and did them for dear life. They saluted the flag that symbolised honor; they cheered a King who was an object of loyalty. They pledged themselves for the integrity of a map. They inured their bodies to hardship; they abjured the siren call of pleasure; they left the silken couch and its perfumed atmosphere; they donned rough uniforms; they stood knee-deep in trench mud; they even suffered the intolerable stench of putrefying corpses.

Those who are left of them are to-day higher beings, stronger, harder, even happier for all they have endured. Those who are dead, sleep well, and innocent of the atrocious slander that they died in a "sordid trade war." The spirit that forged those armies struck the foe with the thunderbolts of Jove.

John Bull and His Family.

There is an imperial aspect of this war that shines like a sun in a sky of darkness. It is the rushing together of all the sections of the Empire in an out-pouring of love.

When the Mother Country declared war against the Teuton tyrant, because of his invasion of Belgium, she had no time to sound the pulses of her children oversea. For anything she knew she might have stood alone. Her great duty looked like an unmitigated evil. She did it, and in doing it builded better than she knew.

She began this greatest task of her whole im-

perial life with no thought of "mere sordid trade war." She was a guarantor for Belgium and an ally of France. She faced her obligations without one hesitating moment. She had far-scattered Dominions at all the ends of the earth. Not one of them was under any constitutional obligation to come to her assistance.

Indeed, Germany had expressly calculated that all the constituent parts of the British Empire would fall asunder under the disintegrating influences of the war. Australia was to go. Canada was to go. South Africa was surely to go. And India was rife for revolt. So calculated the German. John Bull had no guarantee, no assurance. But under the bond of honor and the righteousness of his cause, he made war.

The path of duty proved to be the path of wisdom and prudence. That which was to disrupt the Empire demonstrated its solidarity, and its strength. It demonstrated it to the whole world. Each and all of the autonomous Dominions in that supreme crisis of Imperial life leaped to the Empire's side, armed and equipped. In a week, in a day, the British Empire stood forth in the blazing light of a formidable proclamation of unity of purpose. It was a spectacle unique in the family of nations. The earth had never seen the parallel.

Young and strong, hearty and full of fervor, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and South Africa sent their legions to their mother's side. And India furnished her dusky warriors and her gold with an equal spontaneity.

Our Imperial Mother stood up before the eyes of the gazing and astonished nations with a stature more than ever superb and imposing. The war did not make British greatness. It revealed it. Great Britain, before this war-fury burst,

had sat in the counsels of the world, the affable advocate of peace, easy-tempered and the foe of tyranny and injustice. Perhaps John Bull loved his ease too much. But with the first cannon shot fired in Belgium, he was a transformed being. The following verses give a half-humorous, half-tragic description of his lightning change:—

John Bull and His Family.

John Bull is a breezy and rollicking soul,
  As he sits in his easy chair.
He smokes his pipe, and swallows his swipe,
  And offers his friends a share.
He smoothes the wrinkles out of his vest,
  And he rubs his hand with glee,
As he laughs from the roots of his hair to his boots,
  In the depths of his jollitee.
    Quaffing and chaffing,
    Joking and laughing,
Sits jolly old John in his old arm-chair.

He's a hundred youngsters, great and small,
  State-building over the sea,
He joys in them all, growing strong and tall,
  And taking their place with the free.
He cries to them all—"Yo! ho! Good cheer!
  My bonnie brave sons, be true."
"Good cheer, Dad, dear! And a Happy New Year!"
  They reply; "And the same to you."
    So soaking and smoking,
    Provoking and joking,
Sits jolly old John in his old arm-chair.

And day by day John sturdier grows,
  And sounder in wind and limb.

He smiles upon foes, for he very well knows
  No two are a match for him.
If they frown, John cries: "No harm in a growl!
  I've done it myself for fun,
So have your growl and enjoy your scowl;
  You'll smile again when your done."
        So humming and strumming,
        "A good time is coming."
Sits jolly old John in his old arm-chair.

But, ah! John's brow is as black as night.
  "The Devil!" roars John, and swore:
"The Kaiser slights brave Belgium's rights,
  And threatens to march in her gore.
The German weens that his damned marines
  Can lord the land and the seas;
That Britain must tumble, and France be humble,
  Begging for peace on her knees.
        No winking or blinking,
        With him, I am thinking.
Out guns! and away with the easy chair."

"I never delight or find fun in a fight;
  And I love not Jingo cheers.
But God in His might will defend my right,
  As He's done for a thousand years,
I've a hundred millions of gold in keep,
  And a thousand more when its done;
My fleets shall sweep from the face of the deep,
  This saur-kraut son of a gun.
        With ship and torpedo
        We'll show him what we do.
I've no further use for my old arm-chair."

Then came a chorus from over the wave,
  Where young Britons thrive by the sea—
"Recollect, dear Dad, I'm a handy lad,
  And ready if you want me."

It came from the South, and the East, and the
West,
John cried with pride on his brow—
"Why, spike my guns! I have loved my sons;
But never so much as now.
We'll stick, boys, together
And face the rough weather.
We've done for the time with the easy chair."

He will laugh more joyously than ever yet, please God, when this cruel war is over, and when the caitiff who caused it suffers the penalty of his crime. In that day John's children shall gather under the old family roof-tree, and the welkin shall ring with the gladness of their hearts.

The Hatred and the Love for Great Britain.

The Germans have "strafed" Great Britain in this war more than they have all the rest of the world put together. Perhaps they had a cause for it. When Britain began to strike, her blows told instantly. She had no army worth the name. But she had a navy. And such a navy. In a few weeks, no German ship dared fly a flag on the ocean, except as a fugitive flying from detection, or as a sea wolf on prowl. The Germans instantly recognised their chief enemy, and centred all their maledictions on Great Britain. Their press reeked with hatred; and it was an immense relief to them when one of their poets crystallised the national "strafe" into a "Song of Hate." Ernst Lissauer is a typical Teuton, and he knew how to concentrate the national malice in good set curses that would gratify the German heart. The song was addressed to "England." It has made

millions of us smile for the last two years, and we may do so again. One can fancy Beelzebub, as the spiritual author of the lines, laughingly consumedly as they go forth. Here they are all in their beauty:—

"SONG OF HATE—ENGLAND."

French and Russian, they matter not;
A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot,
We love them not, we hate them not.
We hold the Weichsel and Vosges gate,
We have but one and only hate;
We love as one, we hate as one;
We have one foe, and one alone.

He is known to you, he is known to you all,
  He crouches behind the dark grey flood,
Full of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall,
  Cut off by waves that are thicker than blood.
Come let us stand at the judgment place,
An oath to swear to face to face.

An oath of bronze no wind can shake;
An oath for our sons and their sons to take.
Come hear the word, repeat the word;
Throughout the Fatherland make it heard.
We will never forego our hate.
We have all but a single hate.
We love as one; we hate as one;
We have one foe, and one alone—
      ENGLAND.

In the captain's mess, and the banquet hall,
Sat feasting the officers, one and all.
Like a sabre-blow, like the swing of a sail,
One seized his glass, held high to hail,
Sharp snapped like the stroke of a rudder's play,

Spake three words only—"To the Day."
Whose glass this fate?
They had all but a single hate.
Who was thus known?
They had one foe, and one alone—
ENGLAND.

Take you the folk of the earth in pay,
With bars of gold your ramparts lay.
Bedeck the ocean with bow on bow.
Ye reckon well, but not well enough now.
French and Russian they matter not,
A blow for blow, a shot for shot.

We fight the battle with bronze and steel,
And the time is coming Peace will seal.
YOU we will hate with a lasting hate;
We will never forego our hate.
Hate by water, hate by land;
Hate of the head, and hate of the hand;
Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown;
Hate of seventy millions choking down.
We love as one, we hate as one;
We have one foe, and one alone—
ENGLAND.
Gott strafe England.

Mr. John Bull, as is customary with him, found in this song more amusement and merriment than offence. Perhaps his national vanity was a little flattered that he had so flayed the hide of the beast as to evoke such a squeal.

From all parts of the world came consolation. The nations at large understood and acknowledged the noble part played by Britain in rushing to the aid of France and Belgium.

One tribute in verse, and a noble one, came from America, it was—

A CHANT OF LOVE FOR GREAT BRITAIN.
By Miss Helen Gray Cone.
(Professor of English, New York).

A song of hate is a song of hell;
Some there be that sing it well.
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song,
We lift our hearts to heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love—
ENGLAND.

Glory of thought and glory of deed;
Glory of Hampton and Runnymede;
Glory of ships that have sought far goals;
Glory of sword and glory of souls;
Glory of songs mounting as birds;
Glory immortal of magical words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson;
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney;
Glory transcendent that perishes not.
Hers is the story, hers be the glory—
ENGLAND.

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may,
The spirit of England none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's.
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the chancel floor—
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?

Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground—
Keats is beauty while earth spins round!

Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
  Cast her ashes into the sea—
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
  She shall arise to make men free.
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn,
Spirit supernal, splendor eternal—
    ENGLAND.

Every true son of Britain feels that this glowing tribute is but a forecast of that which impartial history will chronicle. It was envy of the greatness of Great Britain before the war that spurred Germany into her maniacal outburst. England's share in trampling down the fell war-dragon of the world has eclipsed all her previous glory.

In Shakespeare's time she was to the national poet—

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden—demi-paradise,

. . . . . .

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
  England.

Now she is all that to three parts of the world, and in addition she stands in shining grandeur beside America, the very exemplar of world freedom, with Honor, Valor and Humanity inscribed on her banners, and the whole freedom-loving globe's benediction upon her name.

V.

AMERICA AND THE WAR.

America and the World's Peace.

Right up to the hilt now America is in this war of Liberation. There has always been a great disinclination in America to contract entangling alliances in Europe. This was the natural counterpart of the Monroe doctrine, which forbids European powers obtaining sovereignty in the New World.

But for all that there has long been a link between America and the Peace party of Europe. The Nobel Peace Prize of £6,000 was awarded to President Roosevelt in 1906, probably as a reward for his services in bringing to an end the war between Russia and Japan. Roosevelt at once handed over the money for the establishment of an Industrial Peace Court at Washington.

The international peace movement was then very active in America. Following Roosevelt's example, Mr. Carnegie gave £150,000 towards the erection of an American Peace Palace at Washington. The building was to provide a central bureau for the whole of the republics of Central and South America. At the same time Mr. Carnegie promised to defray the entire cost of building a Peace Palace at the Hague.

The Hague Court was constituted in 1902. It had done some little good in settling international disputes, and all the Powers represented at it,

except Germany, had agreed, at America's suggestion, to settle disputes on—

1. The rights and duties of neutrals, including the question of contraband.

2. The inviolability of private property in naval warfare.

3. The bombardment of ports, towns, and villages, by a naval force.

Alliance of English Speaking Races.

Yet while these Peace movements were in progress, seven or eight years before the war, the earth itself had become a magazine of direst combustibles, costing even then £450,000,000 on a peace footing.

There had been growing up between Great Britain and America a kindlier feeling than before, and when the American fleet visited the various parts of the British Dominions, the racial affinity was cultivated for all that it was worth.

Millions of people indulged in visions such as had not before been known. Why should there not be a great Federation of the English-speaking people of the earth? Such a Federal alliance would form an impregnable security against the constant menaces of autocratic Germany, which even then kept Europe in a perpetual ferment of expectation of what might fall upon it.

There was an aspiration after that fashion in millions of loyal British hearts. The ties of brotherhood were felt as they have not been before for a century or more. There was a longing for a closer bond between Britain and America. And when this great war broke out, one of the most comforting of reflections to the average Englishman or Scot would have been to feel that American hearts beat in unison with ours.

SKETCH OF WOODROW WILSON.

There sat in the White House a man in whose integrity of purpose the world had confidence. His statesmanship had not been tested. That was to come. He was known to be a man almost entirely free from the lower prejudices of caste, of creed, and nationality. He was a staunch Protestant, with a Catholic (Jos. P. Tumilty) for his private secretary. He had given to the Americans at the beginning of the war a pledge to observe the strictest neutrality.

Without being in the least taciturn, he was reticent on great issues. One who was intimately acquainted with him says that he was always perfectly master of his own thoughts, so much so "that during the period of our neutrality, in two years and a half of Cabinet meetings and of personal conversations, I never heard him utter a word that was contrary to his own plea for neutrality made to the people at the beginning of the war. This seems like an impossible thing, but it is literally true. He could narrate facts without bias; he could express the reactions of the American people under given circumstances; he could present the law with relation to the facts presented; but, no matter what was underneath, he held strictly to the rule which he asked others to follow. And this at a time when he was subjected to the most serious criticism from some who said that he was pro-German and others who said that he was pro-English. This shows completely that he was master of himself."

That, of course, is the language of eulogy. Many people, in the long days when German outrages were taking place on American shipping, thought the President carried patience to the verge of pusillanimity. But he felt his responsibility to a hundred million Americans, and was

determined not to be moved to any course by mere impatience.

He met every new situation by asking, "What is the thing that I can do in these circumstances that will make for the perpetuation of real democracy?" That was his interest in this war.

Thomas Jefferson was not more truly a democrat than he, nor was Lincoln. He visualizes the world not as so much money, land, or machines, but as so many men, and women, and children.

The Americans say that they have a Commander-in-Chief who has courage, patience, stedfastness, far-sightedness. These are the qualities of a great commander. One who has studied him closely says that "he knows now what he wishes to secure for democracy out of this war, and he is not thinking of the war in terms of personality, or of personal triumph, or of national triumphs, but of the world future, a freer opportunity for the spirit of the man.

"This is where his ideality comes in. He is a man who knows where he wishes to go, and he has the determination to get there if it is possible, and nothing can stand in his way if his will, backed as it always is by his conscience, makes it possible to reach that end.

"To such a man it is not a dangerous thing to give great power. He can be depended upon to use it conservatively. He will use whatever power is given to him too conservatively to please many of our people. He would hold in his hand the thunderbolts of Jove, but he would never let one pass from his hands unless he saw that it was vitally necessary."

Bryan and Roosevelt.

That is a brief sketch of the man to whose hands the Americans have entrusted their honor

and dignity. His right hand man was W. J. Bryan, the Secretary of State. Mr. Bryan has made himself quite as well known as the foremost man in his country; but it is mostly as a golden-tongued orator, who has coined many florid phrases, such as that of "crucifying the poor man on a cross of gold." Some of his admirers speak of him as a man eminently fitted to administer the Government of a country "bounded on the North by the Constitution and the Aurora Borealis, on the East by the precession of the Equinoxes and the Monroe Doctrine, on the South by the Declaration of Independence, and on the West by the Day of Judgment."

Bryan is a man of exhaustless energy, and when the war opened, barring that he carried a Peace League bee in his bonnet, he was well fitted to stand up to the toughest demands upon him.

Ex-President Roosevelt was always in evidence, declaring his opinion of the war that there must not be peace except through complete defeat of Prussianism and of the Hohenzollerns. He thinks Germany's methods of warfare were hideous beyond belief, cruel and unspeakably brutal. The newspapers published in the German language in the United States he holds to be scandalously disloyal to the republic, and should be suppressed.

A German Campaign of Lies in America.

A fortnight after the war, as early as August 14, 1914, the German Government, recognising that it was well worth while to have American public opinion on the German side, set out on a campaign to capture it. Herr Dernburg was to

conduct this enterprise. He was to feed the American mind with German news and views, and thus deflect American judgment towards Germany.

This was part of a world campaign. Germany had calculated on a short war, and by a judicious outlay of money, she expected to carry opinion with her. Her plan was to make a great noise about the purity of her intentions, and the provocations she had received.

By these means the Kaiser calculated upon getting American sympathy. Von Bernstein, the German Ambassador to America, set himself to this task with assiduity. He became a press agent in distributing German literature. He is said in German documents to have placed £400,000 weekly at Dernburg's disposal. The complete capture of American sympathy was thought to be worth many millions. No doubt it was.

The first great point to gain was to prove that Germany had been forced into the war. To this end, 93 German professors drew up a document in October, 1914, declaring—

1. That Germany's enemies were circulating volumes of lies.

2. That Germany was not guilty of the war, as neither the people nor the Kaiser wanted it.

3. That Belgian neutrality was not violated, as Belgium had previously given herself over to England and France.

4. That no German atrocities had been committed in Belgium; that any punishments were for crimes against the German soldiers.

5. That the destruction of Louvain was a necessity of war, and that it grieved the Germans to do it.

6. That it was not true that international law was violated by Germans; but that it had been so

by the Allies, who had brought Mongolians and Niggers into the fighting line.

7. That Germany was alone the apostle of true culture.

8. That they begged humanity to believe Germany pure, in the sacred names of Goethe, Beethoven, and Kant.

Such was the document to which 93 German professors attached their signatures, and which by millions was spread through the United States of America. It was a mere statement of opinion, without one quotation from the official documents to support that opinion. The eminent names of men of Kultur were the guarantee for its soundness.

Really, it scarcely touched the American judgment, because the press of that country had forestalled it by publishing the original documents in the blue and white books. In October, 1914, the "New York Times" submitted the White, Orange and Grey books of Great Britain, Germany, Russia and Belgium to Mr. James Beck, one of the leaders of the New York Bar. His brief was to carefully read all these books and give an opinion as to the legal responsibility for the war.

He did so. His finding occupied two pages of the paper. It is a close analysis of the evidence and documents. It was published in pamphlet form, and was circulated all over America. This is its final judgment—in a few words—

1. That Germany and Austria secretly concerted a war against Servia.

2. They made a war against Servia by an ultimatum that was grossly unreasonable.

3. That Germany had power to restrain Austria, but she abetted her in her unreasonable course.

4. That England, France, Italy and Russia sought sincerely for peace, and offered every reasonable concession to preserve it.

5. That Russia was within her strict rights in mobilising when she did.

6. That Germany declared war when a peaceful settlement was in sight.

Mr. Beck adds that he reached these conclusions with reluctance, as he had a feeling of deep affection and admiration for the German people. But, he says, "the German nation has been plunged into this abyss by scheming statesmen and its self-centred and highly neurotic Kaiser, who, in the twentieth century sincerely believes he is the proxy of Almighty God on earth, and therefore infallible."

An American, a Professor Samuel Harden Church, of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg, off his own bat, completely knocked out the case of the 93 German learned men. He said the whole rested upon the question of who began the war. If the Allies did, they were without justification; if Germany, she stood convicted of a crime for which there was no palliation. The case, he said, rested on the evidence contained in six official books, and of correspondence. The evidence convicts Germany of the crime of deluging Europe with blood, and she stands in the shadow of murder under an "inexpiable damnation."

Germany had considerable influence in the United States, but not by any means so much as claimed by some Germans. The foreign-born German and Austrian sympathisers amounted, it was ascertained, to 33 per cent. of the total of foreign-born Americans. The foreign-born sympathisers with the Allies and Great Britain were 54 per cent. The native-born Americans

were overwhelmingly with the Allies. Therefore Germany's written "appeal to the Civilised World" fell flat.

The general public opinion respecting the war did not take long to crystallise. Racial affinity had little to do with it. Putnam, the publisher, and Harvey, of the "North American Review," spoke the thoughts of millions when they gave their reasons for opposing the Germans. The first said—"I find myself unwilling to meet Germans, whether friends, acquaintances or strangers." His reasons were the horrible cruelty in killing women and unarmed citizens in Zeppelin raids in undefended places. The other took sides with the party that was setting up the battle for freedom on the same lines as "the glorious cause that Franklin and Jefferson and Madison wrote for, that Patrick Henry spoke for, that Washington and Jackson fought for, that Lincoln died for, that McKinley suffered for, and that every American statesman worthy of the title now lives for."

The Germans never got to the root of the American mind. When the verified intelligence came of the German atrocities in Belgium and the awful sinking of the unarmed Lusitania, there was no longer any hope of the German campaign of press lying.

In the early part of 1915 Mr. Wm. J. Bryan, the American Secretary of State, replying to German complaints that America was favoring Great Britain by selling to her munitions of war, said the American markets were open on equal terms to all nations. If Germany was unable to take advantage of them, through having lost sea power, that did not call upon America to close her market to Great Britain. It was also a matter of strong complaint from Vienna that America was supply-

ing the Allies with munitions of war. Mr. Lansing, in reply, reminded the Austrian Government that during the Russo-Japanese war and the Boer war Germany had sold to Great Britain and Russia, hundreds of thousands of kilos of explosives and weapons. In one passage, he said—"Neutrality itself would be violated by the prohibition by a neutral nation of the exportation of arms, ammunition, or other munitions of war to belligerent powers during the progress of the war."

Austria, however, persisted for some time in her objections, and at last, when Dr. Dumba, the Austro-Hungarian Minister at Washington, was convicted of conspiring to disorganise the American munition factories by strikes, President Wilson sternly demanded his recall. A letter of his own writing proved his guilt.

Theodore Roosevelt was all this time urging upon the Americans that the invasion of Belgium was a breach of the Hague Convention, and that it imposed a duty on the United States to join the Allies in the war. Others were urging the President to call Congress together and make a flat declaration of war.

The Indiscriminate Submarine Campaign.

It was at this stage, after the war had gone on for about seven months, that the German Council of War, determined on a new departure. They got an idea that it was in their power to reduce Great Britain to famine.

In February, 1915, the German Government warned America that it intended to sink at sight any neutral or other vessels, in a certain area of the sea around Great Britain. The American

Government replied that that would be a violation of neutral rights, and the United States Government would hold the German Government "to strict accountability."

The Germans answered this by a proposal that they would refrain from sinking American vessels at sight, if America would insist on Great Britain permitting American food supplies to enter Germany.

The American answer was—"Your breach of naval law in sinking vessels at sight has nothing to do with Germany's relations with Great Britain. Any loss of an American ship will be a breach of friendly relations."

The German reply to this was to sink at once half-a-dozen American ships, and it was on May 7 that the Lusitania was sent to the bottom, with many American citizens on board.

President Wilson's Note to Germany concerning these awful murders on the high seas was generally regarded as patient to the verge of puerility. It contained no threat, no resentment, but merely a firm restatement of "the indisputable right of American citizens to sail in ships, travelling wherever legitimate business calls them upon the high seas, and that with confidence that their lives will not be illegally endangered."

The Note went on thus—"The fact that more than one hundred American citizens were among those who perished, made it the duty of the Government of the United States to speak of these things, and once more, with solemn emphasis, to call the attention of the Imperial German Government to the grave responsibility which the Government of the United States conceives that it has incurred in this tragic occurrence, and to the indisputable principle upon which that responsibility rests."

The Note ended by demanding satisfaction. Everybody felt that the President was wasting valuable time in not preparing for an inevitable war. The American public awaited impatiently the answer to this Note. When that answer came it was to the effect that Great Britain's blockade of Germany justified Germany in sinking neutral ships.

Still President Wilson's patience was not exhausted. He wrote in June, 1915, another Note. It was to insist on the lawlessness of German methods. He said—"The principal fact is that a great steamer, primarily and chiefly for the conveyance of passengers, carrying more than 1,000 souls who had no part or lot in the war, was torpedoed and sunk without so much as a challenge or warning, and that men, women, and children were sent to their death in circumstances unparalleled in modern warfare."

The German reply was written on July 8, 1915. It refused to give any of the assurances that America demanded. It refused to condemn the sinking of the Lusitania. It gave no promise of reparation for a hundred American lives lost. It was almost disdainful in suggesting that American citizen should travel in American ships and not in an enemy's.

President Wilson's next Note was dated July 28, 1915. He characterised the German Note as "unsatisfactory," and said that any further act would be regarded "as deliberately unfriendly." It was very tiring to the patience of nearly everybody, and earned for the President the derision of being a mere note-writer. The game went on. Notes followed Notes. German insults followed insults, and no hasty word fell from Mr. Wilson's tongue or pen.

At last Berlin promised that no more passenger

ships would be torpedoed unless they tried to escape or offered resistance; but it broke the promise on August 19 by the sinking of the Arabic, and some other vessels soon after. The whole series of incidents between February, 1915, and September of the same year, constituted a positively astonishing volume of national affronts from Germany to America.

It was manifest that owing to the absence of any military power in America, the German Government did not take the trouble to conceal its contempt. There was for a short time an internal struggle as to whether or not a war of unlimited submarine frightfulness was expedient. At length the Von Tirpitz school triumphed. Germany concluded that Great Britain could be brought to her knees by the U-boat campaign long before America would be in a position to enlist and transport an army. So it came about that after more Note-writing President Wilson sent an ultimatum to Germany that the adoption of an indiscriminate policy of "frightfulness" against neutral ships would mean war. Everyone felt that America's honor had not been vindicated.

The correspondence continued through the whole of 1916. Germany counted the cost, and resolved on defiance. The U-boats were to save Germany by destroying wholesale the means of transport on the seas. The Germans had convinced themselves that this was a certain means to victory.

About the end of 1916 President Wilson wrote a Note to the Allies suggesting a league of nations to assure universal peace. The Note was one which took a lenient view of German crimes, and suggested that the belligerents might meet on equal terms, and strive for a basis of peace.

In reply, the Allies, early in January, 1917,

challenged this position—"We feel it our duty to challenge in the most friendly but in the clearest way the analogy drawn between the opposing belligerents, which directly conflicts with the evidence of history. That has clearly established one fact, namely, the calculated policy of aggression by which Austria and Germany sought to ensure the hegemony of Europe and universal economic domination. By her declaration of war, and the instant violation of the territory of Belgium and Luxembourg, and by her methods of warfare, Germany has proved that she systematically scorns every principle of humanity or of the respect due to small States."

The reply proceeds to set out a further series of the enemy's crimes. It recalls the horrors marking the invasion of Belgium and of Servia, the atrocious treatment they are now undergoing, the massacres of hundreds of thousands of inoffensive Armenians, the barbarities in Syria, the Zeppelin raids on open towns, the submarining of liners and of shipping, including neutral vessels, the cruel treatment of war prisoners, the judicial murders of Nurse Cavell and of Captain Fryatt, the deportation and enslavement of the civil populations of Belgium and part of France, and says that such a series of crimes disturbs all chance of any peace meeting. The Allies war terms were thus stated:—

"The restoration of Belgium, Servia, and Montenegro.

"The evacuation of the invaded parts of France, Russia, and Rumania.

"The reorganisation of Europe on the basis of the right of all peoples to have the enjoyment in full security of free, economic development, and also upon the basis of territorial agreements and

international arrangements framed to guarantee land and sea frontiers against unjust attacks.

"The restitution of provincial territories formerly torn from Allied countries, forcibly or contrary to the wishes of the inhabitants.

"The liberation of the Italians, Slavs, Rumanians, Czechs, and Slovaks from foreign domination.

"The liberation of the peoples lying beneath the murderous tyranny of the Turks, and

"The expulsion from Europe of the Ottoman Empire which has proved itself radically alien to Western civilisation."

The reply concludes:—

"The Allies are determined to endure every sacrifice in order to press to a victorious close the conflict on which depends our own safety and prosperity and the very future of civilisation."

At that time President Wilson was quite willing to condone every German crime. It was while he was in this lenient frame of mind towards Germany that the Boche began his policy of unrestricted sinking of all neutrals at sight.

About the middle of April President Wilson despatched a Note to Germany warning her that unless the attacks on merchantmen cease diplomatic relations would be severed.

The communication was submitted to Congress, which met in joint session in response to a Presidential summons.

Addressing members, President Wilson described the Note as *"an irrevocable notification that the United States will break off relations if the illegal submarine campaign continues."* He had sent virtually an ultimatum to Germany which was America's last word. He did not ask for action by Congress, but was simply informing them of the accumulation of evidence that Ger-

many's assurances to the United States had been violated, and that the submarine campaign had been renewed with vigor. He reiterated the opinion expressed after the sinking of the Lusitania, that it was impossible to conduct indiscriminate submarine warfare like Germany's in accordance with the laws of the nations and the laws of humanity.

After having recited how the United States had continually protested against German outrages, how patiently each fresh outrage had been received, how all the rules of humanity had been violated, how Americans had been murdered indiscriminately, and how no disavowals on the part of the German Government had been of any use, the President said—

"I have deemed it my duty to say to the Imperial German Government that if it is still its purpose to prosecute a relentless and indiscriminate war, the Government of the United States is forced to the conclusion that there is but one course it can pursue; and that unless the Imperial German Government should not immediately declare and effect an abandonment of its present methods of warfare against passenger and freight-carrying vessels, this Government will have no choice but to sever diplomatic relations altogether."

American Declaration of War.

Within a few days, as the indiscriminate submarining of ships was continued, President Wilson formally declared war in a document, which for its stateliness and historical interest stands without a superior. Dealing, as it does, very luminously with the principles of Democracy, I have given

the document in full in the Essay on "Democracy and the War." I will give only one paragraph here—"We are accepting the challenge because we realise in the German Government we could not have a friend. We are about to accept the gage of battle in the struggle for liberty, and if necessary we will spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify the German Government's pretensions to power."

Then, after the waste of a precious year, began an American preparation for war on a scale as gigantic as that of Great Britain herself. Congress voted credits amounting to hundreds of millions sterling. America floated a loan of £1,000,000,000. She lent £600,000,000 to the Allies. She voted for a national conscription of Americans; and she called up at once 2,000,000 soldiers for immediate drill. She set about a system of national shipbuilding to replace the torpedoed vessels, and promised new shipping to the extent of 6,000,000 tons in twelve months. She was very late, but she was very thorough.

When the revolutionary Russian Government began to talk of a policy of peace with "no annexations and no indemnities," President Wilson wrote, early in June, 1917, a Note as follows:—

"The United States will not be content with a peace with Germany which merely restores the status quo ante bellum in Europe. I urge the Russian Government to stand firm with the world forces of Democracy.

"With regard to the phrase 'no annexations and no indemnities,' the United States says that no people must be forced to obey a sovereignty under which it does not wish to live. No territory must change hands except for the purpose of securing to the inhabitants a fair chance of life and liberty. No indemnities must be imposed except those which constitute a payment for manifest wrongs.

"The United States Commission to Russia is designed to express the deep friendship of the American people for Russia, and also to discuss the best and most practical means of co-operation between the two people in carrying

on the struggle for the freedom of the peoples to a successful consummation. Therefore it is an opportune and appropriate moment to state in the light of the new partnership the objects of the United States in entering into the war. These objects have been much beclouded by mistaken and misleading statements, but the issues are too momentous, tremendous, and significant to permit misunderstandings and misinterpretations to remain uncorrected.

"The United States is determined to continue the war until Germany's dream of a great Central European Empire is shattered beyond all possibility of revival.

"The war has begun to go against Germany, and in a desperate endeavor to escape the inevitable defeat, those in authority in Germany are using every possible instrument—even using the groups and parties in Germany itself, to which they have never been just or fair—to promise a propaganda on both sides of the sea in order to preserve their influence at home and their power abroad.

"The position of the United States is clear. She does not seek material profit or aggrandisement, and is fighting not for advantages for herself or for selfish objects, but for the liberation of peoples everywhere from the aggressions of autocratic force. The ruling classes in Germany have begun to profess a similar liberality and justice of purpose, but their real objects are to preserve their power for further selfish objects.

"From Berlin to Bagdad Government after Government has, by German influence, been linked in a net of intrigue directed against the liberty and peace of the world. The meshes of that net of intrigue must be broken. The wrongs done must be righted. Adequate measures must be taken to prevent this net of intrigue from ever being repaired or woven again.

"Germany is seeking pledges that the war will result in a restoration of the status quo ante bellum. It was this status quo from which this iniquitous war took its rise—namely, the power of the German Government within the Empire, and its widespread influence and domination outside. That status must be so altered as to prevent such a hideous thing recurring.

"When peace comes, it must give liberty, self-government, and the right of development free from dictation to all peoples. Wrongs must first be righted, and then safeguards provided to prevent a recurrence of the evil. Phrases will not accomplish result. Questions must be settled by the practical means of effective readjustments. The free peoples of the world must meet in a common

covenant leading to the genuine and practical co-operation, which will combine their forces in order to secure universal peace and justice. The brotherhood of mankind must not be an empty phrase, but must be given a strength, force, and reality. For these things the United States can afford to pour out blood and treasure.

"I warn Russia that the day has come to conquer or to submit. If the forces of Autocracy divide us, they will overcome us. If we stand together, victory is certain.

"We can then afford to be gracious, but we cannot afford that now. It would be weak to omit a single guarantee of justice and security."

Being now actually over the Rubicon, President Wilson was firm enough. Vacillation was ended. But he had lost for ever in fruitless and humiliating parleying, the opportunities of a whole year—the year 1916. He served his countrymen badly in that year, by hoping against hope that the German criminals would eschew crime and live cleanly. He strove so long for peace that he has made the war twice as hard as it would have been had a prompt decision been arrived at.

A few days later in New York there occurred what were called Flag Day exercises. They were designed to give an impetus to the Liberty Loan. On that occasion President Wilson delivered a further speech that must become historic. He said—

"We are about to bid thousands, hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of our men to die beneath this flag. The insults and aggressions of the German Government left us no choice. Germany's military masters denied us the rights of a neutral. They filled our communities with vicious spies; attempted to draw our citizens from their allegiance; sought violently to destroy our industries; tried to incite Mexico and Japan against us; impudently denied us the use of the high seas; and repeatedly executed their threats of death of any of our people approaching the coasts of Europe.

"We are not enemies of the German people. The German people did not originate this hideous war. We did not wish to be drawn in. We are vaguely conscious that we are fighting their cause as well as our own. They

are in the grip of the same sinister power that has stretched out its ugly talons and drawn blood from us. The whole world is at war because of the grip of that power.

"The war was begun by Germany's military masters, who are also the masters of Austro-Hungary. They did not regard the nations as people of like blood as themselves, for whom Governments exist, but merely as serviceable organisations which they could corrupt to their own purposes.

"Germany's purpose was long-avowed, but it was considered by statesmen of other nations as the incredible dream of minds detached from practical affairs. But Germany's rulers went forward—filling the thrones of the Balkan States with German princes, putting German officers in the service of Turkey, developing plans of sedition in India and Egypt, and setting fires in Persia.

"Austria's demands on Servia were a step in the plan to throw a belt of German military power and political control across the centre of Europe and into the heart of Asia.

"Austro-Hungary, Servia, Bulgaria, Turkey, and the autonomous States of the East were to become Germany's pawn. Austro-Hungary was to become part of the German Empire. The plan contemplated the blending of races which could be kept together only by force—such as the proud States of Bohemia and Hungary, the stout little commonwealths of the Balkans, the indomitable Turks, the subtle peoples of the East, who ardently desire undisputed independence, and can be kept quiet only by the constant threat of armed men—and then to await the day of revolution. The Germans have actually carried the greater part of their amazing plan into execution. Austria is at their mercy. Its people desire peace, but peace is impossible until leave is granted by Berlin. The so-called Central Powers are but a single Power, taking orders from Berlin, and the net is spread from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf.

"It is easy to understand Berlin's eagerness for peace, since the snare set for peace has been the talk of the German Foreign Office for more than a year. A little has been made public, but most of it is private. It has come to me by all sorts of channels, but never with the terms disclosed.

"Germany cannot go forward, and she dare not go back. She wishes to close her bargain before it is too late. Germany's military masters see clearly what fate has brought them. If they fall back or are forced back an

inch their power at home and abroad will fall like a house of cards.

"It is their power at home that they are now thinking of more than their power abroad. It is that power which is now trembling beneath their feet, and a deep fear has entered their hearts. They have one chance to perpetuate their military power and political influence. If they can make peace now with the advantages they have apparently gained they will be justified before the German people. Their prestige will be secure. But if they fail their people will thrust them aside. A Government accountable to the people will then be set up in Germany, as is now the case in all great countries except Germany. If Germany's military masters succeed they are safe, and the German people and the world are undone; but if they fail Germany is saved and the world will be at peace. If they succeed, we and the rest of the world must remain armed, and make ready for the next step of their aggression, but if they fail the world may unite for peace, and Germany may be of the union.

"One great fact stands above the rest—this is a people's war for freedom, justice, and self-government among the nations of the world to make the world safe for the peoples who live on it, and who have made it their own—the German people themselves included.

"We have made our choice, and woe to the men who seek to stand in our way."

Intervention of the Pope.

About the middle of August, 1917, His Holiness the Pope wrote a very important Peace Note to all the belligerent powers. The Note suggested terms for a preliminary parley for peace. This is treated in this book in a separate essay on "The Pope and the War." It is mentioned briefly here, because President Wilson, on behalf of all the Allies, sent the official answer of the Entente Powers to His Holiness.

The President was very courteous to the Pope, making special acknowledgment of the good faith of his efforts. He said—

"We think the Pope's plan would involve the recuperation of the German Government to a strength which would necessitate a permanent combination of nations against Germany, and would result in abandoning new-born Russia to intrigue."

"Can peace be based on the restitution of German power?" President Wilson asked. "On any word of honor pledged by Germany peace cannot rest. Political and economic restrictions designed to benefit some nations embarrass others. The American people suffered intolerable wrongs at the hands of Germany, but we do not desire reprisals upon the German people. Peace should rest on the rights of peoples, not of Governments —upon the rights of all peoples to freedom, security, self-government and participation upon fair terms in economic opportunities. We will include the German people if they will accept equality, and will not seek domination. The test of every peace plan is whether it is based on the faith of the peoples or merely on the word of an ambitious, intriguing Government. The aim of the United States is clearly stated. She believes the intolerable wrongs by the German Government ought to be repaired, but not at the expense of the sovereignty of any people. We deem inexpedient, and, in the end, worse than futile, such proposals as punitive damages, dismemberment of empires, and the establishment of a selfish, exclusive economic league.

"We cannot take the word of the present rulers of Germany as a guarantee for anything enduring, unless it is explicitly supported by conclusive evidence of the will and purpose of the German people. Without such guarantees, treaties, agreements, covenants and territorial adjustments, if made by Germany, could not be de-

pended upon. We must await new evidence of the purpose of the peoples of the Central Empires. God grant it may be given soon."

A month later, the German Government having returned a favorable reply to the Pope, a statement was issued in Washington announcing that nothing has occurred to change the war aims of the United States, which are substantially the same as those of Great Britain and of France. Indeed, the State Department at Washington declared it to be necessary that the Kaiser's militaristic power must be utterly broken before America will discuss peace. A popular form of government in Germany is one of the essential conditions required by America.

The members of the Japanese mission to the United States appeared in Congress early in September, and were enthusiastically received. Viscount Ishii, in an address, warned members of Congress that there were plots designed to sow discord between the United States and Japan. "Our co-operation," he said, "should protect us from these forces of evil. We bring an assurance of Japan's fullest support in order to defeat Germany."

This momentous decision brought all the great democratic powers of the world into line, and the war became definitely

DEMOCRACY VERSUS AUTOCRACY.

There is not a shadow of doubt as to the ultimate victory.

VI.

CONSOLATIONS OF THE WAR.

The First Bitter Blast.

The Christmas of 1914 came upon a world that was reverberating to the roar of cannon, and trembling under the tearing wounds of shrieking shrapnel.

Curiously enough, in that time of Christian peace and goodwill there had been published the German "Gospel of Hate."

Ah me! Looked at with the reminiscent eye, how shallow appears that philosophy which seeks its satisfaction in hatred.

Truly has it been said that "the Devil is an ass," or he would never have made the choice—"Evil, be thou my good."

In that Christmas time, with the Infant Jesus and his Bethlehem crib in men's thoughts, with all the charming pictures of that infantile sweetness, the horrors of Belgian bloodshed and desolation blotted out all beauty save that in which one Christian soul ministered to the relief of others in affliction.

And yet I remember some of the insuppressible aroma of that Christmastide.

To the external eye, indeed, there was no comfort. The earth was steeped in blood-lust and hatred. The figtree was blasted, and the vineyard withering. Cities were scorched and blackened, temples riven, shrines desecrated,

priests shot, nuns violated, citizens decimated, and peasants driven to penury and famine.

But out of this war-welter and this hell-broth of an infernal cauldron, there emerged to the eye of faith and spiritual optimism many gleams of hope. For we know, if we will but remember it, that God reigns always in His heavens, and that out of evil springeth good. There is no darkness but hath its dawn. The individual perishes, but the race is more and more.

Out of the very horrors of that war, in its first Christmas, some of us, casting our glances around, could behold a wealth of tender affection welling up from millions of melting hearts.

We could think upon those consolations of St. Augustine—

"How secret art Thou in the highest heaven in silence, O thou only great God, sprinkling with an unwearied Providence certain penal blindnesses upon such as have unbridled desires."

Gleams of Hope.

No! We would not credit the ultimate triumph of such an evil as was the making of that war. In the very nature of things, when we reflected, we saw that its detestable cruelties must have their compensations. Some of those compensations indeed were already becoming dimply discernible. There is a dualism that underlies all Nature. As Emerson says—

"Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure hath an equal penalty on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with life. For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For every thing you have missed, you have gained something else;

and for everything you gain you lose something. If the gatherer gathers too much, Nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest—swells the estate, but kills the owner."

Of course, we need not concede with the American philosopher that his law of compensation always operates here and now. Indeed, we know that in some cases only eternity can fully "justify the ways of God to man."

But still, even in this life, we may be satisfied that the balance is much more even than a superficial estimate reveals.

On that first Christmas Day of his world-war, the German Kaiser, who had brought death and ruin to tens of thousands, was perhaps as wretched a creature as any of his meanest subjects. The owner of fifty castles and the master of six millions of bayonets, he tossed on a feverish couch and fought against a malignant throat, scarcely more content than one of his wounded soldiers lying in hospital under the loss of a lopped limb.

The Greeks say that the dice of God are always loaded. Omnipotence always governs, making use even of a Judas for the redemption of the world. Drive out Nature with a fork, and she comes running back.

In fancy I can hear some reader say—"This may be all very well. But how does it offer solace to the sufferings of tiny Belgium at the hands of the German Colossus?"

It is hard to make the answer satisfactory. But Emerson was certainly right in saying that "crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed."

The tree of pagan cruelty, planted and fostered by the brutal Frederick the Great, bears the Dead Sea fruit on which Wilhelm, the criminal maniac, is supping full of horrors.

It may be confidently said that, though the dead and maimed cannot be restored to life and health, a full reckoning will have to be made by Germany for all her crimes on her unoffending neighbor; and in the meantime the Belgian name and fame stand higher to-day in the sunshine of the world's esteem than they ever did before, while all heathen and Christian peoples alike execrate the German spoiler. Both the spoiler and the spoiled have suffered and are suffering dreadfully. But every son of the earth to-day glories in Belgian heroism, and shudders at Teuton perfidy and cruelty.

The Comfort to France.

And what is to compensate France for her devastated fields and cities and her slaughtered sons and daughters?

Think a little. There is much. She lived for forty-five years under the nightmare of a bad neighbor. That horror will disappear. It has already disappeared. She will regain, please God. her lost provinces. The end of the war will relieve her of the burden of her peace armaments, which she had to maintain in order to be ready for her threatening enemy next door. She will in the future have no threatening enemy next door. The promise of that is no insignificant compensation.

But, by the favor of heaven, there is a very much richer one offering to her. She, too, in her high places, in the past, has been dominated by a desolating paganism. Her chief statesmen have

flung taunts at God. There was in her a national dross which Divine justice is purging in the fires of a national agony.

Young says that "by night an atheist half believes a God." Under divine chastisement the better side of a people reappears. A letter from a Frenchman told us the other day—"In the firing line we are all religious."

The cannon proves a great preacher. Its roar is eloquent to many hearts. It is not that men are in the least craven. On the contrary, there was never seen more heroism of that sort which evinces willingness to die. But the sermons of the guns make converts. "Soldiers who were sceptics in garrisons are believers in the fighting line."

The roar, the thunders, the air concussions, explosions from the heavens, from the earth, and under the earth, awake the thoughts of men to the littleness of life and the greatness of eternity.

Then, again, the very savagery of German paganism has compelled man to turn for relief to the tenderness and the beauty of the Church of Christ.

The infidel Government and Parliament of France boasted in the year before the war that they meant "to blot out the light of heaven," and "conduct God over the frontier." It was fashionable everywhere to scoff at religion. It required a man in the army to be morally brave to attend Mass.

There was no military promotion for a zealous Catholic. M. Viviani, the then Premier of France, was amongst the most intolerant of an atheistical group.

And yet, as it would seem, during all those years of loud and insulting flouts at the name of

God, France, in her secret heart of hearts, was devoutly religious.

Commenting on these first phases of the war, Lord Bryce made some sound reflections. He said:—"Some have said that we are witnessing the bankruptcy of Christianity. It would be more true to say that we see a bankruptcy of civilisation itself, for all that had been effected, not only by the power of the Gospel, but by the forces and influences of every kind that make for moral progress and peace, all that philosophy as well as religion has done, may seem to have gone to pieces and vanished away. The first shock brought many sensitive minds near to despair. If this world war were the outcome of all our marvellous advances in the knowledge and mastery of the forces of Nature, and improvements in the arts of life, from what quarter could we hope for any help to deliver us from a recurrence of like catastrophies? How begin to rebuild on surer foundations the building that had been shattered by this earthquake? Despair, however, is a word that has never been heard from the lips of our countrymen. Still less ought it to find a place in the thoughts of a Christian, for to despair would be to abandon faith in the providence of God. One of the great figures of Christianity—St. Augustine—when he saw the fabric of civilisation seeming to fall to pieces with the capture of Rome and the instreaming of barbarian tribes through the provinces of the empire, sat down and composed his famous treatise 'On the City of God,' which shone like a beacon light across the troubled waters of the Dark Ages."

In the first year of the war the French Government compelled 20,000 priests to join the ranks and take their places in the firing line. Those priests were forced to drop the cassock and don

the uniform. The motive at first was hatred to the Church. But the presence of the priests in the trenches had a consequence quite unforeseen. By their tenderness to the wounded, their dauntless courage in battle, and their quite supernatural self-denial, they leavened the army with the Christ spirit.

One of them, a mere seminarist, tells in a letter how the grace of a regenerated spirit came over the men over whom he was sergeant—

"Here is a little story which will give you pleasure. We had returned for our four days in the trenches. Well, on the first evening my men said to me—'As you are a cure, or nearly one, you ought to say prayers for us.' You can imagine how joyfully I undertook to do so. And so each evening I said prayers aloud, and all answered devoutly."

A much more striking case was that of an officer from Narbonne, who in August, 1914, bade his wife good-bye and went to the front. The last words he spake to her before leaving were flaunting taunts about religion. Two months later, on October 11, 1914, he wrote to her this letter—

"Taking advantage of a day of rest, I am sending you a long letter. It is ten o'clock, and as it is Sunday I have just been to Mass. That will probably astonish you, but ideas will have changed much after the war. The most violent have become calm, and we go to Mass, which is generally said, as it was this morning, by one of our men. Religion is being restored in this war. Even according to advanced Socialist opinion, it is thought that the Republic will perhaps restore the salaries of the priests, of which they were so brutally deprived. You are astonished, doubtless, at my talking so. But I am not the only one who has been won over; and when one is face to face with death, as Herve said in his paper last week in speaking of the Socialists, we do not want to die like beasts.'"

The man who wrote that letter, like millions of others, had taken to heart the chastisement of God.

Then there are deep lessons to be learned from

the work done by holy nuns, under the impelling force of duty. Sometimes that work has been done under fire on the battle field, where women have shown themselves capable of a cool bravery equal to the highest. One witness has described these priests and nuns as "the miracles of the time." Both have given up life, "as 'twere a careless trifle."

That is where religion shines in supreme splendor. The nervous nun, under its inspiration, becomes a heroine, and the cure of souls a physical hero. Sometimes there has been but one official chaplain for 20,000 men. Then it is that the priests who are privates in the ranks are in most request. One of these, full of the sense of his good work, exclaims—

"What a good work, and what an excellent soil! The faith of the old Crusaders was not in it. Wherever you went, and while you remained with these faithful Catholic men, nothing else was anything to them. God bless them all; for they have given me more joy in these three months than the whole rest of my semi-wasted life has given me. It was worth waiting for. It is true to say that the German Kaiser is fighting a community of saints converted."

That is a glorious purple patch in the red records of this war. France was once the eldest daughter of the Church. She spent, per capita, more money in missions to the heathen than any other people. But her atheistical rulers seduced her away from her religion. They insulted and robbed God, Pope, Bishops and Clergy. The penalty has come home in decimated provinces. The French people know and feel it. One French priest has given expression to it thus—

"The regiments at the front—the multitudes in town and country—see the war with one and the same eye. Those who do not know Catholic France—the real France which, true to the Church in spite of the efforts of a hostile Government to make it infidel, has always remained

faithful to the Church—are wofully mistaken if they believe that the Government succeeded in blotting out the light of heaven. If these lights were extinguished, it was only in atheist skies. Even here, thanks be to God, they have been relit."

It has been well said that on the field where brave men die, religion lives again. In that there should be a wonderful meaning made manifest to us, if we have only the capacity to take it in.

The priest-soldier of France has been a spiritual influence among his comrades, so that some of them fought with nobler motives than that of blood-lust, and went to death or victory, influenced not with hatred of their fellow-men, but with a conviction that out of all that death there would come a new life to nations, and that in killing their enemy they were killing a brutal tyranny with its grip upon the world, and a barbarism which would make human life a slavery.

The crux we have to meet is how to apply Christianity to the facts of life. Few men have ever seriously tried to apply the principles of the Gospel so as to be in the world and yet not of the world. The call to us all is to begin with his own soul and his own life. We can try to think of what each can do to make the Gospel of love and self-forgetfulness guide his conduct. The circumstances attending this war, and the challenge to Christian principles which it makes, have stirred the depths of men's souls as nothing has done for the last three centuries.

Bryce suggestively asks—"Must we not try, while this impulse is still fresh and strong upon us, to turn it to the fullest account? Must we not make another effort to bring the individual life and the social life and the business life and the national life nearer to those Christian ideals in following which, as we believe, the best hopes

for the peace and welfare of humanity are to be found?"

Sometimes out of the welter, there come to us little streaks of personality which are very charming. A Methodist chaplain in France, Rev. W. Hall, was billeted at Havre with the Rev. Father Bradley. They were tent-mates. After a time they had to separate. When the priest was gone, the Methodist said of him—

"I never met a more gentle and refined Christian character. His one thought was to serve others; and he cared nothing for his own discomfort so long as he was helping some one else. It was a grief to both of us when a little over a month ago, I stood in the middle of the night at a railway station to wish him good-bye. He was ordered to join a field ambulance in the fighting line. His last words were, 'Hall, don't forget to pray for me. Underneath and round about both of us are the Everlasting arms."

Incidents like that, emerging from the bubble of the infernal war cauldron, smell in the face of heaven like incense, and one can imagine them going up to God as so many supplications for mercy, binding the unregenerate earth "with golden chains about the feet of God." They cannot reconcile us to the hateful war, but they suggest to us beautiful compensations for its horrors.

Let no one, after noting those 20,000 French conscript priests, speak of the clergy as "sexless." In the fighting line, in ambulance works, wherever special peril needed heroism, those soldier-priests rank amongst France's doughtiest soldiers.

> Their strength was as the strength of ten,
> Because their souls were pure.

Their steel was rigid towards the enemy; but their hearts were melted with pity towards the wounded and dying, while their "Ego te absolvo" was unfailing.

An Australian Testimony.

Bishop Phelan, of Sale, Victoria, went through France just before the war began, and returned four months afterwards.

On his arrival in Australia, I asked him—"Can you say anything of your own knowledge as to whether the French people are returning to their religious duty?"

The Bishop's eyes lighted with a glint of holy fire. It was the alert love of the prelate to whom religion is the breath of life. He answered—

"I will answer your question best, I think, by giving you two pictures. This is the first.

"I went through Paris on my way home near the end of July, 1914, just before the breaking out of the war. People were beginning to be alarmed, but were still hopeful of the war-cloud passing.

"Father Martin and I were together. We went to half-a-dozen different churches at the time of Holy Mass. We wanted to note the extent of the people's devotion, and to note how many used the confessional. We went on both Sunday and week days.

"There was desolation so far as the congregations were concerned. I said Mass at one church, where only half-a-dozen people attended. At another there were about a dozen. At Notre Dame itself I counted 17 persons at one of the late morning Masses.

"We made inquiries. This was quite customary. The people were working in the fields and the streets, as if Sunday had no claims on them.

"We remembered the threat of the French Premier, M. Viviani, that he would 'blot out the light of heaven.' There also occurred to our minds with a sense of pity and dread, the boast of another French Minister that they meant to 'conduct God over the frontier, as they had no further use for Him.'

"We visited certain communities of teaching nuns. One of them was my own community at Sale; and we saw where the Government had built up a wall to turn them out of their property, their only offence was that they would not promise to cease teaching religion in the schools which they conducted.

"The state of infidel persecution in France at the date of our first visit was intensely saddening. It was as

if the rulers of France were drunk with the hatred of God. It grieved one to think that so great and noble a people as the French have been, despite their faults and foibles, could have descended so low as to strike a dastard's blow at a woman's religious freedom.

"Well, that is one picture—a very sad one. Now for the other.

"I went through France again in October, about ten weeks after the war had been waging. The Battle of the Marne had been just fought and won. Paris was safe, quiet and calm. There was no business, because a million people had left it for the war, or for the provinces, or for safety in England.

"The people had evidently suffered a great and terrible shock. The beautiful plantations around the city were all gone. The noble trees had been cut down and dragged up on high mounds and embankments on the outside of the city to form almost impenetrable barb-wire entanglements against the expected foe.

"I learned then that the Parisians had quite concluded that the Germans would reach Paris and perhaps enter it.

"They had never despaired of the ultimate result of the war; but they had expected these initial set-backs. This was because they knew that the Germans were ahead of them in mobilisation; and the British army could not be ready in any large force in the early stages of the war. The Belgians had not been expected to make so splendid a stand as they had done.

"The people, therefore, had gone through a time of fearful chastening. Death had entered every family, and only God knew how many more were to fall into the maws of the grisly king.

"There was no complaint, no dread, no shrinking; but there was a sense everywhere that the nation was living under the shadow of the Divine chastisement.

"Now what of the churches? I went and said Holy Mass again in the same building where before I had previously seen only half-a-dozen worshippers. The hour of the day was about the same. The church was nearly full; and I had to exhaust two large ciboriums in giving Holy Communion to the people.

"Father Martin, who was with me on both occasions, had experiences just like mine. We were both astonished at the change; and we were greatly consoled by it.

"To one who has made any careful study of God's dealings with men, there is no difficulty at all in recognising the Divine finger in this War-scourge which has fallen upon hapless France.

"While our hearts melt with pity over the fearful sufferings of individuals—which indeed are greater than those who have not seen them can ever conceive—we feel that, like all the chastisements of the Omnipotent, they bear within them the germs of signal blessedness.

"It is true that the nuns and religious orders and teachers die and suffer with the rest; but to them God's holy will is never a punishment, but a cross which it is a privilege to carry.

"France is Catholic again. That is the other picture. It may be that the same needed lessons are being taught and learned in the other countries of the belligerent nations. Perhaps even in this."

The Compensation to Britain.

If we would escape the accusation of pharisaism, we must reflect that had there been a higher standard of Christian thought and action among ourselves and elsewhere in Christendom these things could not have happened. Many men in Britain have of late years come to see more clearly than before how much is amiss in their business life, and how far their social arrangements fall short of the Christian standard. Particularly have they noted how inconsistent with Christian principles is the industrial strife which has threatened of late years English domestic peace. Many have also asked whether British national policy has been always worthy of the religion they profess. Why has England been regarded by other nations as grasping and overbearing, and so often charged with pharisaism?

All these introspections have come perforce out of the afflictions of the war; and they have come in England as well as in France. What is to be done? Is there any other influence from which so much can be hoped as from Christianity? Is there, indeed, any force other than Christianity that will bring back the world towards peace and

goodwill? Can something be done to revive the inspiring power of religion?

The course of history during the last two thousand years shows that Christ's Gospel has been by far the strongest of the moral forces. It is the strongest because it begins from within. All improvement begins from the individual soul. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." The nation and the State are only so many individual men, and as the men are so will the State be.

This religion, when it comes to a people, is a greater gift than the political and social privileges which lift men to a higher level in life. The trades union may increase a man's pay and shorten his hours of toil; but without religion it will not bring him peace. Religion will sweeten his outlook, restrain his passions, give him courage, and make him happier with what he has.

If it be really true that this war has caused any country, any people, to return to the consolations of religion it has yielded a great compensation for its evils. Any one who has seen the balm of religion healing the wounds of the afflicted, drying the tears of the poor, softening hardened hearts, changing hatred into love, bringing patience and resignation and joy into desolate hearts, will never undervalue this influence.

There are many material advantages which are possible.

We have already stripped Germany of her colonial possessions. She will never again, as we hope, be a neighbor of Australia in Papua or in the near Pacific. Certainly she will never again be a neighbor who can menace us. She is cleared out of the Chinese and Eastern Seas.

Egypt has already become a British possession, its Turkish suzerainty abolished. There are fair

hopes that the Turks may be driven out of Europe and also out of stricken Armenia.

But more. Far more.

Through this war there has come to us a splendid exhibition of Imperial unity. The price paid is high, but the diadem placed in the imperial crown is beyond compare.

The great Indian potentates, representing 300 millions of people, have shown how they value the Imperial Overlordship of Great Britain. The touch of the German war-spear instantly transformed them from a condition of seething, grievance-mongers, full of petty complaints against British rule, into ardent loyalists, eager to be at the throat of Teutonic tyranny. On their side their services in the war will bring to them a larger measure of autonomous government.

What is true of India has proved equally so of South Africa. The Empire has there devoted sons who are ready to go to their deaths against the emissaries of German militarism. South Africa is now one of the star gems in the Imperial diadem.

Canadians, New Zealanders, Australians have given in gold and blood evidence of the strength of the crimson thread of kinship. A world-sounding proclamation, gone forth from every part of the Empire, that every link in the Imperial chain is of tested metal.

But in that first Christmas after the war the happiest gift was perhaps seen in the instant truce that was proclaimed in Ireland between the Orange and the Green. It was to last at least to the end of the war. If the Belfast Orangeman did not actually embrace his Catholic brother, he ceased to threaten him. They both cried out for a mutual armistice, declaring—"Our first duty is to the Empire." It was a magical transforma-

tion. It scared and amazed Germany more than could a new army corps of Inniskilleners.

It is true that these happy relatons were subsequently marred by mal-adroit statesmanship and Sinn Fein rancor, followed by a revolt engineered by German gold.

There are some hopeful signs that out of the stress of this war Ireland may find herself. Ulster Orangemen have fought side by side with Munster Catholics and have learned to respect each other. The Irish Convention has sat in Belfast and Cork with happy results in both places. The Chairman, Sir Horace Plunkett, has told us that every member of it managed to modify some of his opinions. He said to Irishmen recently—

"You see we are getting what I had hoped for —that I would live to see—a change of heart, out of which a new Ireland would be born. At the worst, we are gradually narrowing the differences which keep Irishmen apart. At the best we will bring Irishmen of the north and south together in a larger patriotism, whereby they will say to each other, 'My country is thy country,' and, in the larger charity, will say, 'My God is thy God.'"

Should that day dawn, its sunrise will certainly be out of the work of the war.

An English-Speaking Race Alliance.

Perhaps one of the most valuable of world-improvements may come from the drawing together in a bond of love of all the English-speaking races of America and Great Britain. There was a good deal to wipe off the slate, and something to fill in. The war has done it.

There was a recent statement in an American magazine, which said—"By the middle of the cen-

tury, or in 1950, we can count on a population of 200,000,000."

Those figures, with all they meant, made me meditate, and the result was the following verses—

POSSIBILITIES OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING RACES.

In the forest's leafy fastness, where the bell bird rings her note,
Where the murmurs from the ether in the dreamy shadows float,
Came to me a train of fancies, whispering to my inmost soul,
Quelling all external senses under mightier control.
Heaven seemed to ope its portals as when Paul was upward caught,
And a melody of meaning filled the pulses of my thought.

I.

Yes! the lessons from the sages, and the ages as they spin,
Are that races rot and ripen just as sorrows come with sin.
Empires bud, and bloom, and wither; nations live but to decay.
By th' eternal law of being, kings nad midgets have their day.
From the waves rose Royal Britain, yclept "the majesty of earth,"
Growing like the sturdy oaklet from its tiny acorn birth.
First the slow and solid Saxon came to temper Pictish flame;
Then the hardy venturous Norseman, full of enterprises, came.
Normans next, with knightly prowess, chivalry and polish gave—
All commingling in the Briton, crowned as brave among the brave.
Britons! Whose resplendent story through the world a welkin rings—
Rings that Britons rank in empires, an imperial race of kings.
From their island-hive those races swarmed across the Atlantic foam,
And in western wildernesses made a broader, freer home.
Home where, lured to loftier promise, Europe's choicest children turned;

Home in which the star of freedom with a brighter lustre burned.
All men prize of shining progress, at its brightest and its best,
In a galaxy of glory, blazes, dazzles in the West.
Take old earth's most splendid records; search through history's purplest page;
Take Assyria, Greece, or Carthage; take high Rome's Augustan age;
None have matched the march of empire where Columbia's children throng,
Rearing their unique Republic, full a hundred millions strong.

II.

Softly fell the heavenly whispers, mellow, musical, and fond,
Fell perspicuously upon me, voices from the Great Beyond.
Then methought my musing spirit questioned of the mighty theme—
Is it sooth? And came the answer—Learn the future in a dream.
This is sooth. From Egypt once the light of heaven didst clearest shine,
Then it changed its radiant focus to the Lake of Palestine.
Now the course of empire blazes where the British footprints go,
From the frozen Bay of Baffin to the Gulf of Mexico—
Blazes where the dusky Sikh and Hottentot had once their sway;
Where Ind's murky myriads swarm; where Burmese children live their day;
Where Australia's sunny regions—woodlands, forest, mountain, plain
Teem with promise of a greater empire in the southern main.
In the world's chief gates and strongholds British harps to joy are strung,
And two hundred million voices sing the songs that Shakespere sung.

III.

Heed ye well, ye thoughtless Britons! Sway as man ne'er swayed before.
Take ye heed of what may wait thee in a half a century more.
None may lift the fateful curtain; none may know what shall befall.

But be this thy faith abiding—Wisdom guides and governs all.
Cherish faith that thine own portion may eclipse thy brilliant past;
But all power is linked with Duty—duty great as power is vast.
All thy manifolded millions may again be multiplied;
Deserts teem with golden grain and waste lands blossom in their pride.
Sunny homes may smile and flourish where the jungle screameth wild;
And the tiger be supplanted by the lambkin and the child.
Copious streams of nascent knowledge from a wholesome press may flow,
Heralds of a Future which the Universal Pax shall know.
Kindred tongue and racial kinship rival flags in love may bind.
Sharers of a glorious Past a more resplendent future find.
Briton and Columbia, partnered, may direct the paths of kings;
May upraise the thoughts of peoples toward the goal of higher things;
Curbing tyrants, checking despots, bidding brawlers cease their broils;
Lifting up the lowly, freeing serfs and bondsmen from their toils;
Strong, yet merciful; possessing much that much for good be given;
Seeking human evolution only through the will of heaven.

IV.

Heed ye, ye Imperial races! Ye the English tongue that speak!
Beg for wisdom that may guide ye, strong amid the low and weak.
How can ye achieve the highest? By the genius of your sons?
By the beauty of your daughters? By your fleets, and forts, and guns?
By your energy and courage? By your prowess? By your star?
By your wealth, or by your wisdom? Heed ye what these forces are.
They indeed are fertile seedlings such as nations ought to sow.

But do they suffice for Empire? Can ye build upon them? No.
Richest seeds and sods most fertile must depend on God's decree.
Egypt once topped earthly grandeur, but her greatness ceased to be.
Where is Babylonia's splendor? Where the great Assyrian powers?
Where the Macedonian sceptre? Vanished as the fleeting hours.
Pagan Rome's imperial eagles held in awe a subject world.
Monarchs crouched and nations trembled where her banners were unfurled.
Haughty chieftains craved the honor but to kiss great Cæsar's robe;
While th' Eternal City gathered tribute wealth from all the globe.
Sunk is Rome and vanished Cæsar, mute the myriad captive crowds,
Melted as the gorgeous fabric in the sunset's gilded clouds.

V.

As the past was, so the future; Futures but the past repeat,
Save when godliness and justice build on lines which cannot fleet.
Now your English-speaking races forge their pathway to the van;
Umpires of the weaker empires, destined arbiters of man.
What secures them that they fail not like the empires which have passed?
What the soul and life and purpose which can give them strength to last?
Heed ye! Heed the graven lessons, writ in suffering, blood and tears.
Glory lasts not; Justice only stands the crumbling of the years.
Ye must build not on ambition; ye must serve the subject race.
Ye must rule for love, not tribute; ye must scorn the sordid, base.
Ye must bathe the world in mercy, sweetening every bitter cup.
Ye must soothe the sad and suffering, bind their wounds and lift them up.
Ye must bow your heads in homage; ye must offer God your fame.

Ye must render all your glory to your Great Redeemer's name.
Ye must spurn the pride of empire purchased by a Judas kiss.
Are you English-speaking races building on a rock like this?

VI.

Can thy conscience safely answer? What excuses, near or far,
May avail ye in the day when Justice cites ye to the bar?
Cite some pages of thy record. Cite the seven deadly sins
Which have blurred thy many conquests. Thus thy penitence begins.
Hastings' murderous thefts in India—crimes humanity abhors.
Centuries of Irish misrule; cruel, sordid opium wars;
Past enslavements of the negro, red with every ruthless deed.
Millionaires who sweat the poor, and grind them with the lust of greed.

VII.

Reverently I raised my head, and answered—"Truly, have our people erred.
We confess our 'scutcheon tarnished with oppressions black and blurred.
We may fear the scales of Justice, lest our balance kick the beam.
But we pray a purer future may our blotted past redeem.
We have faltered; we have fallen; but we have aspired to bless.
Spite of human slips and lapses, we have aimed at righteousness.
Towards our Christ, with high ideals, we have toiled with struggles brave.
We have lavished life and lucre to emancipate the slave.
We have shattered galling shackles, burst our ebon brother's bands.
We have torn the gory scourges from the cruel taskman's hands.
We have pleaded with the nations to adjust their warlike claims
By an arbiter's decision rather than by guns and flames.
We have rendered Ireland justice, striking off her searing gyves.
We proclaim us foes to Anarchs, friends to law and human lives.

We have striven to guide our courses by the life and love and death,
And the beautiful example of the Man of Nazareth."

VIII.

Then a zephyr whispered softly, falling like a spirit's sigh
On my quickened subtle senses, as the Presence made reply—
"If thy words be sooth, thy Empire and Dominion firm shall stand.
Ye shall grow in might and mercy and in human love expand.
Be thy might but Right's defender; bid thy cannons vent their awe
To sustain the scales of Justice, poised in God's eternal law;
And the world shall bend in homage; all thy blotted past be shriven.
Ye shall find your foemen only in the rebel foes of heaven.
Prayers thy battleships shall follow; wrongs shall die, and fears shall cease;
O'er the golden earth thy armies shall be guardians of the peace.
If this come, it cometh only when thy People kiss the rod,
And in humbleness of spirit bow before their Father—God."

Growth of the Prayer Habit.

We may pause here.

Since that Christmas of 1914 three more have come and gone, each witnesses to the increasing intensity of the war-god's ravages. But nothing has occurred to diminish our hope and supreme confidence that there is a soul of goodness in things evil. Despite the thick shadow of the black war-cloud, there are many promises of a bright to-morrow.

> The wings of Time are black and white,
> Pied with morning and with night.

On last Christmas Day in England one of the British papers summed up as follows the compen-

sations which were then distinctly in sight, apart from any spiritual blessings—

"1. The war has revealed the extent of our danger before it became possibly insurmountable.

"2. It has revealed our deficiencies in military organisation, numbers, armament, and strategy.

"3. It has revealed the jealousy, envy, and hatred of some Continental peoples.

"4. It has revealed our friends in need.

"5. It has revealed the solidarity of the empire, and the attachment of every member of the empire family.

"6. It has revealed the fact that the 'virtue' of the British race is unabated in every rank of society.

"7. It has strengthened the moral fibre of the British people at large, and has provided a prophylactic against the corroding effects of uninterrupted prosperity.

"8. It has brought into view more distinctly the duties and responsibilities of an Imperial civilisation.

"9. It has put to shame the selfish pusillanimity of those who care nothing for the Imperial nation, but wish to huddle in base comfort and material 'blessings'."

God's in the heavens; and if all's not right with the world, as Browning used to say, it is certain that the said world is all the better for the rod of the Divine Chastener.

But there is still another aspect of brightness, springing out of the gloom of the war.

This is the prayer habit which it has brought about.

Some sections of thinking men are fond of supposing that the progress of twentieth century science has eliminated from the average man a

good deal of his former proneness to lean on the supernatural. In spite of latter-day spiritism, the belief in spooks is not nearly as prevalent as it was a century ago, when every lane and bridge and hedgerow had its familiar spirit. The belief in witches is almost gone, and no old lady with a hooked nose and a broomstick is anywhere any longer in danger of cremation at a stake. Charms and spells and amulets have lost much of their vogue, and scores of things which formerly called forth people's superstitious reverence now evoke a smile of tolerant incredulity. But it would seem from some testimonies concerning the habits of thought amongst the men who have been doing such yeoman service at the French front that the aboriginal mind of man in relation to the Unseen changes very little. The presence of death in its thousand grisly shapes, though it does not terrify the brave man, sobers him, and makes him realise with Hamlet that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

Mr. Michael MacDonagh, in his volume "The Irish on the Somme" gives us some first-hand information as to the thought and practices of the average soldier on the eve of battle, or in the trenches when the shells are over-intrusive. All regiments have had their mascots, but in this war the individual soldier loves to carry his charm. The tooth of a horse which has come scatheless through a campaign brings good luck; so does the tunic button belonging to a man who has dodged death in the same way. "Touchwood" is the selling name of a tiny oaken imp, mostly head, designed at the beginning of the war by a Mr. Brandon, who has since sold a million and a half of them. In 1916 there was a presentation of 1,200 of these "Touchwoods" to officers and men

in Regent's Park. Hundreds of soldiers who have escaped in critical situations ascribe their good fortune to this mascot. The child's caul, which used to be so much valued by sailors as a safeguard against drowning, went almost out of vogue during the last half century. The dangers from submarines have brought it in again, and its price in all the British seaports has gone up. Fortune tellers and crystal gazers have been reaping rich harvests since the beginning of the war. Old superstitions have come to life again; or rather, they were never dead, but only slept. Human nature, essentially the same, asserts its identity in all ages.

But this yearning after the supernatural is not confined to the lower levels of mere superstition. According to Mr. MacDonagh, who says that he speaks from personal observation in the trenches, it is seen more strikingly still in a fervent revival of religion. It is not that conscience makes cowards of the noble fellows; for they face death with an added fearlessness. The constant sight of comrades dropping from one's side, and falling out of time and into eternity, compels a man, whatever be his mould, to contemplate immortality from a closer and more direct angle. Men who have perhaps never prayed since they left their mother's guidance, and who would be ashamed of doing so in their old city home, fall readily on their knees in the trenches and join in the general appeal to heaven. The author says that "non-Catholic soldiers of the new armies are turning from materialistic charms to holy emblems," and they carry sacred pictures or medals about their persons or in their knapsacks. Some of them have their rosary beads, and value them highly.

Perhaps most of them believe in their efficacy

only in the same sense that the materialist values his mascot or charm. But then there are tens of thousands who believe that God directs every incident on a battle field as He does the fall of a sparrow. Providence "is to them still the Lord and Master of all the forces of Nature; and the turning aside of a bullet or piece of explosive shell would be but the slightest manifestation of His almighty omnipotence."

Michael O'Leary, V.C., is one of this type. He said—"A shell has grazed my cheek and blown a comrade at my side to pieces. There was no reason, as far as I could see, but the act of God, why the shell should not have knocked my head off and grazed my comrade's cheek."

A man of that type would not listen to the materialistic explanation that he was not in the direct line of the shell's flight. He would answer —"I know that. But why wasn't I?"

He knows full well that thousands pray and wear scapulars, and yet are killed all around him. Like the unshakable Job, in this "though He slay me, yet will I trust Him," MacDonagh's Irish soldier says—"Blessed be the holy will of God."

There is said to be a practical military side to this. Just as it makes a company twice as strong when the men can be kept cheerful, so is it found to be if they are sincerely pious."

One soldier put it this way—"When the shells came near us we used to pray. Prayers are like a double parapet, I think. Yesterday we were reciting the Litany of the Sacred Heart while the shells were annoying us. I was reading the beautiful praises and titles, and both my Catholic and Protestant mates were answering me with great fervor, when one shell hit our trench and never burst; and, furthermore, no shell came near

us after that." The enemy had their attention directed elsewhere for the rest of the day.

It is in this spirit of increased religious fervor amongst the men at the front that an Anglican League of the Cross had up to the end of 1916 "sent out over 10,000 crucifixes to Protestant soldiers." They act like "a double parapet." The best officers in the army, irrespective of creed, know this—that religious emotion exalts a man's mentality. It steadies men, calms them, gives them confidence under fire. It eliminates fear or controls that fear, and is therefore part of a soldier's training.

Psychologists tell us that the same man under different conditions of body and mind may prove either a hero or a craven. Everything which tends to keep the soldier cheerful and confident is equivalent to multiplying the effective force of the troops. Mr. MacDonagh says that the high commands are fully aware of this, and "thus is the wearing of scapulars and medals in the army welcomed as an aid to our arms; a reinforcement of our military power. In it may be found the secret of much of the dash and gallantry of the Irish troops," who have won eighteen V.C.'s, a share out of all proportion to their numbers.

An explanation of this mental attitude may be found in a remark of Sergeant Dwyer, V.C., who afterwards met his death on the Somme. Speaking to a recruiting meeting in Trafalgar-square, he said—"I don't know what the young men are afraid of. If your name is not on a bullet or a bit of shrapnel it won't reach you any more than will a letter that isn't addressed to you." When the Somme bullet reached him, the only remark made was, " 'Twas the will of God." It would seem that more than bullets and death are coming to men out of this war.

But apart from the soldiers in the trenches, and the afflicted relatives of those who have suffered, the average civilian has been brought to his knees as rarely before. All England, all France, all Australia, probably all the world, have been made more prayerful. This must mean a more reverential and profound recognition of the Fatherhood of God.

In Melbourne we witnessed rounds of prayer meetings in all the non-Catholic churches, in the Jewish Synagogue, and in the Town Hall. Indeed, the Town Hall prayer meetings have been very constant and very fervent.

In the Catholic Churches there were proclaimed Novenas of Holy Communions everywhere. On dark, rainy winter mornings the wayfarer might see streams of people going to early morning Mass for both the dead and the living warriors.

Old and young, rich and poor, offered these propitiatory sacrifices. The spectacle evoked admiration from the sceptical.

It is worth thinking of, and all that it means. These are no formal utterances of prayers for peace. These Novenas of Holy Communions are the intense heart-supplications of people who feel the nearness of God. They are the plaints of people who go to Him piteously, as to a Father and a Brother, with their woes.

Every morning before partaking in the act of sacrifice, they make six separate petitions—

1. They ask for the restoration of peace according to the Divine mind.

2. They beg His mercy upon the souls of the fallen soldiers.

3. They pray for the speedy restoration of the wounded.

4. They pray that the wounded who shall die may find eternal rest.

5. They beg for the safe return of the living.

6. Lastly, they ask that God may comfort the relatives and friends of those fallen in battle.

Those communicants do not pray to a distant God, but as to the God within them. "If any one love Me, he will keep My word, and My Father will love him; and We will come to him, and will make Our abode with him." Therefore they whisper their wishes into an ear that is within them and ready to listen. The doctrine of the Communion of Saints gives to those who accept it the consolation of being able the help the living and the dead.

Life is full of apparent inequalities. We cannot estimate them by the standard of time. To make things relevant we must measure them by the standard of eternity.

About ten months after the war began, Bishop Phelan, of Sale, in announcing the Novena of Communions, struck the tender note of helping the departed—"Now is the time for us to put into practice the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, which we profess every time we say the Apostles' Creed—that sacred union which binds the faithful in this world to pray for each other; which links us to our fellow Christians in heaven; and which enables us on earth to assist to a speedy happiness those who died in God's friendship, but are not so pure as to find immediate admission to their reward."

There speak both a faith and a princely charity which know no faltering. That period of the Novena was one of rapt intensity of purpose in the people. Relatives and friends of the soldiers in the firing line trooped silently to the altar rail, silently received and prayed, and silently went. Some were mourning for the dead whose lives had gone out in a blaze of military glory. Some were

in grief for the wounded. Others were anxious for the daily risk of the uninjured fighters.

Men and women who go to God in such causes are no perfunctory suppliants. It is with them no spiritual flash in the pan. They carry their very souls into their supplications. It is a virtual storming of heaven, when the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away.

That sort of thing is almost world-wide. Men's hearts are turned heavenward as they have not been perhaps for half a century. May we, then, not exclaim with Tennyson—

> "O, yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill."

Aye, even in this ravening slaughterous war. It is a fruitful time with men when the popular heart is softened by afflictions. There is more than consolation in that. There are hopes. If prayers are spiritual forces, and spiritual forces are the spur to physical forces, such a time of humble holy prayer may be as efficacious to the ending of this war as a million bayonets.

VII.

COURAGE AND THE WAR.

The Bravery of Battle.

The air is crisp with stories of heroism. The papers teem with them. They come in all shapes —in reports of the bravery of our soldiers in battle, of rescues achieved under a hell-fire of shrapnel, in accounts of the succor by delicate nurses of wounded men from the imminent deadly breach.

We have tales of the sea, of strong swimmers in their agony, dying to save weaker shipmates. There was a gallant boy who went down with a French warship in the Mediterranean, saying to a boat's crew who were forced to abandon him in the waves, "Never mind, boys! Give my love to my mother."

Stirring they are, those narratives; and true enough, no doubt. The bravery is genuine. It is ubiquitous. It exhibits itself on every side.

But has this war evoked any unusual degree of courage? Do any wars do so? It may well be questioned. Battle, of course, brings military courage into prominence. It gilds with dramatic brilliance the more tawdry traits of the brute in humanity.

The war invites us, as all wars in all centuries have done, to apotheosise the barbarism of battle, and to proclaim that it typifies the highest qualities of bravery. Which it most certainly does not. Cæsar said vauntingly—

> "Cowards die many times before their deaths.
> The valiant never taste of death but once."

But that was a shallow generalisation of courage by a military conqueror, with scarce an atom of truth in it. Cæsar piqued himself, as is common with soldiers, on the iron nerve which is a stranger to fear. We may well doubt if there ever was a man without fear. Nelson was said to have been of the warrior type whose pulse scarcely quickens at the smell of battle.

Cæsar, bragging of his own courage, and perhaps quite truly, said—

> Of all the wonders that I yet have heard
> It seems to me most strange that men should fear.

And again, commenting on Cassius's "lean and hungry look," he said—

> "I fear him not;
> Yet if my name were liable to fear,
> I do not know the man I should avoid
> So soon as that spare Cassius.

But we prefer to believe with Byron that

> Each hath some fear, and he who least betrays
> Is the only hypocrite deserving praise.

We may admire the courage that is pulseless, even as we admire the phenomenal brute strength, though at its coarsest, in the pugilist and the champion wrestler. But the men, if there be such, who are insensible to fear, out of a sheer non-apprehension of danger, are hardly heroes. The cool careless audacity that marches up to the mouth of the cannon with a flower in its cap and a frivolous song on its lips, as serene as on parade, is not courage of any high quality, but sheer lack of sensibility. There is more of merit, but not very much, in the courage that dares a quick danger in a sudden emergency. But it is more a matter of habit than of quality. The fact that there is no time to count the cost robs it of any deliberate merit. Many a man, in fact, is surprised into a heroism which is really no part of him.

The presence of fear does not mean the absence of courage. True courage consists not in meeting peril without fear, but in a resolution to face the danger fully realising it, for the sake of duty. If we are brave enough to be honest we need flinch at nothing.

Man's inclination, rather than his judgment, has always placed military courage in the first rank. The reason is no doubt that feats of battle are spectacular, whilst the greater courage that endures pain or wrong in silence, has no meretricious attractions.

The magnificent dash of the Australians on the hills of Gallipoli, at Pozieres and at Polygon Wood, appeals to the imagination, and exacts admiration. Some of those troops were in their baptism of fire, when the mere novelty of the peril might have appalled them. We do not like to think of their strong hearts as insensible to fear, as they stormed the enemy under a rain of lead. We rather love to think of them as fully realising all their danger and facing it. The man who will not flee makes his enemy flee.

Suppose we give a sample of what is meant. Twelve months ago the name of Lieut. Warneford rang through the world, and through the skies, too, for he was an aviator. One day he went up and attacked a Zeppelin single-handed. He soared above the monster and so skilfully dropped bombs on it, that it blew up and the explosion almost ended him, who was only 50 feet over it. At the time I published a few verses about his feat of airmanship. I give them by way of illustration—

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

"So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine and shew him."
—I. Samuel xvii.

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew,
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.—"Locksley Hall."

A Modern Version.

Star of Honor from the Legion with Victoria's Cross doth rest,
Jointly pinned by France and England on the gallant Warneford's breast.
All the world hath paused to marvel how like Israel's youth divine,
England's David met Goliath and hath slain the Philistine.
Warneford saw the Zeppelin airship proudly through the ether prance,
Armed with bombs to wreak destruction on the naked breast of France.
He a ruddy youth, new trained an aviator's skill to wield
In the tactics of the heavens on the ether battle field.
Great Goliath loomed above him, like a thunder cloud in wrath,
Lowering o'er the landscape, cleaving through the firmament its path.
Bearing crew alert and eager, numbering warriors twice a score;
Every gunner grim and ready with his shrapnel well in store.
David touched his smooth propeller, found each blade was firm in place;
Scanned his wings, his ties, his stanchions, tested every iron brace;
Gauged with care his stock of petrol, scrutinised his steering gear;
Leapt into his seat, and shot like bolt into the atmosphere.

Full six thousand feet above him slowly was the Zeppelin run,
Searching for the points most sure, where wreck and ruin might be done.
Like an eagle soared the airman, all his plumage taut and strong,
Till five hundred feet below him sailed the Zeppelin along.
Just as David loosed his sling and chose his pebble, stooping low,
Warneford shot his passage down and seized a bomb to slay his foe.
Dropped the missile towards his foeman! Missed! Another! Missed again!
Then a third and fourth and fifth were loosened, but the aim was vain.
"Neck or nothing!" muttered he, and sank till fifty feet at most
Lay atwixt him and the Zeppelin sentry at his danger post.
"He or I or both!" quoth he, as shot on shot came hissing past.
Then his bomb with aim plumb centre on the bulky Zeppelin cast.
Well he knew the aim was true, and touched his lever for a flight.
But the rock of the explosion caught and whirled him in its might—
Whirled him upwards, tossed him sidewise, turned his engine upside down,
As he saw the Zeppelin sinking in a flame of red and brown.
There are moments when the soul is touched with deeds of such emprise
As to calmly gaze on ruin, and look Death between the eyes.
"In that moment," says the hero, "thought I that the end had come;

But I had no dread of dying. Fear itself was dead or numb.
Then a miracle befell me, or my good machine befell,
As it looped the loop and righted, planing downward safe and well.
Landed was I, safely landed, with my petrol motor dry;
Landed in the foeman's lines, but with no enemy anigh.
Quickly from my petrol tank I fed my trusty aeroplane,
And with wings outspread I took me to the atmosphere again.
God of heaven! Sweet delivery! All my soul to Thee ascends!
See the British lines and colors! Then I sank amongst my friends.'
Such was Warneford's wondrous story, seen and vouched, by heroes told,
Splendid mid the super-valiant and the boldest of the bold.
Star of France's Honored Legion, with Victoria Cross shall rest,
Jointly pinned by France and England on the hero's gallant breast.

Of course we honor the memory of such a man.

If in spite of our better judgment we have always given more applause to the bravery of battle than to other aspects of courage, it is because the martial hero stands out as it were in the limelight, and challenges our plaudits.

When the Canadians got their first taste of warfare in Flanders, they found themselves in the very hottest of hot corners. They acquitted themselves like men. They did not know when they were beaten, and so they were not beaten at all,

proving that the man who shows the last half ounce of mettle, and will not turn back, compels the foe to turn.

That was a companion picture to the Australians climbing the Suvla Hills and again storming Messines and Vimy Ridge. The world sang pæons of praise about them. They shone out conspicuously in the light of their own heroism. Theirs was the spirit of Napoleon's Old Guard—"The Guard dies, but does not surrender."

In the same way, no mail came to hand that did not make visible the gallantry of the Belgians, whose King at the head of his army, stood out before the eyes of the world at large like the figure of some Homeric hero.

France, too, whose chivalry has been a theme of praise through centuries of history, has shown in this war, more than her characteristic courage. Plus the native elan of the national spirit, which has made the military charge of the French renowned amongst nations, La Belle France has developed a steady stubbornness of endurance which at Verdun and elsewhere will always stand at the zenith of military achievement.

The personal bravery of the soldier never rose to a higher level than it has done in this war. Tommy Atkins, prosaic and unimaginative, has equalled in his exploits the best traditions of Crecy, Agincourt, Waterloo, and Balaclava. He has marched in rollicking good humor to his doom, cracking his joke in the hail of the machine guns, where the death-bolts fell deadliest, and "the thickest of war's tempest lowered." Nor, in justice should we omit to say that the Italian, the Russian, the Serb, the Rumanian, even the brutal German, have exhibited a contempt for death which proves the common heritage of man in military courage.

Yes, it must be admitted that the German is as brave as any of us. He faces death superbly. We execrate him because he dares to do more than may become a man. He dares to be a brute-beast. He bayonets wounded enemies out of sheer lust of blood-hatred. He ravages and ravishes. He violates all civilised canons. He is a savage. He sinks unarmed vessels and jeers at drowning crews. He destroys beautiful things from the sheer love of evil. He is a low ravening animal. But he is as brave as the best of other men.

If this be so, it goes to establish a fact which men have not yet generally recognised—that the bravery which faces death in battle is the commonest of all kinds of courage. It belongs to all races of men, civilised and savage.

The naked barbarians of the Cannibal Islands, the black tribes of Africa, the Redskins of the American forests, the yellow followers of Confucius, the litle brown men of Japan, the tawny warriors of the Indian Hill country, are all equipped with personal valor, and as ready to face death as the picked regiments of Europe.

There was never a clime or a time where it was otherwise. Never was the average man well led, recreant in battle. Courage of that kind is as common as breathing. And therefore, logically, ought not to be a theme of extravagant commendation.

As a rule those qualities which are the common heritage of the race, possessed by all in about the same average measure, are not a subject of special esteem. It is generally the rare and exceptional gift which evokes admiration. Military courage, though universal, seems always to stand highest in men's esteem. This is because of its ostentatious challenge to the world; because of its drum-beat-

ing, its banners, its fanfare and pride. Othello gives the full explanation of this deifying of martial courage in—

> "The plumed troop, and the big wars,
> That make ambition virtue. .
> . . The neighing steed, and the shrill trump
> The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
> The royal banner, and all quality,
> Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war."

There lies the explanation of why men have consented to place the lower kind of human courage in the highest place of their regard.

From the dawn of time poets have sung the praises of battle heroes. A war-seamed veteran carries with him in every cicatriced wound a title to distinction. Every scar is a riband of honor. He has met his country's foes and taken bruises in defence of his fatherland. That is enough.

Ten to one, everyone of his neighbors is as courageous as he, even those perhaps who from various causes are shirkers in a time of enlistment.

The Courage in Panics.

To say that there have been panics in battle is nothing contrary to the universality of military courage. Brave men at times have fled helter skelter in sauve qui peut, and have afterwards marvelled at the temporary madness which had seized them.

Panic is sometimes a sudden and utter loss of personal courage, accompanied wih an access of unreasoning terror, which destroys and obliterates all reason for the time, and reduces those so affected to nothing more or less than raging maniacs. Of this kind is the battle panic to which even the bravest men are subject. But it has not in-

frequently happened that if there be only one individual who preserves his mental balance, he may turn the attention of the crowd for an instant and in that second of time they perceive the absurdity of their fear, and are retransformed into rational and even heroic beings. A single brave soldier has in this way been able to stem the stampede of an army, and wrest victory from the very jaws of defeat.

The soldiers who disgraced their colors at Bull's Run were amongst the bravest men of a brave race. In many a subsequent field of death they wiped out their first stain by carving their way to victory over hillocks of heroic dead.

The bravest troops that ever hacked their way through a breach in a forlorn hope are amenable to that mysterious magnetic influence known as panic, and also to that insanity of blood-lust which sometimes sways mobs to irrational terror and to crime. Many have marvelled why it is that the cowardice of the few acts so rapidly on the mass of the moderately brave, while the courage of the other few does not? Why should cowardice, in fact, be any more contagious than heroism, and yet yield so instantly, and in most cases so completely, to the influence of the continuous habit we call discipline?

It may be said that cowardice is visible, and that heroism is not; but the answer is not quite complete; for, besides the fact that men do not catch cowardice by the eye, the heroism is very often in such panics as visible as the fear. Among troops it is often more visible, the officers, who are rarely panic-struck, being the most visible figures in the ranks.

But no one has yet explained the psychology of panics. Some have conjectured that it arises from the longing to do something; from the nervous ex-

citement which makes it so difficult to keep a Zouave regiment, when once under fire, from charging upon the enemy.

The courage of women is usually passive; their instinct is to sit and await the calamity, often with a firmness superior to that of men, yet in these wild rushes they are usually the first to rush.

Fortitude, the courage which can await, is, no doubt, a scarcer quality than bravery; old sailors say that the five minutes before a naval action commences try the men much more than the action itself.

Panic has so very little to do with either courage or cowardice, that it may assail and has assailed men of the special courage which not only does not quail under danger, but does not feel fear. It is a disease to which every created being, from a man to a ferret—the animal which of all others seems least susceptible of fear—is under certain conditions liable. It seizes on all parts of organisations.

It is probable that in most men what are called weak nerves are really over-strung, over-sensitive nerves, and those who possess them are more liable to the attack than those who do not; but the brave are liable too—some kinds of brave men exceptionally liable—just as a herd of thoroughbreds is more liable than a herd of cart-horses. The people of Southern Asia, who bear to the rest of humanity much of the relation women bear to men, are exceptionally subject to panic, and know it; and Sikhs or Arabs, as brave as bloodhounds, men who will face anything, will try to protect themselves against the attack by drugs.

At Moscow, in 1896, 40,000 people were attending a great celebration. In the grey dawn they met. In some way, not explained, there began a

little rush for some superior positions. It extended as if by magic, and the whole mass was caught in a wild rush and 5,000 of the number were trampled into shapeless masses of battered humanity. This would have been an incredible thing if it were not one too well attested. It was a manifestation of mob mania of which we have had only too many shocking examples.

There is in all crowds at every moment of time, the potential factors of unmeasured catastrophe. Panics being by their very nature irrational, are independent of any rational cause. The man who could write a scientific exposition of the origin and rationale of panics would illustrate a paradox, and weigh the gossamer web that divides reason from madness. For a mere gossamer web it is. In the Moscow tragedy there was no sudden spasm of fear to set the magnetic impulse in motion. The motive was an instantaneous obsession of competitve greed.

The brute creation is no less subject to the malady than man is. A herd of prairie buffaloes stampeding from a fire or some other cause of terror, has been known to leap down precipitous banks and crush each other to death in hundreds. A flock of sheep is always the raw material of a first class panic. Let but one plunge into the very depths of the sea or a raging furnace, and all the rest will blindly follow. There is clearly a subtle something common to the animal which passes through crowds like a lightning flash through the sky, infecting them with palsying fear or inspiring them with the heroism of the gods. Panics may not inaptly be described by the Johnsonian line as

Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise.

For certainly no man was ever so constant in resolution as to be above the danger, nor so sane as never to have been infected by the fantasy.

It would be very interesting to ascertain how many elements in human nature go to produce a panic. The presence of a Tantanoola tiger known to be at large in a district might convert a country side of brave settlers into a number of trembling cowards; because it is the mystery of the unseen danger that always magnifies the terror.

Large communities of brave people have sometime been struck with panic, so as to lose their reasoning powers. It was so with whole classes of Englishmen during the Titus Oates revelations. They believed themselves to be environed with Papists' daggers, and that assassination lurked in every shadow.

Another case was that in Massachusetts, when the people became hysterical from a fear of witches. No fewer than twelve old women were condemned to be burnt by those who were smitten with the superstitious mania. Afterwards when the panic had passed away the people implored the forgiveness of the Lord for the wrong they had done, and led lives of repentance. It seems to be the law of the panic that it is multiplied by contagion.

In earthquakes men have flung away all semblance of self-control, as they have done in epidemics of murder, when all restraints of decency and morality have disappeared.

Money panics are as full of scare as any. The bank panic in Victoria in 1893 was an instance. People made fierce runs on perfectly sound institutions and caused a temporary suspension of payment. It was the contagion of fright. All people had their money locked up while the banks had plenty to pay their debts. In a few weeks all those people were as full of financial courage and enterprising as ever.

In the same way, the same identical soldiers

who to-day might become the victims of a panic would to-morrow follow a trusted leader to the cannon's mouth. So much for panics.

It therefore remains true that martial courage is the common gift of almost all men and many women; and cowardice that refuses duty through fear of death is the exception.

The Courage of Endurance.

In this war, however, there have been exhibited many examples of fortitude far surpassing that which faces death in a splendid charge. The tens of thousands of men who have stood forty-eight hours in muddy trenches, sodden with drenching rains, plastered thick with mud, without warm food, suffering all the physical agonies of frostbite or tetanus, have in these endurances exhibited a heroism compared with which a mere battle charge is a picnic.

But, again, this higher form of courage is not much more exceptional than the other. Life in the winter trenches has been of the severest. It has tried the endurance of fortitude itself. But there are few men whose spirits have blenched before the ordeal, even when they were physically incapable of sustaining it. Indeed, not a few have told us in their letters that in spite of the filth, the starvation, the wet, the cold, they never wished to be anywhere but where they were.

This is the courage which may hold its course in the face of certain disaster and disappointment. It is the steadfast setting one's face to go to Jerusalem. Of all forms of heroism, none will more surely win the love and confidence of human hearts.

The Courage that Faces Calamity.

That courage of endurance in pain and in the strain of trying circumstances is very admirable. But there are still loftier forms of courage than the fortitude of the trench defenders. Calamity is the touchstone of a brave mind. There are military men reported brave who would be cowards if they had courage enough. Rochefoucault said that a man with true courage will be ready to do without witnesses that which he would do in the face of the world. It has been humorously suggested that the reason why the Turk is brave is because a man with more than one wife should be ready to face death at any time.

The quiet unobtrusive courage that sustains itself, as it were, upon nothing but its own unconquerable stamina is of the rarer sort. We find it in the man who, though his fights be all defeats, still fights; who, though he has been a failure in the past, and knows himself to be a failure for the rest of his life, rises patiently and indomitably every morning to face the inevitable defeat of the day with equanimity and sweetness. That is a courage of which martial heroes are rarely capable.

The Courage of Cowardice.

Shall we say that we find a grander courage still in what some have called the courage of cowardice? This is the bravery of the man who is afraid, but who, in mortal funk, and full of fear, with throbbing heart and sweating brow, forces himself to do the thing from which he shrinks. This, which the world sneers at as cowardice, is the highest courage of all.

Two soldiers were marching shoulder to shoulder in battle. One was jovial; the other solemn. The merry soul turned to his comrade and said—

"Tom, my dear fellow, you are pale and your teeth chatter. Are you afraid?"

"Yes," replied the other, "by God, I am afraid; and if you were only half as much afraid as I am, you would have run away half-an-hour ago."

Neither of those men flinched by a hair in the fight. A man may know fear, but he may conquer that fear. If he do, his is the superior heroism. We all at times shake at shadows; but if we trample on our fears, and face those shadows, they vanish. If, like the soldier whose teeth chattered, we move steadily onward, resolved to shirk no peril, we realise what the Psalmist meant by good courage and strength of heart.

There is such a thing as screwing one's courage to the sticking place, a course which Lady Macbeth suggested to her husband. It was not that he was in the least a coward. He boasted truly that he dared do all that might become a man. The Third Richard was a man as brave as he was cruel; but on the night before Bosworth, shadows, he declared, struck more terror to his soul than could the substance of ten thousand soldiers. That did not prevent him in the next day's battle performing astonishing feats of valor.

The Courage of the Common Man.

There are plenty of heroes who are not in the trenches or in aeroplanes. There are hidden influences going on continuously in society—strong men making great struggles to strengthen the foundation of the social fabric. There are histories, never known abroad, as interesting as

those which find the light in the columns of the daily paper. Just as there are uncanonised saints, so are there uncelebrated heroes—men never known beyond the threshold of their homes.

The common man has frequently the most difficult task to perform. He has but one dull incentive to industry—the need of toil in order to live. The hero is different. He has the spur of ambition to inspire him to his task. Great duties are easier than little ones, though they cost more in blood and agony. Courage mounteth with occasion. The true hero has far more than bravery.

> "Unbounded courage and compassion joined,
> Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
> Alternately proclaim him good and great,
> And make the hero and the man complete."

There is heroism is bearing up cheerily in the daily grind of life when the fates seem conspiring against us. Then it is that the weakling goes down and the brave man pulls through. The man without courage in the battle of life is like a knife without an edge. Thou shalt be steadfast and thou shalt not fear. He who does not tire tires adversity. Half a heart is no heart. Fortitude is victory. He who bears woe best deserves it least.

There is no situation in life so bad that it cannot with courage be retrieved. The best remedy in worry is to get up higher. If there is a cloud in your heart, do not let it appear in your face. He who loses money loses much; he who loses friends loses more; but he who loses courage loses all. Bear your own burdens bravely. You can lighten them by giving others a lift. Fortitude is a real capital. Put pluck in the place of whatever is missing, and you won't fail.

It requires an exceptional form of courage to

speak the truth when the speaking it must give a set-back to one's favorite hobbies; to refuse to some great dignitary compliance with a wish you believe to be wrong; to refuse acquiescence when all around you are fawning to a false ideal; to decline honors or riches which are offered to you with questionable conditions; to say "No" firmly when most of your friends and neighbors are saying "Yes."

Robert Louis Stevenson was wont to say—"Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends; soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we may be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving to one another.

Some months ago a poor widowed lady was returning to her home, where the children were hungry and the cupboard bare. She picked up on the side-walk a purse containing a ten-pound-note and nine sovereigns. When she reached home her landlord met her with a peremptory demand for his rent and a threat of eviction. Yet the woman had the courage to carry that purse and its contents at once to the police station, trusting to the chance of a reward, which it is comforting to think came to her in a way quite beyond her most sanguine hopes. It is not easy to estimate the heroism of an act like that. Yet the great busy world which enthuses over the soldier's bravery, makes nothing of it.

It is a providential thing that very few in the struggle of life give up in despair. Hope springs eternal in the human breast. Even the most forlorn indulge the expectation that clouds will be

sunshine to-morrow. The man who loses all courage goes out "rashly importunate" to the river or in a pistol flash.

We talk of Courage in the war. It is a great theme. But the woman who amidst poverty nurses a bed-ridden mother; or who spends her heart and her money on a drunken father, on a reckless brother, or on the orphans of a friend—is she not more noble in her courage than the hero of a dashing charge? It is not that we should value the good soldier less, but that we should love that soldier's unselfish mother more—the "Mother Machree," whose fingers were toil-worn to furnish her son to battle for his country.

In one of Stevenson's purple patches, he says —"O, toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not whither! Soon soon, it seems to you that you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do you know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor."

Yes; that is so. The best and the highest heroism, of which the world hears least, has been the heroism of apparently unrequited labor—that labor that doth good by stealth and blushes to find it fame.

Elizabeth Parker's verses on "How Did You Fight?" have a ring of solid truth in them—

"Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
O, a trouble's a ton or a trouble's an ounce;
Or a trouble is what you make it;
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only—How did you take it?"

There is a great deal of homely philosophy in the advice—"Grin and bear it." Most people who are under the shadow take that counsel—some minus the grin. It was Virgil that wrote the line

"Firm stands the mind though useless tears are shed."

And so it may; but the valor that parleys is near yielding.

There is the selfish man's courage—the man who is always ready to bear bravely the misfortunes of others. The Irish landlord is an example, writing to his steward—"Tell the tenants that no threats to shoot you will terrify me." He goes on jauntily through life, untroubled by wars or rumors of wars. When he hears of want amongst the poor, his righteous soul is indignant at their improvidence which has saved nothing against the rainy day. But his serene egoism is never pierced and his courage rides on triumphant.

The Courage of Anger.

There is the courage of anger, which Aristotle branded as "false," like that of the mythical lion which was said to lash himself into fury by beating his tail upon the ground. Bob Acres was exactly a man of that sort—

Acres.—"I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius! I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valor in him and not know it. . . I believe courage must be catching. I certainly do feel a kind of valor rising as it were. Odds flints, pans and triggers."

Sir Lucius.—Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case.

Acres.—I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius. I must be in a rage. Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage if you love me.

There are people of that kidney. They can be brave only in excitement. And then they can

be very brave. It may be the excitement of anger, or of battle, or of wine, or any other passion.

At Elands Laagte, during the Boer War, Major W. Sampson, of the Imperial Light Horse, observed a man lying down and ordered him to go on. The poor fellow reported that he was perfectly willing to go on, but was too paralysed with fear. Major Sampson galloped on, but shortly afterwards the trooper charged past him. "What's the matter?" shouted the major. The trooper showed that his moustache and part of his upper lip had been carried away by a Boer bullet, and yelled, "Where are the devils? Let me get at them." With that he galloped on, and was in front of the charge the whole way.

People of that sort are grotesque examples of humanity. But for all its grotesquerie it is a humanity which has hidden in its profounder depths great reserves of that kind of courage of which some heroes and heroines are made.

We meet these people at all kinds of places.

The Courage of the Religious.

The courage which springs out of the love of God, or the love of man for God's sake, is by itself. There is nothing else like it.

We meet with it at the lonely bedside, watching, tending on the sick, giving hope to the all but hopeless, braving the pestilence.

Not long ago, in distant Algiers, North Africa, an American tourist visited the lepers' colony there out of pure curiosity. These poor lepers were cared for by a community of Sisters.

The gentleman was attracted by one of these self-sacrificing women because of her youth, beauty, and refinement, and to his surprise he

found out that she was an American girl. Being introduced to her, he said—

"Sister, I would not do this work for 10,000 dollars a year."

"No," said the Sister, "nor would I do it for 100,000 dollars nor a million dollars a year."

"Really," said the stranger, "you surprise me. What, then, do you receive?"

"Nothing," was the reply, "absolutely nothing."

"Then why do you do it?"

The Sister lifted the crucifix that was pending from her rosary, and, sweetly kissing it, said, "I do it for the love of Him, for Jesus, Who died for the love of them and for the love of me. In the loathsome ulcers of these poor lepers I see the wounds of my crowned and crucified Saviour."

Where is the military hero whose courage ever exceeded that of this gentle nun?

The courage of Father Damien amongst his lepers at Molokai stands out conspicuously. Not because it was greater than many other examples that we never hear of. But because its dramatic features strike the imagination. The man gave his life, his love, his duty to service in squalor, filth, and all loathsomeness. And he did it in order to obey the command of One who gave His life for sin and wretchedness.

That is a kind of heroism rare amongst those men who live in the glare of the world. It is much more common amongst women, of whom the race never hears. They are heroines who, if discovered, while bearing heavy sorrows, would draw the veil closely, and entreat to be left alone with God. But it is well for the world and its best side that they cannot always remain hidden. If they never emerged from their beloved obscurity their fellow creatures would miss the

knowledge of the highest examples of courage and unselfish devotion.

In a certain suburb, some time ago, there lived a beautiful young girl, innocent and fresh, but suffering heavy affliction. She was very cheerful. Few knew anything of her pain. One day, in a burst of confidence to a friend, she said—"All this trouble, as I think and hope, is of my own choosing. Two years ago, my sister's husband was, I feared, on the point of death. They are a devoted couple. His demise would have been an awful tragedy. It distracted me to think of her left a widow and her children fatherless. I prayed earnestly for them, and one day the thought came to me to offer my life or my life's happiness as a sacrifice to God, if it were pleasing to His holy will to accept my sacrifice in exchange for the preservation of my sister's husband. He recovered, and shortly after my troubles began. I accept them from my heavenly Father's loving hand, without repining."

That is Courage superlative, the courage of Christ the Redeemer. There is a striking instance of it in Canon Sheehan's "My New Curate." A beautiful woman offers up the sacrifice of her beauty to rescue a sinner's soul that was in danger. The sacrifice was accepted, and the beauty was destroyed by the small-pox, but the soul of the sinner was rescued.

In "Luke Delmege," a woman in perfect innocence voluntarily incurred the world's mistaken censure, and became a supposed Magdalen in a House of Refuge as a sacrifice to prevent the shipwreck of her brother's faith.

One of our authoresses, Miss Yonge, has made a collection of some of these brave lives, and presented it for the admiration of all who can value the highest types of courage. When one

reaches her last page and drops the book, the thought forces itself—"How many millions of such women must have lived and died with their secret unknown except to God! What an ornament, if they had been known, might they not have been to humanity!"

But no! In the spiritual life which they lived to embellish, they were just as great an ornament in their hidden beauty as if their virtues were advertised on the house-tops. If God saw, understood, and approved, nothing else mattered. They most surely enriched their own circles with benisons. And for the rest of the world, such souls sow in secret the seed, of which we pluck the flower and the fruit.

Final Thoughts on Courage.

There has been developed in the last three years a feminine bravery certainly not second to anything shown by men.

There is no battle field but has been linked with examples of women's bravery in risking life to succor and tend the wounded.

Women in some of their moods are the timidest of creatures, and in others, under the exaltation of a great passion, they will face the martyr's stake. A woman who will shriek at the sight of a mouse, will help to pull a wounded brother, lover, or husband, from under the mouth of a belching cannon. A versicle says of them—

> They're the blessedest big contradictions
> That ever creation has seen;
> They've got such fine notions of honor;
> And yet they're so awfully mean.

The courage of the Frenchwoman in this war, though not ostentatious, has been of the higher

order. Mr. Belloc Lowndes, writing of her says: —"The Frenchwoman—and that whether she be duchess or dairymaid—does not think of future conscription for her girls, but she has carried out in a very wonderful way what may be called the most remarkable feminine mobilisation the world has ever seen. Little by little, she has taken on, with the one exception of fighting, all the work hitherto done by Frenchmen. To give but one instance; the women of France are very largely running the railways, doing in this particular connection every kind of hard and physically dangerous work. A great deal has been written, especially in America, about the noble part Frenchwomen are playing in this terrible contest which their country not only did not seek, but made agonised efforts to avert. In France itself, however, the marvellous part played by her womanhood has not aroused any extraordinary or exceptional comment, for no Frenchman would pay his wife, his daughter or his lover so poor a compliment as to suppose that at such a moment there could be any doubt as to what the attitude of the womanhood of France would be."

The world frowns on the spy, because of the treachery and dissimulation he must practice. But it requires contempt of peril to be a successful spy. The pity is that it requires also a disregard of the finer feelings of honor. The spy will hold his life at a pin's fee, in order to poison a man's wine while exchanging compliments with him.

William Pitt, Prime Minister of England, and Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, were contemporaries. One stood at the head of Great Britain's armies, and was the hero of a hundred fights. The other stood at the head of the Government, and marshalled State affairs during

years of unexampled difficulty. Pitt's need of courage was at least as great as Wellington's, perhaps greater.

Yet the world classes Wellington as a great hero, and Pitt as a great statesman. The statesman had to face and overcome dangers which might have appalled the warrior. The soldier was environed with military pomp and panoply. The other drank tea and buried his head in blue books in gloomy committee rooms, devising ways and means to get that money and those men which Wellington was spending.

Some day we shall revise our judgment concerning military courage. That will be when we come to see that it is very often inferior to that which distinguishes the citizen in his life-battle against the commonplaces of adverse fortune.

There have been many brave soldiers who could sing with hilarity when the blast of war blew in their ears; but who would have quailed before the daily grind of that poverty which strives in vain to keep the wolf from the door.

There it all lies. How do we take the rough stages of life? They come to us in all guises—on the battle-field, in the street, in the home, on the very hearth. How do we take them? Generally, like brave men and women. Courage is a ubiquitous virtue. And yet, somehow, it is never commonplace.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred soldiers are brave; and so are the citizens and citizenesses who never donned a uniform or shouldered a rifle. The "craven soul and fearful" is the exception. It frequently happens that men and women who are timid in one set of circumstances, carry a lion's heart in another.

He would be a fool who would deprecate by so

much as a hair the soldier's courage in the present war. But there is a quality of courage that is higher than the martial bravery of the soldier. It is the chivalry that would scorn to score a success by the unscrupulous policy of "Frightfulness." We may be quite sure that whatever the deeds of noble daring done in the strife, there are others not a whit less high and noble done daily at home by people whose names will figure in no despatches save those of the HIGH ETERNAL.

VIII.

CONSCRIPTION AND THE WAR.

The Patriotic Call to the Soul.

The Australians, by a small majority on a Referendum, turned down Conscription. They were the only people in the world who had the opportunity of dealing with it on a popular vote.

They have done with it as a working weapon of war. But they have not done with the war. And they cannot be done with it until all the world has done with it. They are in it, and must remain in it till the end. They have therefore had their own hand.

Every belligerent nation in the present war, save the Australian Commonwealth and Ireland, is working under the law of Conscription.

Rightly regarded, a fact of that kind amounts to an almost invincible argument. It shows that a consensus of the world's opinion has decided that Conscription is a necessary concomitant of a modern war. No people love Conscription any more than they love taxation. They submit to both *ex necessitate rei.* And the question may be voted upon and turned down, yet a duty remains.

A man's country is as a man's personal honor. He must defend it or stand disgraced. There is such a thing as a "Call" to a man's soul, if he has a soul. If not, there is no matter what becomes of him.

Five millions of Britons felt that call in the

Motherland before Conscription was enacted. In the Commonwealth the 350,000 men who have enlisted and left these shores have felt it. The three millions of soldiers who volunteered in Great Britain before Conscription have all felt it. It may be fittingly described as a "Call to the Soul." We have all heard of young fellows who have no love of fighting, but who could not stay back when the tocsin sounded and the Empire got the Hun's first bloody challenge.

A picture rises even now before my eyes. A young man of 22 stood before his father. "Father," said he, "I must go!"

"My son," answered the parent, "You are much wanted here in our business.

"I know, father. Thank you for saying so. You are my senior partner. But I am more wanted in Gallipoli than here."

"My dear boy, the calls at home are many on you—the calls of love, the calls of mother, sister and brother."

"Yes, dad, they are strong. I hear them. But the call of duty is deafening."

The boy went and one of his brothers with him. And love and tears and honest pride went with them. This kind of call has been often told. Here is a sample—

A mother sits in the gloaming dim,
Her fingers play
In an idle way
With a note just dropped in her lap by Jim—
Her son
The one,
Who in frolic and fun,
Had just slipped out of the house with a run.
The mother's lips were drawn and tight.
Her eyes were moist, and her cheeks were white.
Jim's note had startled her heart to fright.

"Dear mother," Jim wrote,
"This loving note
Is to ask you on Referendum Day
To vote as an Anzac mother may.
Little mother, I hate to pain you so,
But the Call has come to me! I must go.
I have held out long; but I now give in
To the summons of Empire, blood, and kin.
Forgive me, darling, and don't look grim
At your little
Loving larrikin,
Jim."

The mother moaned; then the struggle passed.
In tones almost steady,
She said: "I am ready.
I knew it must come to this at last.
When poor Bob fell on that Anzac hill,
Jim took half the bitterness out of my pill,
And nearer and dearer he grew to me still.
But I saw him get restless, and day by day
He longed to be off where his brother lay.
'Twas the dread of my loneliness made him stay.
'I'm a shirker, mother!' he'd often say,
'I'm ashamed to meet men who are going away.'"

She paused for awhile;
Then a winsome smile
Like a ray of sunshine lighted her face
As she said, with a wan yet tender grace—
"A loving boy is my dear old Jim,
And often and often I pity him.
The boy's been longing to do his share,
But he dreaded the wrench that I must bear,
For he knew Bob's death was a cruel blow,
And he hadn't the heart to leave me so.

"They called Jim a shirker! But well I knew
He bore it for me. His courage was true.
And he wouldn't go now, but the Anzac Call
From the Belgian trenches pierces to all;
To peer and peasant, to palace and cot.
Every man who can fire a shot,
Every man that hath muscle and might,
Is called for now to the grizzly fight.

"Jim hears it. I wouldn't love him so well
Were he deaf to the calls that around us swell.
And yet it touched him keenly, I know,
In writing this note which has grieved me so,
That the summons has come and that he must go.
For all his gaiety—poor dear Jim!—
A painful struggle it was to him.
But duty is duty. To do it is best,
We'll leave to Providence all the rest.

"At Duty's call shall I repine?
He'll do his bit, and I'll do mine.
But how shall I answer my darling boy?
How shall I give up my life's best joy?
What answer give from my breaking heart?
This—'Go, my darling, and do thy part!'
Please God, whatever my grief may be,
Dear Jim shall hear no whimper from me.

"There's something sacred, something great,
In giving one's best to God and the State.
The cause is holy, the aim sublime,
That would free the world from the ravager's
crime.
My Jim! My Jim! My life! My breath!
I give thee to battle, perhaps death!
My gift to the altar that God may deign
To bless us with freedom and peace again.

"Yes, Jim, my laddie, thou need'st not fear,
I give thee to serve a cause most dear.
I give thee to God and the purposes high—
That freedom may live, and tyranny die.
To the cause of Conscription I give my heart—
That every man bear an equal part."

Such was the spirit of the true womanly women of Australia. Conscription is now dead and done with. But the call for volunteers is as urgent as ever. There are noble youths answering still. They are neither cowards nor shirkers. May not Jim and Jim's mother prove an inspiration to them.

Why Conscription is Needed.

If there were no shirkers, there would be no need of Conscription. In the early stages of the war, when fortune seemed to be going against us on every battlefield, there used to be a constantly ringing cry: "Are we downhearted?" There never failed to follow a thunderous response of "No."

It was true, too, was that great "No" chorus. Neither Britons nor Australians ever fell into the infirmity of a despairing mood. We were ever bright and cheery, confident, hopeful, resolved. Some are still—all that part of the people who are built in the mould of true men—not affected with the staggers, or like Bob Acres, with his courage oozing from the ends of his fingers. But what Australian who can claim kindred with the Anzacs can read without a blush, declarations about being "War-Weary"?

It is not too much to say of such statements that they are steeped in cowardice, penned in poltroonery, conceived in faint-heartedness, and

issued in the spirit of the whimperer. They contain the spirit of such craven-hearted dastards as Poins and Peto, Bardolph and Pistol, who follow in the wake of every war.

If we examine the plaint of these "war-weary" souls, we find their aim is that Australia should sneak out of the war as soon as possible, and let others fight to keep them in security. They admit that we stand in a most acute and dangerous crisis, and their remedy is that Australia should back out of the war. That is equivalent to saying that however fiercely the enemy may threaten us, and press upon our overworked boys in the trenches, Australians should save their skins, and refuse to play a man's part where defence is required. The times are dangerous; and yet, like the Russians, we are to throw down our arms and get out of the danger. Is that not the counsel of traitors?

Others of the same kidney tell us that there are plenty to fight for us—India, China, and America. Why should Australians fight for themselves, when there are hordes elsewhere ready to fight? They ignore the fact that our Imperial Mother has told us in words which cannot be mistaken that her call is to all her sons? She says that every hand which can fire a shot or throw a bomb is needed?

Canada has responded by a law of Conscription. South Africa has completed the grand work of clearing all the German power from South Africa. There is no touch of poor-spiritedness about them.

Some of the war-weary ones cry that Australia is a poor lonely land, with too few people in it to allow us to send any more men away. We are only an outpost of the white man's civilisation. We ought to follow peace, and not war. But what will this white-feathered counsel avail us if Germany prevails? What has it availed in Russia,

in Rumania, in Poland? Who dare say of us that we have shot our bolt, and have no more strength?

The suggestion is sometimes made that Great Britain should conscript India. It is the counsel of Bob Acres and Jerry Sneak. Send the other fellow. Don't send me. He's strong. I'm weak. India has 315,000,000 to choose from. Many of them are the warrior caste, men who love fighting. Australians don't. Why leave Indians almost untouched, and take us away from our warm firesides, from our long-drinks? Why take us soft-peace-loving people from these soft Austral climes? Why take us who cherish our ease, our "slowing down," and the luxuries which are native to us?

Is that the Australian spirit, or an abominable travesty upon it? What relation has it to the Anzacs, who have blazoned the Australian name on the brightest honor roll? We all know that Great Britain, who has drafted 5,000,000 of her own sons into the fighting line would have been glad to enrol 10,000,000 of Indians at a smaller monetary cost, were there not grave racial reasons against it. We know that the trying climate of Northern France is deadly to the brave soldiers of the tropics.

Canada does not cry that she has "done enough." Nor does the more wholesome part of the Australians take that degraded stand. They have stood beside their Imperial Mother at the outset, and they will do so to the end, because they are of the very opposite stuff to the muddy-mettled coistrils who disgrace the country in which they skulk. It is surely not for the shirkers to boast of what Australians have done. None of those bright deeds are theirs.

Some of those who refuse to help the recruiting

movement plead that the loss of more soldiers would drain us dry in three years. But that is not so. And if it were as true as it is false, it would be better to send our last available man along with our last available shilling than to run away from an honorable duty out of cravenheartedness. There is no talk of draining our population dry of its bread-winners. But we may want another 100,000 young men to defend us from a brutal tyrant. Australia in 1919 could take no care of herself if Germany were to win in 1918.

It is sometimes said that Chinese have been taken to conscripted France to carry on French industries, and that the same might be done here if more were sent away. If it be true that the French Government has brought Chinese to carry on French industries whilst the ordinary workers are repelling the invader of French soil, it is a splendid testimony to French patriotism. It is a thing to be proud of. It shows that France is making heroic sacrifices for her soil, and that she is prepared to save her industries at all hazards as one means of saving the nation.

The very men who cry out about the "sacrifices," which Australia has already made have not themselves sacrificed as much as the parings of a finger nail. Nor is it true to say that our help is too insignificant to matter. One of the great moral and physical features in the war has been the spontaneous co-operation of the Imperial Dominions. It has been a steel bond of reinforced concrete. If, then, this bond has been of such inestimable service in the past, would not its withdrawal be such a blow at British prestige as would give the greatest encouragement to the enemy?

Whether the war be long or short, it is of the utmost importance that Australia should remain

in it at her full strength to the end. The policy of funk would stamp her for all time with dishonor. The men who counsel "slowing down" in defence, pulling out of the war, are the refuse, the rejects, the human scum of the State. They never made a people great, honored or respectable. They are the types never known to rise to the dignity of one heroic action. Their speeches and their policy exhale a rank and fetid odor. They are made up of falsehood and dastardly suggestion. In describing this world-struggle as "a foreign war" and a "sordid trade war," they reveal the traitorous spirit which underlies all their actions.

What is wanted now in Australia, in all ranks, is a touch of that heroic spirit with which our Anzac boys began the war, and in which they are still prosecuting it.

The Cry for Recruits.

'Tis our Day of Judgment, brothers! We must freely make our choice,
'Tis the patriot call of Duty! "Yea" or "Nay" must be our voice.
We have vetoed all Conscription, all compulsion for the fight,
But it still is ours as freemen to espouse the cause of Right.
Time was Dephi's great Apollo, speaking from the sacred shrine,
Sent his mandate to the people as an Oracle divine.
Now no shrine shall give the mandate; now no Delphic priest decree,
Ours the suffrage of the lieges; ours the dictum of the free.

All the world will stand a-watch and mark our doings day by day,
All the world will weigh our verdict—what we do and what we say.
History gives us no example of so high and proud a trust,
Trust which makes us sovereign judge of what is wise and what is just.
Elsewhere Czars and Kings and Kaisers in their councils frame the laws,
Here the Sovereign people frame them in the Sovereign people's cause.
Elsewhere in the name of Kings the royal edict proudly runs,
Here Australia's daughters vouch it, voting with Australia's sons.
Great our heritage of freedom; great the suffrages we speak;
With the Anzac call upon us, scorn we what is base and weak.
Squarely will the question meet us—"Shall we arm to fight our foe,"
Who in this supreme appeal will give the craven answer "No"?
Shall we fail in meek surrender all the high part we have played?
And proclaim to all the world that Austral children are afraid?
Scorn we thus to think of Britons, sprung from sires who bled and died
On the fields of Cressy, Poitiers, or on seas at Nelson's side.
Sons of men who fought at Alma, Balaclava, Waterloo,
In the thin red line of heroes, ever to the standard true.
Can the kin of Austral heroes ever at enlistment blench?

Sires and brothers of the men who stormed the
Pozieres trench?
Yes! Such shames have been and must be, strains
degenerate and base,
Sometimes taint the blood of heroes—bastards of
a noble race.
Human weeds of timorous spirit, vaporous,
watery as the moon,
Prompt in abject counsel, craven, feeble as the
limp poltroon.
Hearken to their prate amongst us! Babble they
of German might,
And the hopeless task for Britain conquering
Teutons in the fight.
All their words would damp our courage; all their
thoughts would cheer the foe;
All their wish to dodge their duty—at the "call"
to answer "No."
"No" to every patriot duty; "No" to every noble
call;
"No" to justice; "No" to honor; "No" to truth,
to faith, to all.
"No" to all above the sordid; all that points to
honor's goal;
"No" to sacrifice unselfish, such as fires the braver
soul.

. . . . . .

But there swells another chorus, like the blast of
bugle horn—
Chorus of the generous-hearted, full of hope and
courage born—
Yes! my brothers in the trenches, who have given
us of your best;
Hasten we to stand beside you, bring your succour, give you rest.
Yes, my brothers, we are coming! Coming true
to all we seemed,
True to our last man and shilling! All that pledge
shall be redeemed.

Yes, my brothers, trust us ever! And thou, Mother England dear,
All thy sons shall stand beside thee whilst thy flag is floating near.
Dearest Mother! Mighty Britain! All thy quenchless spirit burns
In the bosoms of thy children. Unto thee our spirit turns.
Turns to thee with love and reverence; turns as ne'er it turned before,
When thy sky was bright and burnished in the peaceful days of yore.
Never rose thy courage grander; never shone thy name so bright,
All the world admires and marvels at thy millions in their might.
Floats thy flag above a navy such as never swept the seas,
The flag that braved a thousand years above the battle and the breeze.
Yes, beloved Imperial Mother, count us always at thy side,
With thee in thy shine and shadow, part of thee will we abide.
Yes, for everything we cherish—earthly hopes and hopes above;
Yes, for all that Freedom prizes! Yes, for glory; Yes, for love!

In the absence of Conscription all kinds of excuses are current.

Some eligible men who have not yet gone into camp have what seems to them good reasons for their omission. They are not afraid of the risk nor of the hardship. But they have a soft spot in their hearts for those here dependent on them. They have mothers and sisters who mourn and entreat. It is very difficult for such men.

There is another class of eligible men who have failed to enlist under the voluntary principle. They, too, have what seems to them a good excuse. They say: "We admit that everyone has a duty to do his bit. We are quite ready and willing to take our part in the war; but we insist that since it involves common sacrifice for the common good, such sacrifice should be equally shared by every eligible. If only the willing ones volunteer, the unwilling ones will dodge their duty. Let the Government call on all alike by means of compulsion. Since this is a special sacrifice, let us all stand on the same footing, and take our just quota of the risk."

Now, that is not a generous sentiment, but it is not unjust. It once formed an almost invincible plea for Conscription; but that was tried and refused by a majority. The essential equity of it is no doubt one of the reasons why the whole belligerent world, save Australia and Ireland, are under the Conscript law.

But there is no use in harking back to what has been twice refused in a Referendum. The Commonwealth has sent away 350,000 volunteers, and that great fact is a fair answer to those who say that they will not volunteer until everyone else is compelled to go.

It is true, of course, that the man who enlists to do his bit knows that he leaves many shirkers behind him; but he knows also that many thousands of gallant fellows have gone to their duty without reckoning those who refuse to go. Every man who goes, will go to good company. He will go to the company of the brave, of the true, of the noble, and of the self-sacrificing. There is a good deal in that. Is not that much more commendable than to say that because Jack and Tom and Mick and Pat refuse to do their duty, that he,

Bob, will refuse also. If a man wants to choose his own company, will he not rather be with fine, good fellows abroad than with sneaks and skulkers at home? A good Australian young man who is the brother or the son of an Anzac, cannot feel comfortable till he has cast in his lot with the fellows who have said, "This is my own my native land. I will, please God, defend it against foreign tyrants."

Conscription and the Referendum.

Two Referendums in Australia, by a proportion of 106 "Noes" to 100 "Yesses," have defeated Conscription. The strongest Conscriptionist, if he believe in the principle of the Referendum, must accept that verdict.

The decision may be wrong; it was wrong; it is wrong; but the popular voice is final until reversed, and the whole community must take the consequence.

In England it was different. The Parliament decided it, not the people. The Labor members in England voted for Conscription, but only as a war-necessity.

In June, 1915, Lloyd George had said to his countrymen: "Pray don't talk about Conscription as if it were anti-democratic. We won and saved our liberties in this land on more than one occasion by compulsory service. France saved the liberty she had won in the great Revolution from the fangs of tyrannical military empires, purely by compulsory service. The great Republic of the West won its independence and saved its national existence by compulsory service. Two of the countries of Europe to-day—France and Italy—are defending their national

existence and liberties by means of compulsory service. It has been the greatest weapon in the hands of Democracy many a time for the winning and preservation of Freedom."

All that is quite true. Not a tittle of it can be denied. But it does not alter the fact that in Australia Conscription is no longer a question in practical politics. The Commonwealth must get its men, so far as it can get them, by persuasion. It was a Labor Prime Minister who first declared that Australia would help in this war to defend the Empire to "her last man and last shilling." That was mere rhetoric. More's the pity. But if we cannot conscribe, we can recruit. If we would remain free, we ourselves must strike freedom's blow.

There is a thing called a war indemnity. It can be squeezed by a conquering enemy out of capitalist and worker alike. The Allies are in grips with an enemy who says he will sacrifice his last man to defeat them.

That enemy is the strongest military Power that earth has ever seen. Clearly, then, we are faced with only two alternatives.

The Allies must fight with their full strength for their liberty, or they must lose it. The enemy makes war with all his might under Conscription. If we do anything less we risk losing. We are running that risk, being without conscription. If we lose, we pay. We must accept the terms of the conqueror. He commands. We obey. There is no evading the sentence. The loser pays the bill.

Apart from patriotism, there is an argument of the pocket. France had to pay Germany, after a three months' war, £200,000,000 as a war fine. If she went down in this long and costly war she would most likely be taxed to the extent

of £1,000,000,000. Russia is to pay £900,000,000. What would be the quality of German mercy to Great Britain? What would Australia have to pay? We are told on every hand that German hatred of England brims over with quite unparalleled malignity. England alone stood in Germany's way of universal domination. Had England held aloof when Germany's sword flashed from its sheath, the Teuton could have been in Paris in a month. German ships commanding the sea, could have seized all France's colonies, and France would have been compelled to a separate peace in three months. The Germans and Austrians could then have turned all their fury on the Russians, and have brought the Czar's legions to a standstill. These two great foes being disposed of, the German could have turned his undivided attention against England; and Australia would have been amongst the first to feel the weight of his gun metal.

What Cassius said to Cæsar, every Australian would then be bound to say of the war-glutted Kaiser, at the head of his conquering legions:—

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves."

The alternative is, therefore, enlistment and triumph, or shirking and defeat. One shirker makes many. The disease is infectious.

"To be or not to be—that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them."

The opponents of Conscription have pleaded their love of Liberty. Conscription, they say, interferes with man's freedom. That is quite true, but though we have decided against Conscription, we risk the loss of a still greater liberty. If a man will not do that duty, his country may suffer slavery as Russia is doing. Conscription deprives him of his liberty no doubt, so does a victorious enemy. It is useless to plead the pricelessness of human liberty, and that in the face of a foe who, if victorious, would take the last vestige of that liberty away from us. That is surely the very sublimation of unreason.

Liberty! Is not the freedom of the citizen restricted at every turn for the common good? Does not the law restrain the freedom of the motorist, the cab-driver, the shopkeeper, the liquor-seller, the very citizen on the footwalk? Are we not compelled to pay taxes and to observe the Sunday for the common good? Liberty! What the anti-enlistment man asks is the liberty to lose his own liberty and ours also.

The Labor Party in Canada supported enlistment there for the reason that without it Canada could not render to the Motherland all the help she needed.

In Australia it is felt that the defeat of Great Britain would mean Australian defeat. It follows, as the night the day, that had Great Britain left France and Belgium to their fate, her own turn would have come as soon as Germany could have got her single-handed. If the Empire were to be defeated in this war abroad, we should be quite unequal to meet German warships sent to ravage Australia. The war, then, is Australia's war.

We are told sometimes that Australia has already done her share. Are we, then, to fight

this war, or any other war, with all our strength, or with only a part of our strength. England is fighting with all her strength. France is fighting with all her strength. England adopted Conscription because voluntary enlistment failed; and because the democratic principle of equal rights and equal duties demanded that the whole burden of the fighting should not be thrown on the most unselfish and high-spirited and courageous, but on all alike.

In obedience to her Referendum Australia gives up all thoughts of Conscription in this war; but it devolves on her to so much the more enforce on our free people the sense of national duty, lest worse comes of it.

The Ethics of Conscription.

I.

Conscription's a thing, and Conscription's a word
Which Folly perverteth to meanings absurd;
Which Rancor distorts with ignoble abuse,
And Prejudice robs of legitimate use.
Conscription, when used in the service of man,
Means common endeavor—co-ordinate plan;
Means concert in effort—humanity's call,
And co-operation extending to all.

II.

The call for defence means the national fate;
To the high, to the low, to the poor, and the great.
Conscription of men and Conscription of wealth;
To age with its riches, to youth with its health.
'Tis a call most supreme—man's sublimest appeal—
The greedy must heed, and the generous must feel,
None can be exempt; none can claim to be free,
As the strength is to bear, so the burden must be.

III.

The world is at war, and men's souls are afire,
They sigh for a peace which eludes their desire.
Their souls are aweary of ravage and gore,
Their nerves are aquake with the thunder and roar.
They longingly yearn, like a bird for its nest,
For peace, gentle peace, and for silence and rest;
For the warblings of birds and the music of streams,
And God's holy calm in humanity's dreams.

IV.

But hark! 'Tis the cannon! The spoiler is there—
His guns in the trenches, his bombs in the air.
His deadly torpedoes make frightful the sea,
As the pirates black flag and its crossbones may be.
The world stands in arms with its millions of guns,
The War-god is raging, devouring our sons,
And the gallant and gayest and fairest must go
To meet the defiance and mocks of the foe.

V.

But why must they go? Ah, list to the cry
Of woe-weary victims—"Bring help or we die!"
That call is as deep and resistless as doom,
It comes from the cradle; it comes from the tomb;
From war-stricken sufferers whose wrongs cannot cease
Till earth gains the pledge of a permanent peace.
Through travail alone can sweet Peace come anigh;
And only through war can the War-Demon die.

VI.

The Pacifist all of these reasons denies,
He holds them as fictions, as Tyranny's lies.
As excuses for filling the world with alarms,
And keeping deluded the millions in arms.
The war he holds curst, and the conscript a slave,
Who fights for a badge or a pitiful grave.
Conscription, he says, is an order to kill,
It makes men assassins in spite of their will.

VII.

Fond dreamer! He heeds not the tyrants on thrones,
He sees not the victims; he hears not their groans.
He has pills for an earthquake, and brooms for a flood;
With smiles he'd propitiate an Ogre of Blood.
He would banish ambition by begging it cease;
And conquers Goliath with palm-leaves of peace.
He would shut out the evils which compass the land,
Like the ostrich by boring his head in the sand.

VIII.

Trade unionists swear by the unionist bond,
They hold not as brothers the workers beyond.
Conscription's conceived in a similar sense—
A National Union of Common Defence.
If its "scabbing" to be a non-unionist worker,
What is it to be a Conscriptionist shirker?
Can unionists turn down Conscription with grace,
Yet starve a non-unionist out of his place?

IX.

They tell us Conscription is cruel—a breath
That sentences some widow's son to his death.
Conscription's no sentence; the conscript's a guard;

His duties are really more noble than hard.
Conscription means service most high for the State;
Not a sentence of death; for in God's hand is fate.
And honor and service and duty well done,
Are all a good mother should wish for her son.

X.

Men prate of their freedom. On Labor's own plan,
Can freedom abolish the duty of man?
Can man amidst social advantages live,
And owe no return for the boons which they give?
Can men have a Right and no duty belong
To safeguard that Right from infraction and wrong?
The first of all duties a free man can owe
Is fending his freedom from every foe.

XI.

That duty no free man can dodge; it must fall
In the weight of its burden most equal to all.
Men say that Conscription may be misapplied
To plant a death blow in Democracy's side.
But there is not a thought in the Commonwealth soul,
But Democracy holds it in perfect control.
Conscription no risk to the people e'er brings,
Save when under Juntas or Kaisers or Kings.

XII.

Conscription is true, and Conscription is square;
Conscription is justice; Conscription is fair;
Conscription's Democracy's buckler and helm;
Conscription's the measure and strength of the realm.
'Tis dread to the craven; 'tis hope to the slave;

'Tis fear to the shirker; 'tis joy to the brave;
'This that which is forging the way to advance
In Britain, America, Canada, France.

We hope that this war may be the last. But it will always remain an indubitable truth that in a world subject to war, Conscription is, and must be, the only fair and democratic provision for the insuring of a common national duty.

IX.

LABOR AND THE WAR.

Labor Patriotic Everywhere at the Start.

When the first news of hostilities came, the Empire in all its parts was moved with a oneness of feeling. It was a determination to stand together. Since the die was cast for war, war let it be. The manual workers of the Empire were amongst the most ardent in their patriotism. Organised Labor, in England and in Australia alike, was foremost in energy.

In Britain, the laborers and the artisan class rushed into enlistment with a spontaneity quite admirable. For many months British statesmen believed that the nation would voluntarily supply all the soldiers which the war would require. Lord Kitchener himself was a sharer in that belief, and remained so for twelve months.

It was demonstrable almost from the start that however ready Britons might be to take their places in the fighting line, there was no industrial organisation for war purposes worth speaking of. Quite as much as men, the nation required munition factories such as might produce unlimited supplies with a minimum of waste. For some time there was no directing brain. At length the need called forth the man. That man was Lloyd-George.

On this side of the world Labor at the outset did equal honor to itself. A Commonwealth general election took place during the first months

of the war in 1914. The Labor manifesto spoke in the highest spirit—

"Our interests and our very existence are bound up with those of the Empire. In time of war half measures are worse than none. If returned with a majority we shall pursue with the utmost vigor and determination every course necessary for the defence of the Commonwealth and the Empire in any and every contingency.

"Regarding, as we do, such a policy as the first duty of the Government at this juncture, the electors may give their support to the Labor Party with the utmost confidence. And this we say further, that, whatever be the verdict of the people, we shall not waver from the position taken up by Mr. Fisher on behalf of our party, viz., that 'in this hour of peril there are no parties so far as the defence of the Commonwealth are concerned, and that the Opposition will co-operate with the Government and stand behind it as one man.'

"The position, then, is that if the electors give us a majority we shall expect Mr. Cook and his supporters to stand behind us. On the other hand, if Mr. Cook has a majority, we shall stand behind him in all things necessary for the defence of the Commonwealth and the Empire."

That was the pledged attitude of Labor in Australia in 1914. It would have no half-and-half war measures. It was a whole-souled Win-the-War Party. Mr. Fisher, its leader, pledged the party to back up the Empire to the last man and the last shilling. It was quite equal to the best patriotic Labor spirit in Great Britain.

In both places enlistment began on the voluntary principle. At the end of the first twelve months of war, Britain had 3,000,000 men enrolled, and Australia had more than 200,000. It

was considered a remarkable proof of the fervor with which the ordinary citizen sprang to the defence of freedom against the menacing militarism of Germany.

Things progressed very satisfactorily for some months more, till Great Britain had 4,000,000 new soldiers and the Commonwealth had nearly 300,000.

Labor Trouble Begins.

By the Christmas time of 1915 it became evident that the supply of voluntary enlistment was not equal to the requirements. This was manifest both in Great Britain and in the Commonwealth. Mr. Arthur Henderson was a Labor member of the British Cabinet, as the Labor Party in England had consented to a Coalition Government. When Conscription began to be talked about, it was a matter of conjecture as to how Labor would take it. The event proved that though Labor, like all parties, disliked Conscription as a national policy, it was prepared to accept it on the ground of necessity. Labor members of the House of Commons, though suspicious of changes in recruiting methods, had never assumed an irreconcilable attitude toward Conscription. They placed before everything else the needs of the country. They had only one policy—to win the war. That fact will always stand to the undying honor of the British Labor Party. But the Party sacrifices made were very great.

Kitchener, in March, 1916, told the Government that the supply of men was not adequate. There had been slack work, too much drink, and too many trades union restrictions. Lloyd-George urged that Labor should suspend all union rules

that tended to restrict output, and also stop all excessive drinking, as Drink was a more deadly foe than the German. In all munition areas the sale of liquor was controlled. Again the men submitted.

Lord Derby reported to the Government that many men who were eager to enlist were prevented by business and financial engagements. The canvass had distinctly shown that it was not want of courage which kept the men back, and there was abundant evidence of a general determination to see the war through, cost what it might.

During this period of hesitation, the Asquith Government was much more vacillating than the people. Labor Unionists protested against branding all unenlisted men as slackers. Some, as was said truly, had mothers, sisters, or other relatives depending on them. But the majority of the people, to their honor be it said, were quite ripe for Conscription long before the Government could make up its mind. Great Britain's Allies in France, Italy and Russia were disappointed at the Asquith Government's timidity in dealing with Conscription, as all the belligerents, save Britain, were under Conscription.

A Labor member of Parliament, in one of the Asquith fits of hesitation, said to the Government—"Temporise no longer. Go the straight course. Tell the House that the necessity has now arisen, and must be met, and you need not fear for the response of the people." Mr. Lloyd-George declared that the British working classes and Labor generally were anything but "doubtful neutrals." By this he meant that they were ardent patriots.

The British Government was questioned in August, 1915, as to its intentions to bring in Con-

scription. It said "No." Mr. Asquith had not the nerve. It was hoped, he said, that a free people would rise to the supreme heights of a great sacrifice without Conscription. His motto was always—"Wait and see." The people had enlisted to the extent of more than five millions, just as Australia had to the extent of 300,000.

There were Labor troubles then as there always had been. It was intolerable, said Lloyd-George, that the life of Britain should be imperilled over a question of a farthing an hour in wages. Whoever was right or wrong, labor troubles must end. The life of the country was before all; for the war had to be fought in the workshops of Britain and France. The Government then took power to make all workshops Government shops. It was seen that the need was in more munitions quite as much as in more men.

The South Wales coal miners downed tools in 1915. The cause of grievance was the enormous profits being made by the coal owners. This dispute was adjusted by an equitable concession to the men. The people sympathised with the miners; and it was seen that in all cases the people were ahead of the Government in their readiness for new methods of prosecuting the war.

At last the question of compulsory service could be delayed no longer. Ministers must grapple with it, however distasteful it might be. The sense of justice came to the aid of the Conscription principle. The workers of the country were shrewd to perceive that while Kitchener was enrolling his millions of volunteers, it was hard that the selfish should go scot free while the burden of sacrifice fell on the most generous of the people.

Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Labor Cabinet Minister, was amongst the first to declare himself, in a very eloquent speech, for Conscription, and

when the third reading of the measure took place on May 16, 1917, there were only 35 voices against it, not half a score of them being Labor. On the 25th of May the King addressed a letter to his people, thanking them for almost unanimously accepting Conscription, after having enrolled by voluntary effort, "no fewer than 5,041,000, an effort far surpassing that of any other nation in similar circumstances, recorded in history."

That was the way in which Great Britain muddled her way through to Conscription. She had been 21 months toying with it. When it came it was made the law of the land with the full consent of an almost unanimous Labor Party.

There is another great free concession that stands to the credit of Labor in Britain. It is its free breaking up for the time of its union rules in order that continuity of occupation may be perfect in the munition shops. Every man in those shops freely submitted to military discipline and necessity, because every worker placed the good of the Empire before the interests of his particular union.

The Australian Labor Party.

Everything in which British Labor was patriotic, high-souled and admirable, found its contrast in the Australian Commonwealth.

It may be doubted whether any great political party anywhere has ever presented a spectacle of such eclipse as that which fell on the Australian Labor Party in 1916. The party had always been well led, and was distinguished as much for patriotism as for intelligence.

It had been a party which had made Defence a special feature of its policy. It was the first to introduce the policy of Conscription in the train-

ing of Australian cadets. And when the war broke out, it was most pronounced in leaving nothing undone, to the last man and last shilling, in helping the Motherland to win the war. It was placed in power in 1914 on a vigorous win-the-war policy. And yet——

Well, it is very difficult indeed to account for the extraordinary swing round of the party in 1916. Its leaders, from some cause which has never been explained, boxed the entire political compass.

All that one can do is to record the circumstances as they occurred. When Labor came into power in 1914, Mr. Andrew Fisher, the Prime Minister, resigned and took the High Commissionership in London. Thereupon Mr. W. M. Hughes took the Prime Ministership.

Before the new Labor leader went to England, he made a great patriotic speech in the Melbourne Town Hall, and referred to certain influences which were disrupting the party. He said—

"I appeal to the people of this country to join the expeditionary forces. I appeal to them to join that heroic band of men who have cast an eternal lustre on the name of Australia. I ask them to strike a blow for their family, for this great Australia of ours, which has done so much for them. I appeal to those men; I appeal to the manhood of Australia.

"I do not appeal to those men who, posing as lovers of liberty, do what they can to prevent men joining the expeditionary forces. These men—I must speak plainly—pretend to speak as the chosen mouthpiece of Labor and Unionism. They have nothing in common with Labor or Unionism. They are foul parasites. They have attached themselves to the vitals of Labor. They seek as it were to take up their foul abode in the vitals of their host, to speak for him, to

usurp those functions which belong to him. There is between Syndicalism—and that is its name—and Unionism and Labor, as we know it in this country, a gulf as wide as hell. . . . Those men know no nationality, religion, or principle, and in the name of Unionism and Laborism I pass them out like devils."

With these words of red hot denunciation ringing in the ears of certain leaders of the Labor party, Mr. Hughes went to Great Britain and made an almost triumphal progress through the country. He delivered a series of twenty-one orations, received the freedom of many cities, and captivated Britain by the brilliance of his deliverances. Lloyd George said of those speeches, that they were like shells of the highest detonating quality." "Mr. Hughes," he says, "is essentially a man of action who can do things. He has placed all his gifts at the disposal of Britain in the day of its peril. He is a flame-bearer to help us to victory."

During Mr. Hughes's absence in England the men in the Labor party whom he had called "foul parasites" were not idle. Some of them were emissaries of the I.W.W. Others were infected with the principles of that body. They believed in Syndicalism, which embodies the doctrine of the universal strike. They taught "slowing down" and a war on Capitalism.

Years before, in his book, "The Case for Labor," Mr. Hughes had denounced these doctrines as the folly of madmen and fools. When he returned he found himself in an atmosphere of frigid friends and heated enemies.

All the patriotism which had distinguished Labor in the days of Andrew Fisher's leadership was gone. When Mr. Hughes began to talk of introducing Conscription, which Great Britain had just done, he was met with silence and frigid

looks. He appealed to his caucus. The most he could get was a reluctant assent to put the proposal to a Referendum of the people.

His party had told the electors in 1914 that if returned to power, they would "pursue with the utmost vigor and determination every course necessary for the defence of the Commonwealth and the Empire in any and every emergency."

That was a very distinct pledge, and it was added that "the electors may give their support to the Labor party with the utmost confidence" that it would "not waver from the position taken up by Mr. Fisher," who had promised Australia's "last man and last shilling."

They were well aware that Britain had adopted the policy of Conscription, as necessary to win the war. They knew that the British Labor party had endorsed that policy. They were well aware also that every belligerent in the war had found Conscription to be necessary, save only Canada and New Zealand, and that both those Dominions were preparing to follow suit with all the rest. Yet in spite of this, and in the face of their pledges of 1914, they refused the policy of Conscription.

But they did far more. The parasitical power of Syndicalism had got such a grip on the Political Labor Councils of the party that it was able to threaten all members of Parliament. It issued a mandate that no Labor member was to be free to advocate Conscription. Any member who did so was to be refused nomination at the next election.

This was a manifest violation of the Labor Constitution, which made every member free except as to his pledge to the authorised platform of his party. It was a violent usurpation of authority. It subverted the basic principle of the party. It changed a democratic constitution into an oligar-

chic one. The party was no longer to rule itself. A Junto was to command it.

The Referendum on Commonwealth Conscription was put to the people. It was the first time such a question had ever been put to a direct popular vote. The Labor party was split in two parts.

The weaklings crouched to their Syndicalist and I.W.W. leaders, and to the disloyalists who declared that Australia had already done more than her full share in the war, and those political weaklings took the platform, as they were ordered, against Conscription. They formed in numbers no contemptible party. They had with them all the disloyal Sinn Feiners, and every man who felt a grudge against Britain on the Irish Home Rule question. But their greatest strength lay in the votes of all the young Australians who wanted to avoid the necessity of putting on khaki, and of the female vote bent on "saving the boys at home."

On the other side was arrayed every man and woman who realised that this war is a struggle between the ideal of force and the ideal of right; that it is a struggle between the ideal which has made the political government of Britain and the ideal of military despotism. There were also ranged on its side, all those Labor leaders who scorned to bow the knee to the usurping commands of the Political Labor Councils. Every non-Labor body was in that Referendum appeal working for the policy of Conscription. The result of the direct appeal to the people was as follows:—

CONSCRIPTION REFERENDUM.

Total "No" Vote	1,136,539
Total "Yes" Vote	1,077,616
"No" majority	58,923

"YES" MAJORITIES.

Victoria	25,807
Western Australia	53,381
Tasmania	10,734
Federal Territories	867

"NO" MAJORITIES.

New South Wales	116,496
Queeensland	9,050
South Australia	26,223

Three of the States and the Northern Territory polled good majorities for Conscription. Two others polled large majorities against it. In New South Wales the pastoral vote, and in South Australia the German vote turned the scale.

Since the date of that Referendum the Labor party has drifted further and further away from loyalty to the Empire. Its first act was to expel from its ranks every man who voted for Conscription. It next refused to join in a Coalition Government with a win-the-war policy. In the third place it insisted on a dissolution of Parliament and an appeal to the people against the Conscription party.

That election took place on May 5, 1917. There was only one issue of consequence in it. Loyalty to the Empire or Disloyalty. All the disaffected elements were with Labor, though it is right to say that many Laborites were not themselves disloyal. Loyal Laborites who still advocated voluntary enlistment gave no explanation for their glaring breach of their 1914 war pledges. They went to the people a broken and discredited party. They were shorn of almost all their best leaders. They had expelled those leaders for daring to hold their own opinions on Conscription. In this expulsion of their friends they blew out their own brains.

A few extracts from their election speeches will fully reveal them for what they are:—Brookfield, the man who won the Broken Hill seat, said to his constituents—"The red flag is the only flag I'll spill my blood for. As for this British flag they talk about—the Union Jack—I'll never spill a drop of my blood for it."

Lest it might be thought that this was merely a specimen of isolated disloyalty, it should be said that when the leaders of Labor were asked to disavow it, they passed motions in support of the man who uttered it.

On February 26th, 1917, E. H. Coombe, a Labor member of the South Australian Parliament, was fined £10 for using words calculated to cause disaffection.

In Hobart, W. E. Dicker, another Labor member, was fined £10 for making a statement prejudicial to recruiting. He said "I would as soon be under German Rule as under British. If Australia were in trouble, Britain would not fire a shot to help her."

Ex-Senator Stewart said in Parliament—"In my opinion, one of the first duties of the Allied communities after the War is over, and the Emperor of Germany is defeated and degraded, as I hope he will be, must be to see that every Crowned Head including that of our own Empire, is dethroned."

It should be mentioned that the I.W.W. is a violent disloyal body—the reject of humanity. The preamble of the I.W.W. condemns law-abiding Unionism, and urges a general strike as one of the best means to enable the workers to get possession of the earth.

The Mr. Brookfield spoken of above was reported in the Broken Hill "Miner" of January 18, 1917, as saying—"If I happen to fluke this billet,

I will fight like hell to get the I.W.W. men in Sydney released as soon as possible."

The next week, the same paper of January 25, 1917, reports him—"There is no man who believes in the preamble of the I.W.W. constitution more than I do."

After the selection Mr. Brookfield received a letter from Mr. Evans, the general secretary of the P.L.L. of N.S.W., stating that "his candidature had been unanimously endorsed, and also every word he had said off the box regarding the imprisoned I.W.W. men."—Broken Hill "Truth," 9th February, 1917.

Some of the leaders at the Trades Hall were prosecuted and sentenced for discouraging recruiting. What had been the great Australian Labor Party became a mere broken remnant of discredited disloyalists. It was very pitiable.

The result was that in the elections, being deserted by the tens of thousands of unattached Liberals who had supported them, they were utterly defeated in every State. They lost every Senate seat which they contested. Their prestige fell to zero; their patriotism was tarnished; and their leadership was a byword and a jeer.

It was clear to every one outside the infatuated party ranks that there was a pregnant meaning in this unprecedented Labor overthrow. It signified that the people were as eager as ever for the effective prosecution of the war, and they resented the manner in which the Labor party had turned its back upon its former promises.

The only hope now remaininig for the Australian Labor Party was to recognise its folly and repair it. Unfortunately, being still misled by the I.W.W. influence, it lacked the virtue to do this. Having been cast aside by the great democratic vote in the elections, it resolved to regain by an oligarchic coup the political authority it had forfeited.

To that end the hot-brained Unionist leaders organised a Syndicalist Strike. The scheme was to lay the State railways, the Commonwealth shipping, the coal mines, and the wharf labor of Australia idle, and thus paralyse the business of the Continent, as a means of compelling the Federal and State Governments to do the bidding of organised Labor. The scheme was that of hare-brained fanatics, who put party first and the country nowhere.

It was duly launched, and for two months it laid a paralysis upon Australian production. It brought dreadful suffering to the wives and families of the deluded strikers, and it inflicted loss upon the entire community, without so much as one atom of gain to anybody. Australia is poorer by a couple of millions sterling because of it, and is so much less competent to find the means of prosecuting the war.

Labor may recover itself in the coming years. It is much to be desired; for the time was when it was a great progressive party, fecund in ideas, and energetic in their prosecution. The country is poorer for the degeneration of the party. There can be no resurrection for it till it has the insight to cut itself adrift from the lawless elements which have crept into its ranks. The one cardinal need for it is leadership. But unfortunately it has ejected from its ranks almost every man of real capacity.

That in brief is the narrative of Labor and the War. In Great Britain the name of Labor stands higher than ever it did before because of its patriotism and wisdom. In Australia it has lost the high reputation it once enjoyed. In 1914 the People gave it a mandate to rule the Commonwealth on a win-the-war policy; and it is now so low in popular esteem that it is difficult to forecast any date for its recovery.

X.

THE STRIKE AND THE WAR.

The Nature of the Strike.

There is an intimate relation between the industrial Strike and War. They are blood cousins. Both are conceived in hatred, and born in violence. The Strike is a direct application of the doctrine of Force to compel others to do the will of the Strikers. The war declares Might to be Right. The Strike does the same.

All wars, of course, are not wrong. So in the same way some strikes may be justified. A war which is undertaken to repel an unjust invader is right. A strike undertaken to prevent oppression, when there are no other legal remedies, may be justified.

The Strike was a legitimate weapon in the early days of Unionism, just as was the duello at a time when the law sanctioned private combat.

But wherever the law has provided legal tribunals for the settlement of trade disputes, the resort to the Strike is a reaction towards barbarism.

If this be true of the Strike of a single union, it becomes accentuated in importance in the "sympathetic" strike, in which a number of unions, having no grievance of their own, strike in support of some one which alleges a grievance. This is so because every union which downs tools in sympathy inflicts more loss and suffering on the general community which has nothing to do with

the strike, than on anyone else. It is clear, therefore, that such a strike aims at reaching its object by forcing loss and suffering on the whole community, and not by any appeal to reason. In that it is akin to war. And it adopts this violent course at the very time when the tribunals are open to it, and in which it might obtain justice. All these sympathetic strikes are therefore a deliberate abandonment of reason, and an appeal to force.

The Rev. L. M'Kenna, S.J., M.A., lecturing on "Strike Ethics" in Limerick, has something to say about strikes in general which the plain man will do well to assimilate. He is an expert who has thought himself into his subject, and he has some very clear teaching about Strikes. Some of his observations are well worth a permanent record here. He regards the Strike question as "terrible and delicate." He says—

"For many unions to-day a strike is merely an episode in the war between the classes, a declaration of open hostilities, to be made whenever a good opportunity occurs; a kind of preliminary manœuvre preparing the battalions of the people for the universal strike which is some day to destroy the present system of society.

"For the Christian union a strike is something very different. It is a declaration of war, if you will, but of an economic war to be declared only as a last resort, for a just cause, and to be carried on without violence.

This, he says, is so because, while a workman is free to say that he will or will not work, and an employer is free to say he will or not carry out a certain enterprise, both are subject, in justice and charity, not to injure the other without very sufficient reason. What that sufficient reason may be can never be a question when there is a court open to decide it.

"The right to strike, under certain conditions, can no more be denied the workman than his right to unite. At the same time, it is a matter of concern that many workmen, even those professing to be Catholics, do not seem

to realise the heavy responsibilities which such a right involves.

"It is not an absolute right, to be exercised at any time. It is a relative right, conditioned by duties of prudence, charity, humanity, justice.

"In the first place, it cannot be exercised without a just cause. It cannot, for instance, be exercised in order to extort a wage which would be unjust.

"Not merely must the object of the strike be just; it must be a weighty object, a very weighty object, proportioned to the sufferings and risks which are incurred by the terrible decision of declaring a strike. Strikes are a true "plague to society," to use Pope Leo's words about them. They mostly fail—it is said that 60 per cent. fail—and, when they fail, they inflict severe and permanent losses upon the people."

Before striking the injury that must be done to many poor workers must be taken into account. This is so because men may not seek to remedy one small evil by creating a bigger one.

"In this connection, however, it is only fair to remember that just as an incident, trifling in itself, may involve some principle important enough to justify a State in unchaining the horrors of war, so some trifling incident, some unjust dismissal, for instance, might possibly (though rarely) justify recourse to the supreme arbitrament of a strike.

"Just as a declaration of war, owing to the fearful calamities and sufferings which the war is certain to entail, is unlawful whenever there is not a reasonable prospect of success, so a body of workmen who, without a well-founded hope of success, expose themselves, their families and the general public to the certain suffering and inconvenience of a strike, are acting unlawfully."

Especially is this judgment definite concerning Strikes in disputes where there are other means of getting a settlement.

"Another condition, evidently necessary in order that a strike be lawful, yet a condition often not complied with, is that every other means of ending the conflict should be seriously tried before recourse be had to such a terrible weapon of defence.

"The question, however, on which Catholic principles are most directly opposed to the principles of too many

unions is the question of the means which may be employed in carrying on the strike.

"A man may never violate the strict right of another. Therefore the destruction of the employer's materials or machinery is never lawful. It is unlawful also to use violence in repelling those who wish to take the strikers' places. But the workman on strike who uses bodily violence against those who wish to replace him is using violence against those who in most cases are doing—as far as justice is concerned—what they have a perfect right to do.

"The men who offer to take the place of strikers are acting in a way calculated to render vain and fruitless the sacrifices and sufferings and risks faced by the strikers. All the same to repel them by violence is to do wrong, and one can never do wrong in order that good may come of it. The end does not justify the means.

"You may ask what is the use of acknowledging a right to strike if the right to prevent others from taking the strikers' places is not recognised too? I answer that the strikers have the right of defending their jobs, but not the right to use violence for that purpose. They have other means, peaceful means, at their disposal, moral suasion, agitation, appeals to public opinion, and also the method of 'peaceful picketing.'"

Is Syndicalism Practicable?

By the term Syndicalism one means a federation of trades unions, or a union of unions. The root idea of Syndicalism is such a complete and perfect organisation of federated Labor as would make every part of it instantly respond to the call of a central authority. So that if one union has a grievance which it is unable of itself to remedy, it may call upon other unions, and by a united pressure obtain what it desires.

On the face of it, this contemplates no moral force, no search for what is right, no attempt to persuade by an appeal to reason. Its ultima ratio is Force. It is war—sheer war—brute war.

There are many thoughtful trade unionists who

regard Syndicalism or the "General Strike" as a fantastic dream. Some of these people would be quite willing to adopt it if it were practicable; but they do not see how it can work out in practice.

We may consider for a moment whether this idea of a complete federation of Labor is feasible.

In the first place, in order to be successful, it is clear that all the workers in the State must be drawn into the Unions. It would not do to have the community made up as it is now, of Unionists and Non-unionists, because if that were so, a strike would be unsuccessful, through the non-unionists being ready to take the place of the strikers.

Syndicalism, therefore, to be successful, presupposes that every worker will be an enrolled unionist. What are the chances of bringing this about? That can be answered only by an appeal to the experiences of the past. Every worker knows the impossibility of getting even one half of the working class into unions. This arises from the nature of humanity.

Men are so variously constituted that they refuse to be squeezed into compartments according to uniform patterns. But even if they were all willing to become unionists, would they all consent to strike at any moment at the bidding of some body of officials for a purpose of which they would be in complete ignorance? When we remember the broad differences of opinion that are manifested in every union, it is impossible to conceive of fifty separate unions all consenting to strike together for some point about which they would hold different opinions. For these reasons Syndicalism, or the General Strike, is an impossibility, while men value liberty of action and freedom of mind.

But suppose that its practicability were con-

ceded. In that case would it be desirable? It is worth while following out the inquiry.

The object of Syndicalism must be to improve the conditions of Labor. It would compel that improvement by laying all industry under an interdict. The General Strike would compel Capital to grant the desires of Labor. That is to say the organised many would compel by Force the organised few.

Reflect what this means. The wage-paying class are not more than 15 per cent. of the community. The wage-earning class are 85 per cent. Assuming that Syndicalism has got all that 85 to stand as one man ready for a strike at the word of command, why should 85 resort to violence to constrain 15? If 85 per cent. of the people can be got to combine for a strike, why could they not combine to carry out their wishes through Parliament, or through Parliament and a Referendum? Surely it would be better to appeal to the Court of Reason than to the Court of War.

We know as a matter of fact and experience that it would be just as impossible to get those 85 per cent. of wage earners to vote together as to strike together. They are men and women of various minds and moved by various impulses. Some would be moved by a land question, a home rule question, an educational question, a patriotic question, or a religious question, more than they would by a wages question.

The large majority of that 85 per cent. of wage-earners are loyal citizens who do not believe in force, but in reason. They would not strike together to arbitrarily compel a minority; and they would not vote altogether for the same political leaders.

Before it would be possible to drill all wage earners to vote together, or to strike together, they must merge all their individuality in the

wage-question. That would be to change the whole character of the man. There are other questions beside the wage-question. If man could be made to vote like a machine on one question only, it would be to make him a stunted and atrophied character.

In that 85 per cent. of wage earners there are men and women who abhors the doctrine of insurrectionary force. They prefer appeals to Reason rather than resorts to violence and compulsion. Such people would rigidly hold aloof from a system of Unionism which might at any moment entangle them in a General Strike for something which they might not approve.

Syndicalism must have at the bottom of its motives the desire to place the ownership and control of capital in the hands of the workers. Could it ever accomplish that object? There is not even the remote possibility of such a thing, because as soon as the control should be gained, that instant there would be division of opinion as to the exercise of it.

Then again, you cannot prevent a man from asking himself in every enterprise whether he loses more than he gains in it. A wage-earner who should become a Syndicalist for a General Strike, could never be a free man for five minutes in the year. His personal liberty to work or not to work, to have a home or to lose it, would be at the bidding of another, over whom he would have no more control than a slave has over his master.

In short Syndicalism means the most grinding of slavery, from which a man of independent mind would sheer off as he would from the plague.

Trades-unionism has grown stronger than ever before because our Arbitration Acts have compelled workmen to belong to unions before they could get the benefit of an award in Court as to

wages, hours, or any other benefit. But while the numbers of unionists have very largely increased, there are more than half the workers still outside the unions. This renders the prospect of a "General Strike" impracticable.

Even if Practicable, is it Desirable?

From what has been said in the preceding section it is fairly manifest that Syndicalism as a panacea for Labor troubles is chasing rainbows. Its root principle is violence, desolation, war. It appeals only to people of arbitrary minds. Its only fascination is that it forecasts a time when Labor will have its hand on the throat of Capital. That means that it is actuated by the same principle as the German militant, that Might is Right.

The advocates of the general strike delight to call themselves class-conscious reformers, and they welcome what they call "the Armageddon of the class war." They do not seek betterment in wages or shorter hours, or any particular good to the workers. They are out for a fight for anything, for "the ninth part of a hair," as Hotspur was; or against a card system as the New South Wales railway men were. No matter what, so that the strikers may assert their authority.

Syndicalism or the General Strike is a travesty of true trades unionism. If it could be brought about, chaos would be brought with it. In a few days there would be no food, no drink, no travelling, no light, no law, no police, no repression of crime. The idea of it is more stupid than wicked; but it would lead to unthinkable wickedness.

Pope Leo XIII., in his splendid Encyclical on Labor, which has obtained world-wide acceptance, quite admits that there may be cases in which the

Strike is not only permissible, but in which it becomes a duty. This is where the worker is asked to "give up his soul to servitude," and to betray the rights of his fellow men. But he and every other authority of the Catholic Church hold that the Strike is an extreme weapon which should be used only in cases of extremity, and when there is no other remedy.

That is just the very antithesis of what the sympathetic or General Strike aims at. The Syndicalist or sympathetic strike is to be called into operation for every union's grievances. Its benefits must apply to all or none. The learned lecturer before quoted, the Rev. L. McKenna, has some special words on the "Sympathetic Strike." He says—

"A 'sympathetic strike' is one which is declared by some body of laborers with a view to supporting the claims of other laborers. It is plain that the question of its lawfulness is an extremely serious one. If the doctrine which holds it to be lawful be understood in a universal sense, viz., that any body of men has the unconditional right and even duty of declaring a strike in order to support the just quarrel of any other body, the doctrine is subversive of society, and spells ruin and suffering for all classes in the State, for workers, employers and the outside public. At any given moment there may be in some place or another some body of workers out on a just strike. If all other workers were justified in going out on strike to support it, then in the case of some small labor dispute in a small country town, for instance, there would be a general paralysis of industry and a general disturbance of the public peace throughout the whole country; indeed, throughout the whole world if (as is often said to be desirable) the solidarity of labor becomes international. In order that a few score of men should win their cause (which they could easily do by means of their union), millions of men and women in no way concerned with the quarrel would be exposed to unspeakable misery and suffering. If such a principle were adopted by the whole laboring class all social intercourse would be paralysed, all the advantages of our civilisation (which the poor enjoy as well as the rich) would be destroyed, all mercantile concerns (factories, shops, offices, banks,

etc.) would have to close, the cultivation of the soil, the production of the wealth on which rich and poor alike depend, would come to an end. There would be universal starvation and red-handed anarchy.

"A universal sympathetic strike could never be necessary for the protection of the rights of individual workers. On the other hand, everyone now recognises that the rights of the individual laborer can only be efficiently guarded by the solidarity of his fellow laborers, that is, of those engaged in the same trade and united in an organisation sufficiently numerous to protect the individual members. It is impossible to conceive a cause that could justify a universal sympathetic strike. It would be a remedy out of all proportion to the evil it would be intended to cure. It would be as if a doctor, called in to cure some trivial scratch on a man's leg, were to amputate the limb, to the imminent danger of the man's life.

"The policy of 'tainted goods' is really the same—in its effects, at least—as that of the sympathetic strike. A moment's thought will show that if adopted in its universal sense by employers or by employes it would rapidly extend the sphere of any strike or of any lock-out to every form of industry in a country, and, indeed, to every kind of industry throughout the world. To preach such a policy as a universal principle could never be justified, and would be gravely sinful. Though in the wild and whirling rhetoric of industrial conflicts it is sometimes recommended, it is never applied in its entirety. Employers do not apply it, for they see it would be madness to do so. Neither do the responsible leaders of the laboring classes adopt it in its entirety, because they see that it would mean the destruction of their own organisations, and that it would ruin the general interests of the laboring classes. Much as labor leaders speak of the international solidarity of labor, it would, I think, be extremely unlikely that the unions of England, for example, would, in carrying out the 'tainted goods' policy, go out on strike themselves in order to support a strike in France or in Ireland.

"The doctrine of the universal sympathetic strike is utterly indefensible. Does it therefore follow that a sympathetic strike is never justifiable? No. A sympathetic strike, like any other strike, is to be judged justifiable or not according to the principles already laid down. It must be insisted on, of course, that the reasons which would justify such an extended strike would require to be of proportionately greater importance and gravity than those which would suffice to justify an ordinary strike, and that proportionately greater efforts should be exerted to avert it.

"It may be argued that employers who have no real bond of trade interest with each other (e.g., brewers, bakers, cloth manufacturers, builders, etc.), sometimes combine in federations, and that therefore each of the various bodies of men engaged by such employers, in coming to the help of its fellows, is in reality defending itself.

"Such a combination of employers would, of course, be acting unjustly if it were to support, by a general lockout or by financial assistance, any of its members who might be engaged in an unjust quarrel with his employes. In such a case it would be lawful for the unions, whose just rights would be thus challenged, to combine in support of the injured workers, and—of course only as a last resort —declare a concerted strike.

"There are certain absolute necessities of modern life, such as gas, water, electricity, railways, letter carriage, etc., which are entrusted to great public or quasi-public services. Now those who are engaged in such services evidently do not on that account cease to enjoy their rights as free men. They, like other employes, possess their natural rights of defence, the right that every man has to withhold his labor, given good cause. Yet, owing to the fact that their uninterrupted services are immediately and absolutely necessary for the peace and well-being of the whole State, such men are bound by a heavier responsibility in the exercise of their rights. They cannot ignore the absolute necessities of the general public, and therefore a more than ordinary care and deliberation is incumbent on them before they can be justified in striking. If strikes occur in such services the State is bound to employ her forces—even her armed forces—to prevent the suffering and calamities which would result to the general public. On the other hand, the employes of such public utility services have a right to be compensated for the extra difficulties which the nature of their work places in the way of the prosecution of their rights. The State is bound, therefore, to provide the very fullest machinery —equitably formed arbitration boards and the like—for permanently and effectively giving satisfaction in a generous spirit to the employes of such services. A conscientious Government cannot allow those who thus work for the general advantage of the citizens to be oppressed or harshly treated."

That deliverance is so just, so impartial, and so clear as to appeal instantly to the unbiassed judgment. But it is more than that. It is an authoritative statement on the moral aspect of

Strikes. I feel therefore that this essay on Strikes and the War, would be wanting in an essential feature if it did not include that weighty deliverance.

The Craze for Strikes.

We live in a time when Strikes are in the air and on the earth. They swarm upon us, both with and without reason. Mr. Dooley gives us the humor of the situation, with hardly an exaggeration—

"'I see th' strike has been called off,' said Mr. Hennessy. 'Which wan,' asked Mr. Dooley. 'I can't keep thrack of thim. Somebody is sthrikin' all th' time. Wan day th' horseshoers are out, an' another day th' teamsters. Th' Brotherhood of Molasses Candy Pullers sthrikes, an' th' Amalgymated Union iv Pickle Sorters quits in sympathy. The carpenter that has been puttin' up a chicken coop f'r Hogan knocked off worrk when he found that Hogan was shaving himself without a card from the Barbers' Union. Hogan fixed it with the walkin' dillygate of th' barbers a' th' carpenter quit wurrk because he found that Hogan was wearin' a pair iv non-union pants. Hogan wint down town and had his pants unionised an' come home to find that th' carpinter had struck because Hogan's hens were laying eggs, without the union label. Hogan induced th' hens to jine th' union. But wan iv thim laid an egg two days in succession, an' th' others struck, th' rule of th' union being that no hen shall lay more eggs thin th' most reluctant hen in th' bunch.'"

Mr. Justice Higgins admitted recently in his Court that strikes had increased from 208 in 1913 to 508 in 1916. At the very time when Courts were open everywhere to hear Labor disputes, the workers struck on an average ten times every week in one place or another and on the most paltry of pretences. Those useless strikes cost 2,000,000 days' labor, and made the community poorer by £2,000,000.

Strikes are more numerous than ever. They are chronic. There is a mania for them. It is a positive social disease. If a grocer does not see eye to eye with a manufacturer of soap—*he strikes*. If a baker wants to light his employers oven in the morning instead of night—*he strikes*. If a wharf worker wants to sign on at the wharf instead of at the office—*he strikes*. If a carter wants to deliver his goods at 10 o'clock instead of at 2—*he strikes*. If a coal miner thinks his day's work should begin when he steps into the cage to go down, instead of when he takes up tools to work—*he strikes*

Yet there are tribunals appointed to settle all these things, if the striker would but apply for a peaceful settlement. But he will not. His union decrees the strike. He carries out the orders given. Work stops. The community suffers. It is the militaristic tyranny over again. The strikers denounce wars, and they are all for war themselves.

The Slavery of the Striker.

There is another serious aspect of this appalling Strike mania. It is the condition of slavery to which it reduces the unionist, who is compelled to strike sometimes against his will and conscience —to "go out" when ordered to down tools.

In nineteen cases out of twenty he knows nothing of the trouble. The "card system" is to him so much Sanscrit. All that he knows is that someone somewhere calls him out, and he has to go or be called a "scab." He is as much a creature of a machine as were the Germans under their Junkers. He was formerly a hireling at the mercy of his employer. He is now a poor help-

less weakling who dare not have a soul of his own when his union gives him orders; or rather when a little governing coterie of it does so.

The best minds amongst the unionists perceive this with dismay, and some of them are expressing it with all the emphasis that is born of the galling of their gyves. They lament and resent the fact of their unions becoming corrupted by intriguing political adventurers. Mr. Berry, the Secretary of the Adelaide district Australian Engineers, was one of these men. His words are redolent of the wrath which a man feels at finding an enemy sowing tares in his wheat fields. He told his comrades at the end of August, 1917, that "Trades Unionism is not responsible for the present upheaval; but the bastard elements of German intrigue, the I.W.W., and red-raggers called Socialists, who are strangling legitimate trades unionism. I am confident that craft unionism will come out of the furnace purged of the dross and rise higher in public favor."

That man's testimony was supported by the fact that in the Australian Strike wherever the trade unionists were afforded a fair opportunity of a secret ballot, they were averse to the violence of the Strike. This despotism of unionism is a tyranny which, like an iron chain, has chafed many good men. But there was no help for him. He must obey the Juggernaut or it would crush him. And in the "sympathetic" Strike he has no means of judging whether he is striking for what is just or unjust.

Some Unionists have felt the degradation so acutely that they have broken away and formed new unions, one rule of which is—"There shall be no Strike." They hold that the majority of unionists in Australia were always against the strike, and that it is not by their will that thousands of unionists were out of work, and that

their families are suffering distress and hardship.

True and loyal trades unionism, they hold, is necessary for the protection of the workers, and as such is of benefit to the country. But unionism can achieve protection of the workers' interests by lawful and constitutional methods. Arbitration tribunals and wages boards are the lawful methods by which this end can be achieved, and the great majority of trades unionists believe in these methods.

In recent years Australia has been invaded by the militant "red raggers" preaching "direct action" by means of the strike, and disregarding and treating with contempt the laws of the country, which the workers have had such a large share in making. These "red raggers" have succeeded of late in gaining control of many unions, and by executive action have refused to members the right of the ballot.

These new Unionists are quite convinced that there can be no industrial stability whilst executives and union officials are allowed to retain the untrammelled power of declaring strikes at their own sweet will, and in violation of the sound democratic principle of majority rule.

They argue that if unionism is to live, and serve the purpose for which it was created—that of preserving to its members the industrial privileges which Unionism won, before it was captured by the "red-rag militants"—it must be delivered from their grip, and the workers be restored their political freedom, which is the privilege of every free man in a democratic community. This would ensure that the unions shall not be used to serve the political ambitions of paid officials and Trades Hall political "bosses."

They appealed to all true Unionists in the Commonwealth, who believe as they do to promote the cause of new Unionism on the above lines. The

Unions which they formed have adopted for their guiding principles the substitution of conciliation and arbitration for Strikes; no Strike or cessation of work, to be sanctioned in any case unless authorised by a secret ballot of its members; full political freedom to every member of the union. The time is ripe for the consummation of these true union ideals throughout Australia. They appeal to those who have served sane Unionism in the past to come forward, and with voice and pen, and by forming or joining such unions, help to establish Unionism once again on a sound basis.

The Love of Fighting.

There is a pugnacity in human nature which disposes the average man to a contest whenever he has reason to think that any fractional part of his rights are invaded.

Plume ourselves as much as we like on our refinement and civilisation, unregenerate man in his heart of hearts is very much of a fighting animal. The duellist continued to fight his private combats as long as the law permitted, and a little longer. But for the law against breaches of the peace, we should witness quarrels in the streets every day, some of them fought out with pistols or fisticuffs. They who are now forecasting the time in Europe when wars shall be no more always pre-suppose that the arbitration settlement of disputes will be compulsory, with the sanction of force to compel compliance with it.

Men being what they are, Strikes will be put down only as duelling was—by stamping it on the statute book for the heinous crime that it really is. A Strike inflicts on society quite as much suf-

fering as would wholesale robbery and murder. Strikers who have legal remedies and refuse them are rebels who commit stupendous crimes, and their offences should be made as penal as treason; for they are treason against the public weal.

If the Parnassian gods could still take stock of the freaks of mortals, there would be shrieks of Olympian laughter at the folly of men who seek their own misery and that of others as a means of settling differences. That is the exact fact.

Labor boasts of having and retaining the right to strike. It would be as wise to vaunt their right to cut their own ears off. Germany flaunting her pride in war, and Labor bragging of its right to strike, are companion pictures of idiocy.

We all regard it as a sad circumstance when we hear of a couple of thousand of men being without employment; but the Strike record of New South Wales presented at the beginning of 1917, shows that an average of 3,556 men were out on strike every day all the year round of their own accord. And that when peaceful tribunals were open to them for the equitable settlement of their disputes.

The fighting striker sometimes finds a positive enjoyment in his contests, and sees humor in them. After talking with one of them one day I jotted down this conceit—

AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS SOMEBODY GOOD.

CHORUS OF UNEMPLOYED.

It's nonsense to say that the Strike is a curse.
It's a blessing to us, whoever is worse.
Before this 'ere Strike we had nothing to do.
But now we've good billets and good money too.
We have lashings of labor and wages and food.
So you see an ill wind can blow somebody good.

CHORUS OF CABINET MINISTERS.

Thank God for the Strike and the strikers, say we.
They have been our political saviours, you see.
The Parliament talked about turning us out
Just before This most opportune strike came about.
But the strike made it steady and altered its mood.
So you see an ill winds blows a Ministry good.

CHORUS OF POLICE.

All hail to the Strike! May its shadow increase!
It has served both our footmen and mounted police.
It has given us a trip to the city to stay,
With little to do and good holiday.
We fully enjoy it, as patriots should.
So you see an ill wind blows the bobbies some good.

CHORUS OF CATTLE, SHEEP AND POULTRY.

Hurrah for the Strike! May it never have end!
To us it has been a most merciful friend.
Men starve on a crust, and can no longer eat of us,
When slaughtermen strike and refuse to make meat of us.
Success to the Strike! May it stand as it stood!
Its an ill wind that *blows* to *fat animals* good.

It is in this light-hearted spirit that not a few men "down tools" and stop the industrial machine.

THE TRADITION OF THE STRIKE MAKES IT POPULAR.

The Strike, bad as it is, is softened by a cherished tradition.

Carlyle wrote seventy years ago, when the workman's strike called forth very much of his sympathy. Yet he gave to the workers of his

day, this advice—"No one has worked, or can work, except religiously; not even the poor day laborer, the weaver of your coat, the sewer of your shoes. All men, if they work not as in a Great Taskmaster's eye, will work wrong, work unhappily, for themselves and you."

The Strike as now wielded is no instrument of defence. It is thrust like a poisoned dagger into the vitals of the national life. It is a bludgeon in the hands of ferocious selfishness, used without mercy against the body politic. It is as cruel as a drunken German regiment raiding a Belgian city; and as conscienceless as the submarine pirates who sank the Lusitania and the Sussex. This is not the language of rhetoric, but of hard concrete fact. For all kinds of reasons the striker is ready to fly to arms, or rather to lounge into idleness. Sometimes his excuses are serious, and at others as light and trivial as the zephyrs amongst summer roses. He revels in shutting up factories, in cutting off the sources of other people's livelihood, in the spread of destitution and poverty. It shows his power. He cries triumphantly—"See what I can do if you provoke me." He is as ruthless as a drunken Boche in his blood-lust. The strike leader marches at will, with upraised club, smashing as he goes, and there is no one to say him nay. He does more mischief than the burglar. He is a more fell enemy of his species than the garotter. And yet the law will hang the one and smile on the other.

And why is this?

There was a time, not so very far behind us, when all Parliaments were the creatures of Capitalism; when it was all but impossible to wring from them any relief for the toiling masses. In that day the man who had only his labor to sell, could get for it only what the employer would give—the bare pittance based on a starvation

wage. Then the child of six was compelled to toil in the darkness of the mines, and his father must work there twelve and fourteen hours a day. The toiler's life was hopeless and helpless save for the streak of faint light that came through the windows of primitive trades unionism.

In those dark days the Strike was a hallowed weapon. It was as sacred as is now the sword raised in France against the despoilers of Belgium. In those days to be a striker was to take a part full of danger. The striker had to be a brave man. He could be arrested on a very thin pretence, and he would have to be tried before benches prepared to believe him a criminal. His duty in the strike might land him at the gallows or in the penitentiary.

The tragedy at Peterloo was but the beginning of a revolt that grew ever more resistless. The Strike, then as now, was war, civil war; but it had the fair excuse then which it has not now, that there was no other tribunal to appeal to. This was a part of the theme of Kingsley in "Alton Locke," and of Disraeli in "Sybil."

In these facts we have the explanation of why the Strike, which has ceased to be a virtue, and become a crime, is still looked upon with a tolerance which it does not deserve. We are now living in quite other times. Labor demanded remedial legislation and got it. Labor has got an equal vote with Capital. It can sway Parliament to insist on a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. The seller of labor is no longer at the mercy of the buyer of it. The great principle of a living wage is embodied in the decisions of the Courts. And a living wage as such as will enable the poorest laborer to rear his family in comfort. The first remedy for the Strike is that the whole People shall cast away every shred of

tolerance towards it—shall regard it as the crime that it really is.

The Australian War Strike.

There is little doubt that the recent strike of railway workers in New South Wales was a challenge to the Government of the State. It was in defence of no principle of Unionism. An ultimatum was sent to the Railway Commissioners to withdraw a certain "card system" of time-keeping within 24 hours on pain of a stoppage of the works. It was the act of men who felt that they held in their hands a great power for mischief, who were determined to make their power felt. The ultimatum was a claim to have a ruling voice in the workshops of the State.

One of the lessons which the community must learn from this Australian Strike in war time is rather a political than economic. The Strike was not launched to gain an advantage for Labor. There had been no dissatisfaction in the wage rate and the conditions of Labor. But the Labor party had become a great political power, and it aimed at becoming the supreme power. In October of 1916, it entered on a campaign against the Conscription policy. By a small majority it succeeded. Thus encouraged, it began another campaign against the life of the Federal Government. Seven months later it forced the Government to a reluctant dissolution of the House. A general election was held on May 5, 1917. There was only one issue—a vigorous prosecution of the war or a perfunctory one. The leaders of Labor had swung round from their eager policy of 1914. They would not hear of Conscription on any terms. Many of them refused to countenance recruiting, on the ground that Australia had done enough in men and money, and could not afford to do more.

The electors on May 5, 1917, by an enormous verdict, decided against Labor. It was a tremendous surprise to the party. The leaders of that party then decided to govern by strikes and terrorism, since they could not govern by constitutional means. They felt themselves to be masters in the industrial world. The miners, wharf men, sailors, and railway men hoped that they might gain by civil war what they had lost in democratic politics. But they were to receive a very rude awakening. Trade union members may submit to be slave driven by their bosses. Not so the whole community. Free men, boys, and women, rushed into the vacancies created by the strikers, and carried on business as well as might be pending settlement. The people indignantly refused to see all public business paralysed by a conspiracy of organised Unionism.

The Treason of the Australian Strike.

To that end some of our Judges of the Arbitration Courts have given to public opinion a strong lead. Towards the end of September, 1917, a case came before Mr. Justice Heydon, in which Sydney coal lumpers had refused to put coal aboard a troop transport ship. His Honor's judgment was one of the finest given in our courts. As an education to public opinion we find a place for it in these pages. His Honor said—

"In this case a strike by the Coal Lumpers' Union. justifying the cancellation of its registration, was so abundantly proved that in ordinary circumstances I should do no more than direct the cancellation. The circumstances, however, are so amazing that I think that they should be put on record. On June 23 last year the Minister for the Navy made a very special and peculiar agreement with the Sydney Coal Lumpers' Union. His desire evidently was to secure guarantees against any delay

in the vitally important wharf work of coaling transports and naval cargo-ships. Members of the Coal Lumpers' Union seem to have been formed with their own consent into a quasi-military body, spoken of as a battalion, and their officials, or some of them, received honorary rank in the Royal Australian Naval Reserve. The hope of the Minister seems to have been that in assuming a definite military character for the purpose of naval work the men would perhaps realise that they were working for their country and helping in the war, and it is very hard to see how they can have failed to realise that. Moreover, they received, as part of the consideration for the agreement, definite protection against any call for enlistment. That is to say, their work at coaling the navy was given a value and character which made it as definite war work as that of the men in the trenches, and, in consideration of the promises which they made in the agreement to do this work, they were recognised as soldiers fighting in Australia, and honorably relieved of all pressure to enlist for actual fighting. For this and other advantages extended to them by the agreement they promised that they would at all times give the Navy Department first call on their labor for coaling H.M.A. transports and naval cargo-ships; that they would report at once any improper cessation of work, causing delay in transport coaling to the officer commanding the battalion, and that the executive of the union would also punish men guilty of such improper cessation.

"Will it be believed that in the face of such solemn engagements, such high patriotic duties, such clearly recognised responsibilities as these they refused to coal transports? On Saturday, August 11, it was known that two transports would be ready on Monday, August 13, with two colliers alongside each for coaling. On the 11th the men refused to take orders to do that coaling on Monday, because they were going to hold a meeting on Monday. They refused then to do the work on Tuesday, because they had postponed their meeting to Tuesday, and the whole week went by without the work being touched, and the men never have touched it. Captain Glossop and Captain Waley tried to arrange to meet and address the men, but apparently the men would not hear them. They refused to give them the opportunity, and they never did the work. According to the affidavits the refusal was quite specific. They refused to do any coaling 'either on transports or on other vessels.' Loyal workers were then advertised for and responded, and the work was at last done.

"What is to be said to such appalling facts as these? Are the coal lumpers of Sydney really moral lunatics, or are thev children of five years old? No. Children five years old might be as wilful, as frivolous, as irresponsible; I doubt if ever they would be so insensible to their word. The coal lumpers are not at the front, but they are to send along to the front the men and munitions and supplies necessary for the assistance and safety of the men at the front. And they deliberately refused to do so, although they had not ever a poor defence that coal might help the railways or factories or even hospitals. It is quite plain that it could help no one in the world but Australians who are fighting Germans, and that help these men refused.

"I must confess my inability to find language which can fittingly stigmatise such atrocious conduct. Desertion in the face of the enemy is no worse. These men, who have carried their mania so far as to dare to declare Australians in the trenches 'black'—for that is what their refusal to work for them means—have the incredible insolence to call loyalists who have taken their places 'scabs.' If they are a fair sample of unionists—which God forbid—and if the men who took up their work are a fair sample of 'scabs,' then 'unionist' is a term of the foulest disgrace, and 'scab' shines out as a title of lofty honor. Between such unionists and such 'scabs' let me be the 'scab' a million times over. The great union of Australia—may Heaven protect her from domestic fools and imported traitors—is that to which these so-called 'scabs' have proclaimed their loyalty, and not one of us can do better than range up beside them. There stands the true unionist, and such callous treachery, such 'scabbing' on the men at the front, as has been shown in this case, is as much lower than ordinary 'scabbing' as Australia stands higher than an ordinary trade union.

"In the face of a case like this, is it not the time for many thousands of honest Australian unionists to pause and consider where they are going? If it is indeed an essential principle of unionism that you must 'scab' for your union, that you must be false to your country for your union, that you must trample underfoot honor and good faith for your union, then has unionism become an ugly idol, which instead of being protected deserves to be destroyed. As a system of defence of the interests of the workers unionism deserves all honor and assistance. As a system of faithless disloyalty it must inevitably, so soon as its character is really recognised, be swept away by the indignation of the community."

Just at the same time, Captain Glossop, speaking at a social function in Sydney, said:—"From the beginning of the strike I foretold that the greatest trouble would be with the shipping people. My chief difficulty is to get crews for ships, and I regret to say that the latest act of the Seamen and Firemen's Union is to try to prevent a crew being obtained for a hospital ship. (Cries of "Shame.") It is a most disgraceful affair. They have kept Captain Dunn and myself on a string for the past week, saying that a crew would be available. To-day the secretary of the union sent a message to the effect that they will not provide a crew for the hospital ship."

The Returned Sailors and Soldiers' Imperial League carried the following motion—"That this committee of the Returned Sailors and Soldiers' Imperial League, New South Wales branch, deprecates in the strongest terms the action of any body that refuses to coal and man hospital ships and transports, thereby, in Mr. Justice Heydon's words, declaring our comrades at the front 'black.'"

The same thing was referred to in Parliament when in answer to a question Mr. Cook said that he was sorry that it was so. A crew had been refused for the ship. No reasons had been given. The Seamen's Union had refused to provide a crew for the ship.

Later, Mr. Catts asked Mr. Cook whether there was not something in the administration of his department in New South Wales which might possibly be the explanation of the refusal to man the hospital ship?

Mr. Cook replied that he knew no more than was contained in the following telegram from the captain in charge at Sydney:—

"Unable to provide crew hospital ship. Unions

refused to man her. Am taking special steps by advertisement."

That hospital ship, added Mr. Cook, should have left on her voyage on the day before, and she could not sail because the unions had refused to give her a crew. If he were Mr. Catts he would not ask questions about an abominable thing of that kind. There could be no excuse for it.

In the Sydney State Industrial Court, at the end of September, 1917, Judge Curlewis cancelled the registration of the Cold Storage Employees' Union. His Honor, having referred to the fact that the union had declared certain goods, notably frozen rabbits, "black," said—"I do not intend to waste time expressing my opinion of this action, which meant stopping supplies for the troops. Treason and baseness are such common attributes of a certain type of unionist in these times that one has ceased to feel surprised. This union cannot boast that it was as traitorous or as base as the unions which refused to coal transports or man hospital ships, but it has the consolation of knowing that it was as traitorous and base as it had the power to be."

Judge Rolin, in the Industrial Court, cancelled the preference clause in the award of the Coke Workers' Union. The union, he said, had been in the highest degree disloyal, because it had refused to permit coke, which was indispensable to the conduct of munition works, to be made.

It would be difficult to conceive of anything that can add to the disgrace which has fallen on the name of Trades Unionism from these events. Their meanness is equalled only by their treachery to the brave Australian troops who are giving their lives and limbs for these disloyalists.

We hear of strikes in other lands; but the Labor Strike of 1917 in the Australian Common-

wealth stands out as quite unique in its heartless treason to the Empire. Labor has indeed descended from its high estate. It formerly carried the confidence of the people. The verdict of the 5th of May, 1917, was that a large majority of the people voted to depose it in every State. The cause was its own treachery to democratic government at home and disloyalty to the Empire abroad.

Since that time, the Strike, beginning on August 1, 1917, has deepened the evil reputation which Labor earned by breaking its war promises. Its name has become steeped in obloquy. Its recovery must be a matter of the distant future; for though the public memory of party misdeeds is not usually long, Labor's dishonor, arising from its refusal to discharge its duties to the Empire in time of war, is of a kind which carries with it an odor peculiarly detestable.

The Good Name of Labor in England.

There was a very different attitude on the part of Labor in England. There the trades unions are quite as militant against capital as they are in Australia; but they have never been a dominant political power as they have been in every State of the Commonwealth, and in the Commonwealth itself. They had therefore no political temptations to create an industrial mutiny. There was besides a sterling patriotism in the Labor Party in England that was wanting in Australia. Labor unionists at the other end of the world willingly submitted to Conscription as an unpleasant necessity. They saw and acknowledged that the war could not be won without it. They repressed party aspirations before the demands of the

Empire. They compromised trade disputes, they suppressed strikes, they sacrificed some of their union rules to the exigency of the war. They were instinct with high-wrought patriotism, of which they exhibited rare examples when they conceded the persuasions of the British Prime Minister to declare an industrial peace for three years, or for the term of the war. The Labor Party in Great Britain covered itself with glory. They were Britons first, and Labor men afterwards.

The British Labor Party went further. Contrary to its ordinary principles, it consented to join in a Win-the-War Coalition Government. They have stood up to their duties with a spirit worthy of the five millions of men who have joined the colors.

The Strike has long been growing in disfavor, because of its senseless punishment of both friends and foes. But the Strike carried out against the Empire in time of war is an iniquity so damning that its blot will not be easily erased from the Labor escutcheon.

XI.

DEMOCRACY AND THE WAR.

What Democracy Means.

It is, I think, true to say that the principles of Democracy have been more discussed in connection with the present war than with any other since the American War of Secession.

This is only what might have been expected. It is really a war in which the principles of Democracy are in collision with those of Autocracy.

And when, after nearly four years of fighting, America announced her intention of taking a hand in the struggle, the reasons assigned, both to the Americans at home and the world at large, were that the war was one for the maintenance of the rights of small nations to govern themselves according to their own ideas—that human freedom was at stake.

Great Britain, France, and Italy were the exemplars of Democracy. Germany, Austro-Hungary, and Turkey stand for Autocratic principles. This war, therefore, so largely turns upon democratic principles—the rights of free peoples to freely govern themselves—that Democracy forms an integral aspect of the war.

It may be worth while to get an inner grip of what men mean when they talk of Democracy. John S. Mill laid it down as an axiom that the ends of government are to give the people governed the maximum of pleasure and the minimum of pain. This includes man's full rights in

his own labor and protection in the enjoyment of those rights.

He went on to show that if any one man, as a king, or any coterie of men, as a body of autocrats, govern a people, they will always take from the people whatever they may desire. Therefore aristocracies and autocracies cannot be entrusted with supreme power. The people must govern themselves if they would preserve for themselves their liberties and personal rights. However, inasmuch as they cannot all meet under a tree or in a hall to enact their own laws, they must choose representative men who will make laws, in their name and of the kind they desire.

On the other hand, there are wise men, like Macaulay, who argue that the people cannot wisely govern themselves. They say that the end of all government should be that "the people are to be governed for their own good; and, that they may be governed for their own good, they must not be governed by their own ignorance."

That is another way of saying that somebody somewhere must select wise governors for the people, because the latter are too ignorant to make a wise selection for themselves. But the Macaulay doctrine grinds no corn. The wise men whom he would choose to govern me and others might be fertile in their own interest, and sterile in mine.

Gladstone on Democracy.

A much greater statesman than Macaulay has declared that that has been the invariable experience of the world. Mr. Gladstone, in the course of an exhaustive controversy with Robert Lowe, showed that the judgment of the unlearned multitude is always wiser than that of the learned few.

In spite of the dense ignorance which often seems to cover a promiscuous crowd as a pall, those who have most closely studied the popular instinct have left on record that it is to be trusted before the sectional predilections of any select coteries. Mr. Gladstone said, after fifty years of experience, that on great political questions "the popular judgment on these broad issues has been more nearly just and true, has gone more to the root of the matter, than that of the higher orders." And when asked to give a reason why the uneducated masses were politically wiser than the educated classes, he said:—"The superiority of the popular judgment in politics, so far as it is superior, is, according to my view, due mainly to moral causes, to a greater mental integrity, which again, is greatly owing to the comparative absence of the more subtle agencies of temptation. But the working man whom Fortune does not taint, and whom it is nobody's interest to corrupt, is one thing; the working man practised upon, courted, flattered, is another. His little barque will carry no great breadth of canvas; and the puff of factitious adulation will act upon its equilibrium like a squall."

There we have the argument for democratic government, because on broad issues it is more nearly just and true than class government, however erudite.

There is a judgment of the head, he argued, and a judgment of the heart. The head will direct men to adopt that course which conserves their interests. The heart will prompt men to incur sacrifice for the good of others. Mr. Gladstone submitted a pretty long list of questions, such as the abolition of flogging in the army, the emancipation of the slaves, Catholic Emancipation, and the extension of the franchise. In all those questions, for a period extending over half a century,

the unlettered multitude of Englishmen had been instinctively right, and the cultured representatives of the Universities and others had been invariably wrong. Wherefore, he reached the conclusion that there is more political wisdom in the masses of the people than in any sections of them, however wise or cultured those sections may be.

This led Mr. Gladstone, on another occasion, to define the difference between the Conservative and Liberal thus—"The Conservative instinctively distrusts the people. The Liberal instinctively trusts them."

It is, of course, admitted that there may be spasms of excitement and of suspicion, of bigotry and rancor, in which a whole people temporarily loses the control of reason. But that is true of all classes alike, and therefore disqualifies equally the many and the few. But given a popular appeal in which the public judgment is calm and undeflected by passion, the masses of the people are the truer judges of rectitude.

As an example of this the origin of the war may be cited. That war is a war of nationalities, but it was not made by peoples. Its originators were a comparatively small band of unscrupulous and conceited persons who were clever and persistent enough to demoralise a whole people. The chief blame lies on the small band. Europe is laid waste, hundreds of thousands of men murdered, and practically every human being made to suffer in order to satisfy the idiotic ambitions of a handful.

Those German Junkers who made this war were wise men—able men. Perhaps they were the pick of German culture. It may be conceded to them that they sincerely thought they were serving Germany in making the war. But events have shown that they were frightfully mistaken. All Germans now see that; and the German masses

may say to themselves: "At any rate we couldn't have done worse than that." The masses know that if the war decision had been openly submitted to a representative German chamber, instead of being taken in concealment and amid disgusting chicane, no war would have occurred. It is held by many as absolutely certain that the triumph of Democracy, and nothing else, will end war as an institution.

We say so much at this stage of the argument by way of corroborating the Gladstonian contention with one of the greatest examples in history. One of the greatest mistakes ever made by a Government was made in 1914 by the German autocratic form of government. It could not have been made by a Democracy, because the delays in decision would have prevented the ultimatums which precipitated the war.

An Advantage Possessed by an Autocracy.

It may be readily admitted that in the making of war an Autocracy has an advantage over a Democracy. The Autocracy can prepare in secret and spring its surprise. The Democracy is compelled to more openly deliberate on the pros and cons of the projected war. The German Autocracy was ready for war to the last button in 1914. No Democracy was ready, when the Junker thunderbolt fell. But if the Autocrat finds himself possessed of greater facility of preparation for war, he is more open to the danger of entering upon a disastrous war.

There is a broad general principle which links all the neutral nations of the world with an instinctive sympathy, to the Entente. It is the sense of mutual protection against a power which

threatens all alike with its dominating military absolutism. And yet autocratic as was the war in its origin, the democracies of Germany and Austria, so far as they have any development, are solidly behind it. The German democratic element which finds its voice in the Socialist Party, had no part in making the war—had no thought of it, no wish for it, no interest in it, no conception that it was imminent. Yet when the war broke out the Socialists became the pliable creatures of the military machine. They could not be otherwise.

Whatever there was of German Democracy in 1914, it was quite unorganised. It may have been strong and intelligent on its own lines; but when the battle bugle sounded to "defend Germany from being encircled by the enemies of the Fatherland," Democracy became as passionate in its patriotism as Junkerdom itself. But that offers no fair ground of complaint against Democracy per se. The German democrats were caught up and carried off their feet in a mad whirl of military ambition. It was given no chance to pause, to reason, to weigh, to think. Where Democracy has been free it is spontaneously with the democratic Allies. Wherever our eyes turn across the planet, the Democracies are all with the Allies in heart and mostly in arms. The unfettered heart of humanity has everywhere pulsed true to its breeding.

Parliaments a Danger to Democracy.

It not infrequently happens that Parliaments, which are elected by the Democracy, do all they can to defeat the democratic principle. Many of our Electoral Acts have got into such a condi-

tion owing to Parliamentary failure that it is impossible for the electors to speak their true mind. This is because 5,000 electors choose a member in one place, and 30,000 in another. One man has thus equal to five times the electoral power that another has. Parliament is never eager to give to the people their due; and that is a strong reason why the electors should insist on getting the Referendum as a part of their political machinery, so that "direct action" on the part of the electors may rectify the failure of Parliament. This inequality of the franchise is a perpetual disfigurement of Democracies.

Here arises a very important question concerning Democracies. Why is it that Parliaments are so careless about vindicating the democratic principles? The more the fact is investigated the clearer it will become that Parliaments are always far more concerned in guarding their own corporate rights than in safeguarding the broad and equal privileges of the Democracy. On the hustings the average candidate is profuse in promises. In Parliament he is very rarely reliable in keeping them. That is one of the weak parts of every Democracy. The remedy would be the direct action of the Initiative Referendum. Parliaments are no more to be trusted with undisputed power than monarchs are. If the Democracy would hold its own, and be the masters in its own household, it must possess the right of the Referendum.

It does not follow that because Democracy holds to the ideal of political equality, that it undervalues the advantages of heredity. Claude Melnotte summed up the position when he said—

"I would not, were I fifty times a Prince, be a pensioner on the dead. I honor birth and ancestry when they are the incentives to exertion, not the title deeds to sloth. I honor the laurels

that overshadow the graves of our fathers. It is our fathers I emulate when I desire that beneath the evergreen I myself have planted my own ashes may repose."

How Democrats undermine Democracy.

It is curious and interesting to note that sincere and professed Democrats are always liable to get off the track of their own principles. When the British Seamen's Union recently declared that its members would refuse to carry delegates to the Stockholm Peace Conference, it quite unconsciously took up the attitude of oligarchy. The right of saying who should attend that conference belonged to the Government of the whole people, the Democracy. For a Trades Union to usurp that authority was a violation of Democracy.

Another example of this was recently found in the Labor movement of the Australian Commonwealth. The leaders of that party jumped the power of saying that no Labor man should be a Conscriptionist. That was a right which had belonged to all; it could be taken away only by the democratic principle of a majority vote. When it was abolished by the mere dictum of certain Lodges, it was the usurpation of Oligarchs.

The Labor Party committed the same sin against the Democratic principle in its attitude on Education. In declaring that only secular schools can be national schools, it attacks liberty of conscience which a Democracy of its very nature must respect. When Mr. Elmslie said—"Hands off the Education Act," he said in effect that while all citizens equally pay the school tax, only those who think as he does shall share in the expenditure of the money. That is absolutism, not

Democracy. The endowment of a State system of Education based on Secularism only is the equivalent of the endowment of a State Church. There is no difference in principle in a Parliament endowing one particular Church from the public funds and endowing one particular brand of education. In each case it is taking the money of the whole people to spend on a section. In Great Britain the democratic principle is maintained. Those who want secular schools can have them, and they who have denominational schools are equally treated.

The Failures of Democracy.

It is sometimes objected against Democracy that it has not achieved the results expected of it. Corruption is known in all forms of government. Democracy is not exempt from it. Even as I write these lines revelations are being made in Paris which show how the secret service money of the enemy has been spent to corrupt Frenchmen in Paris itself, while the German guns were within hearing.

In the same way we know that on the free Democracy of America Tammany scandals blackened the name of government. But this may be confidently said that the worst corruptions of democratic peoples are but the faint shadow of those which have blotted the records of kings and aristocracies. Those who say that the Democracy cannot grapple with complex questions of policy are not speaking by a card. The American Democracy has mastered problems before which the best statesmanship of monarchism might have failed—that science of government which has made a hundred millions of diverse minds homogeneous in patriotism.

It may be that Democracy's weakest point is its distaste for discipline, its aversion to criticism, and its appetite for praise. But it would be difficult to show that in the last two qualities a Democracy is more amenable to censure than any other forms of government. In the matter of discipline it is probably true; and in all teaching establishments the fact should be borne in mind and made a special feature in the training of the coming generation.

America is very often pointed to as an example of how far Democracy has failed to give to the people those things upon which they have fixed their desires. The criticism is quite just as regards the fact, but not in placing the failure to the debit of Democracy. Americans constantly hear of "the right of the people to rule," and they are quite conscious that they can never command that right. It seems a little anomalous that a great Republic like the United States, in which are nearly a hundred million people working under a broad democracy, should in this twentieth century find it necessary to discuss "the right of the people to rule." But so it is. It is because Democracy cannot get its limbs free of the shackles of the dead hand in antique constitutions. They are struggling to break through the clogs of unworkable Parliaments. At present the American people can no more compel their own Parliaments to carry out their wishes than the Australian or English people can. This is why, under the conviction that Democracy must help itself, there is so insistent a demand for the Referendum. It is not a sign of sound judgment to ascribe failure to Democracy when that Democracy has been deprived of free play by the clogging of effete Parliaments.

Lord Acton, speculating concerning the operations of Democracy, and with that sense of dread

which novel forms of government always engender in men of mature judgment, said—"Liberty depends upon the division of power. Democracy tends to unity of power. To keep asunder the agents one must divide the sources; that is, one must maintain, or create, separate administrative bodies. In the view of increasing Democracy, a restricted federalism is the one possible check upon concentration and centralism." There are not many thinkers now-a-days who will entertain any fears of Democracy from an over-concentration of power. The democratic tendency is rather centrifugal than centripetal; while we find much unity of power under despotic forms of government.

Democracy and Militarism.

A fact which stands out in prominence before all eyes is that the military horrors of the present war are not the result of the hostility of peoples against peoples, but by unrepresentative rulers against nations. Democracy had no voice in making this war.

The three forces which precipitated the world into the hell fire which consumes it were Kaiserism, Junkerism, Militarism. Each and all of them were the very antithesis of Democracy. But, united, they held a strangle hold on the liberties of the race, and our many-millioned humanity stood in thrall to the Autocrat and the Oligarch. The few made the war, and the many fight and pay for it. The few called the tune; the many pay the piper. Crime and folly were with the few. Wisdom lay with the multitude.

If it be true, as everybody seems to say, that Democracy is to displace all other forms of

government in the world, we should be quite content that it has its critics. Men like W. H. Mallock tell us that Democrary, reduced to its last analysis, can be nothing better than the ignis fatuus of visionaries. Its basic principle of "government of the people, by the people, and for the people," must always end in delusion. This, they say, must be so because no form of such government can be for all the people taken as a whole.

This means that when Sir Josiah Gudge is elected for the Radical borough of Slocum, he can represent only that section which endorses his programme. That is true, but if he represents the majority of his borough on the prominent questions of the day, and his neighbor does the same for the neighboring borough, and so on through the State, that State would have a Parliament which reflected the mind of the people. If, superadded to that, the democratic trump card of the Referendum be added, Democracy prevails in that State without any delusion.

But, say the critics, Democracy has been defined as a system whereby "every man in virtue of his manhood alone shall have an equal voice in the affairs of the common country." If this were possible "manhood alone"—the numskulls—Walt Whitman's "divine average"—would supersede all our experts, philosophers, and wise men. The country would be governed by its foolishness. If the influence of every man be equal, the judgments of 90 average men would defeat the judgments of 10 superior men. If the 90 men permit the opinions of the 10 superior men to guide them, then 10 men carry the votes of 90 other men in their pockets, and the primary principle of Democracy is violated.

But that argument is the flimsiest of flimsy delusions. Democracy postulates the rule of the

people by the people. If the 90 average men see good reason for adopting the proposals of the 10 superior men, they are still the people, and give their free suffrages in that direction. There is no violation of democratic principle.

Democracy's principle of "One Vote One Value" does not signify that every voter must exercise the same influence. There does not live a man in any community who is not influenced by the opinions of other men. The man who can offer the strongest reasons for his political faith, acting freely on other free men, sways popular judgment in the highest degree without detracting a scintilla from any other man's political status.

Democracy stands up as flawless as ever.

> Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
> The pen is mightier than the sword.

This is so because the tongue or the pen of one or a dozen men, acting on the free thoughts of a multitude of average men, has reconstructed their thinking organs, giving to them an elevation above their former level of thought. Is it not plain that if the 90 average men fully assimilate the reasonings of the 10 superior men, those superior reasonings become their own, just as the 10 had previously adopted them from other teachers, and in the same way as every man living assimilates a part of what he sees and hears.

But it is not true that any community is divided into such factions as 90 average men and 10 superior ones. The 90 are always superior to the 10 in many things. A carpenter, in making window sashes, is superior to a Professor of Logic. A bootmaker, in making shoes, is superior to both. A jockey, in riding a horse over fences can give points to them all. The most that the Professor of Logic can claim is that in his own sphere he has more knowledge than

have the carpenter, the bootmaker, and the jockey. But that by no means establishes his superiority as a political guide; for it so happens that amongst the 10 "superior people" there is another Professor of Logic who demolishes all the political teachings of the first. So falls all Mr. Mallock's flimsy house of cards. Democracy is as solid as ever.

The weak point about Democracy, as we have to depend upon it in Parliamentary government, is not that the average man fails to think and speak coherently; but that when they have spoken, their rulers in Parliament play false with the pledges by which they gained the democratic suffrage. That, however, in no way whatever invalidates the soundness of the democratic principle. It shows only that that principle is impeded by Parliament.

All these democratic reasonings were current before the war. To what extent they may be strengthened by this Titanic struggle cannot be easily measured. But the collapse of Autocracy in Russia and the declarations of democratic America seem to warrant the conclusion that when the brutal Turk has been driven out of Europe, and the equally brutal Junkerism gets its final overthrow, Democracy should be stronger in the world than ever it was before.

Last year Professor Hearnshaw published a very readable book called "Freedom in Service." He is not a whole-souled admirer of Democracy, but he has reached the conclusion that "there is now no alternative to Democracy but Anarchy." It is a little curious how that conclusion of the inevitable has come to him. Democracy was not found adequate in ancient Greece or Rome; and most certainly in modern America, Britain, France, Italy, and Belgium, there are many deficiencies in it. It does not give the Australian

people one half of what they have demanded at the ballot box.

What, then, are its recommendations? Why has it no alternative but anarchy? The real answer is that its partial failure in all the cases mentioned is because it has never had free play in any of them. The people have never had the Referendum, or only in a small degree, while their suffrages at the ballot box have been systematically thwarted by the reactionary intrigues of Parliaments. Indeed the democratic failure of the twentieth century is Parliament. This is now almost universally recognised.

Professor Hearnshaw reminds us that "Mill has emphasised the possibility that Democracy may govern badly and oppressively; Maine has warned us that the dominance of the commonalty may end in a triumph of the mediocre, and a more than Chinese stagnation; Carlyle has denounced Democracy as powerful for destruction, but impotent for building up, as helpless in the face of great emergencies as incapable of choosing good leaders; Lecky has demonstrated the danger of corruption of the Democracy by evil politicians; others have shown how it tends to develop, and then becomes a slave to a bureaucracy; Graham Wallas has portrayed the psychological peril of hypnotisation by colors and claptrap."

Suppose we were to admit them all. What then? That goes but a little way in the argument; for all these possible dangers, even if real and lumped together, are not as perilous as the alternative system in which the destinies of millions lie in the single will of one Imperial Autocrat, or in the decision of a small knot of Oligarchs.

There may, as Mill and Maine suggest, be incompetence in the decisions of a mob, but so also may there be a worse incompetence in a Kaiser

or a Sultan. As to Carlyle's comment that Democracies cannot build, Britain, America, and Australia are monumental refutations of the folly of the Chelsea dyspeptic. To say that Democracy may be corrupt is only to say that it is human; but it cannot be so corrupt as its rival forms of government, because its doings are so much more under corrective in the blaze of publicity.

Democracy and the Press.

The Press is a great Democracy. No privileges of rank can live in it. Junius's letters, the product of anonymity found an entrance through the royal cuticle of stout King George, and struck dismay to the heart of the Duke of Grafton. The Press, however powerful, can never become a despotism because it depends for its influence on the free suffrages of its readers. The Press is as many-sided as the mind of man. It pulls men's inclinations in all sorts of contrary directions, and thus providentially balances what would otherwise be an irresistible force. If it could roll along in one flood, it might become a despotism. It might be as destructive as an avalanche. But a free Press, like any other Democracy, is split into many mutually opposing forces, which neutralise one another; and out of these frictions of unfettered thought there emerge the golden grains of Truth.

I remember that some years ago a Baptist minister in Melbourne instituted a comparison between the religion of the slums and that of the palaces. He said "the greatest sinners are not in the slums, but in the suburbs, where 'elegant pagans' play golf on Sunday mornings, bridge on Sunday nights, and on the other six days of the

week ride in motor cars to worship at the shrine of the 'goddess of getting.' The Protestant churches and the Democracy are at cross purposes." In support of this rather sweeping assertion, he said that of the three and a half millions of people in New York two millions have no interest in religion; and not more than one-seventh of the people of Liverpool attend a church. In London only about one in six do so.

The Catholic Church and Democracy.

The Catholic Church has had to face Democracy at many turns in her history, and has never feared it. She holds out her hand with the greatest friendliness to the most advanced Democracy. She is quite as content to see an intelligent people ruling themselves as she is to see a monarch on the throne. Leo XIII. gave us the most perfect guidance on Democracy in his Encyclical "Immortale Dei." He says—

"The Almighty has appointed the charge of the human race between two powers—the ecclesiastical and the civil; the one being set over Divine, the other over human things. Each in its kind is supreme. Each has fixed limits, within which it is contained, which are defined by the special nature and the objects of the province of each, so that there is, we may say, an orbit traced out within which the action of each is brought into play by its own native right. But inasmuch as each of these two powers has authority over the same subjects, and as it might come to pass that one and the same thing . . . might belong to the jurisdiction and determination of both, therefore God, who foresees all things, and who is the Author of these two powers, has marked out the course of each in right correlation of the other. For the powers that are, are ordained of God. . . . One of the two has for the proximate and chief object the well-being of this mortal life; the other the everlasting joys of heaven. Whatsoever, therefore, in things human is of a sacred character, whatever belongs either of its own nature or by reason

of the end to which it is referred for the salvation of souls, or to the worship of God, is subject to the power and judgment of the Church. Whatever is to be ranged under the civil and political order is rightly subject to the civil authority. Jesus Christ has Himself given command that what is Cæsar's is to be rendered to Cæsar, and what belongs to God is to be rendered to God."

That is how the Catholic Church reconciles itself with Democracy.

Democracy and the Referendum.

The more Democracy is studied in the lurid light of the German war-scourge, the plainer become its faults. They lie on the surface. But when compared with any of its alternatives our confidence increases in it, and the more we cherish the hope that it will prove stable in the day of trial, when administered by an enlightened community in its full freedom of the Referendum.

Of course Democracy must be prepared to meet its enemies, or it will go down. Those enemies are sometimes not in the open. When the railway servants in New South Wales laid down their tools in open rebellion against the State Government, it was an attempt to set up a trades union authority as superior to that of the Democracy. And when the Victorian Railway Union pledged itself by resolution to give to the rebels "any assistance required," the Democracy of Australia was openly challenged. At the same time there came another challenge to it. The Waterside Workers announced that their union should be the judges as to what should or should not be exported from Australian shores; and several other Unions applauded the waterside dictation.

That was a crisis for Democracy. Would it yield or would it temporise? Those railway men and those waterside workers and coal miners

were a part of the Australian Democracy which they challenged. How did the main body of the Democracy answer that menace? It recognised at once that the Railway Striker stood in the same position as the soldier who lays down his arms in the face of the enemy. In his employment the Railway worker is a soldier in an industrial army. There is a very sacred contract between him and the body politic. He is a confidential servant of the Democracy. He is not free to judge in his own cause; not free to deliver an ultimatum to the community; not free to delimit the extent of his obedience. To do that was to subvert the government of the people and to set up his own government in the place of it.

How did the great Australian Democracy demean itself in this crisis? It discerned instantly that Labor was in rebellion against the cardinal principle of the Democracy, and it set its face like flint against the rebels. Labor loyalists, flocked to the assistance of the threatened industries. Volunteers came to the railways, the trams, the wharves, the coal mines, and the men who had set up the standard of revolt were defeated with ignominy, as they deserved to be.

A great and permanent service to the Australian Democracy has been rendered by "The Age," in its constant appeals for a Referendum as the corrective of Parliamentary failure. The appeals have been made to the people at large; for any plea for a Referendum made to the Conservative or Fusion party would be just about as effective as expounding the differential calculus to the Hottentots. Such people do not reason on questions of drastic reform. They turn away from such a democratic principle as the Referendum as a child turns from a grimacing bogeyman.

Yet a man cannot be more than half a democrat if he squirms at the Initiative Referendum,

which is essentially a system by which the people may govern themselves for themselves. It may very well be used as the nitric acid test of true Democracy. The Tory shies at it.

Once on a time when there was a tribal war amongst the Israelites in Palestine, one Jeptha seized all the fords of the Jordan River, after having defeated the Ephraimites. The latter being scattered, wanted to get back across the river to their homes. The victorious Jeptha hit upon a plan for infallibly distinguishing his friends from his retreating enemies. The Ephraimites always pronounced the word that denoted ripe wheat as "Sibboleth," instead of "Shibboleth." Every man who came to a ford to cross the Jordan was compelled to say the word "Shibboleth," and everyone who said "Sibboleth" was slaughtered.

The Tory finds the Referendum Democracy his "sibboleth."

Another illustration. When Satan made up his Mephistophelean mind to tempt Eve, he sat in the shape of a toad at her sleeping ear, whispering disobedience. His disguise was adopted in order to prevent the vigilant angelic sentinels from discovering him. When Ithuriel came along, he saw the toad and touched it with the point of his spear. Its magic power as a touchstone to fraud compelled the Arch-fiend to resume his natural shape, and he stood revealed.

True Democracy finds in the Initiative Referendum as applied to the Conservative the same power as "sibboleth" had with the Israelites and the angel's spear touching the toad. If, as is said, Democracy is to be the inevitable policy of the future, it may be profitable to remember this quality of the Referendum respecting it.

Democracy in Russia.

Mr. Arnold Bennett, not long ago, made some very just and pertinent remarks in one of the London dailies. He said—

"Democracy in the present hour is splendidly justifying itself. Autocracy (however disguised) is fighting its last fight. The defeat of militarist Germany will be a great stride in civilisation. The defeat of the institution of autocracy will be a second and a greater. Sagacious persons, with eyes to see beyond their noses, will soon perceive upon the horizon the vague forms of the consequences of autocracy's defeat; and those who descry most accurately will come off best. In whatever manner this war ends there will be very great democratic doings at the end of it."

The Government of Britain has quite dropped the ancient theory that the common people are a prey, to be exploited in the last resort and at the gravest crisis. It is necessary to consider the relations of democracy to the war. Let not this fact be forgotten. Democracy will not forget it. And foreign policy in the future will not be left in the hands of any autocracy, by whatever specious name the autocracy may call itself. The masses understand foreign policy now. They understand that in spite of very earnest efforts in various Cabinets, the ruling classes have failed to avert the most terrible disaster in history.

Two of the greatest developments of Democracy which the world has ever seen perhaps came on the Eastertide of 1917. In a record-breaking age Democracy broke all records when the 200,000,000 Russians deposed their Czar and set up a republican government. Within a week or two of that time the great Republic of the West declared war on Germany because, as President Wilson put it

—"A steadfast concert of peace can be maintained only by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government can be trusted to keep faith and observe covenants."

Almost like a bolt out of the blue came that stupendous upheaval in Russia. Nothing comparable with it was ever before seen on the earth. The world stood looking on as at a miracle; and yet there was no miracle about it, but an ordered concatenation of causes and effects. A thousand invisible springs had long been bubbling in Russian society. But we cannot forecast the earthquake. No one was prescient enough to foresee how the semi-somnolent Muscovite giant could, in the birth-pangs of war, spring with a single bound from dreamy inertness into conscious life and purpose.

Democracy has before had its great inspirations. The French Revolution was one, springing out of the welter of Bourbon oppression. The American Declaration of Independence was another. Great Britain springing into this war to the rescue of France and Belgium was a third. But that Russian democratic birth of the Easter of 1917 when the hordes of semi-serfs suddenly leaped to life and compelled their "Little Father" to abdicate, beggars all previous experiences.

As by a flash it was perceived that Cæsarism in Germany and Russia were too much alike to hope for freedom from either. Shrewder eyes saw national treachery operating in the palace of the Czar. The great war had done for Russia what nothing else could do. It had made the great armies, the great generals, the political leaders, and the people, think all alike. It had made them think for Russia. It had made them think against Germany. And when the soldiers were ordered to fire on the people who had risen in defence of the Duma, they refused, and went

over to protect that Duma which the Czar had ordered to dissolve. In that once supreme psychical momet Russia's Autocracy fell; and fell like Lucifer never to hope again. The Russian Democcracy has since fallen into Anarchy, but it will rise again. Almost at the same time, at the opposite side of the world, President Wilson was declaring for war "to make the world safe for Democracy." It was a wonderful month, never to be forgotten.

Democracy in America.

In the month of August, 1917, shortly after the Pope's second Peace Note had been given to the world, the American Secretary of Commerce in the Wilson Cabinet, wrote to an American peace advocate, saying—"Your letter overlooks the rape of Belgium and other German atrocities. You seem not to know that the two great opposing ideals in the war are Democracy and Autocracy. Which must fall? Autocracy has its feet on Belgium, Servia, Montenegro, Rumania, and part of France. The world's democracies stand against the military autocracy of Germany, which is a desperado among the nations. Americans abhor Autocracy, and will fight till Democracy gloriously triumphs."

In the sixteenth century Democracy was almost unknown. The people were regarded as an abject portion of human society, unworthy of honors or happiness, and fit only to serve. And yet through religion the seeds of a more humane policy were sown. Christianity was the root of these ideas. Aristotle was taught in the schools and was called "the Philosopher." But his repellent doctrines respecting the working classes were rejected by Christian writers. The Church was

greater than the pagan philosopher. Christianity abhorred the caste system, and the Church stood between the plebeian class and slavery. The development of industry and commerce gave a great spurt to Democracy. This was especially noticeable in Spain and the Hanseatic Towns. The growth of great factories was the growth of the power of the worker, who formed guilds and found monarchs ready to make laws to protect them. The Church, as dictinct from the feudal traditions, proclaimed always that "Reason and justice, knowledge and virtue, are everything. The mere will of man, and his birth and titles are of no intrinsic value." The words were heard in the palace and the cottage. But in the Autocracies of middle Europe these democratic principles never made much way.

In America it was different. There the natural equality of the rights of man to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were ideas that took kindly root; and when this war broke out at the instance of tyrants, the American mind seized instinctively the side of Liberty. It saw that a German victory signified a world in slavery. American citizens were impatient with the slow-moving mind of the President; but they had confidence in him, and they were not disappointed.

When the cannons had been roaring for twenty months, and American ships were going down everywhere under German torpedoes, the President's patience, at long last, was exhausted. He called an extraordinary session of Congress on April 3, 1917, and addressed to them a speech that will always stand as a land mark in history. I give it here in its entirety, both for the nobility of its thought and the dignity of its tone—

"Gentlemen of Congress,—

"I have called you together in extraordinary session because there is a serious—a very serious

—choice of policy which must be made immediately, and which it is neither right nor constitutionally permissible that I should assume the responsibility for making.

"On February 1 last I informed Congress of Germany's intention to undertake ruthless submarine warfare, and to sink every vessel which approached Great Britain or any European ports. This followed on Germany's earlier compromise that passenger ships would not be sunk without warning and when resistance was not offered, and that the crews would be given a fair chance to escape with their lives.

"These precautions were meagre and haphazard enough, as was proved by the distressing instances in the progress of the cruel, unmanly business, but a certain degree of restraint was observed. The new policy, however, has swept every restriction aside. All vessels, irrespective of cargo and flag, have been sent to the bottom, without help and without mercy. Even hospital and relief ships, though provided with the Germans' safe conduct, were sunk with the same reckless lack of compassion or principle.

"For a while I was unable to believe that such things could be done by any Government subscribing to civilised practice. The intention of international law was to establish a rule which would be respected and observed on the high seas, which is the world's free highway. Germany swept aside this rule under the plea of retaliation, throwing to the winds all scruples of humanity.

"Germany's submarine warfare is no longer directed against the belligerents, but against the whole world. All nations are involved in Germany's action. The challenge is to all mankind. Wanton, wholesale destruction has been effected against women and children while they have been engaged in pursuits which even in the darkest

periods of modern history have been regarded as innocent and legitimate.

"The German submarining warfare is against mankind and all nations. American ships have been sunk. There has not been discrimination. Germany challenges all mankind. Each nation must decide how to meet the challenge. Our choice must be made.

"Moderation of counsel and temperateness of judgment will be fitting for the nation. Our motive will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of physical might, but the vindication of right.

"Submarines are outlaws. It is common prudence, indeed a grim necessity, to endeavor to destroy them upon sight. Germany has intimated that the armed guards on our merchantmen will be treated as pirates. Therefore armed neutrality is absolutely ineffectual.

"There is one choice I cannot make. I will not choose the path of submission, and suffer the most sacred rights of the nation and of the people to be ignored and violated.

"With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragic character of the step I am taking, and of the grave responsibilities involved, but in unhesitating obedience to my constitutional duty, I advise Congress to declare that the recent course of the German Government is nothing less than war against the United States, and that the United States accepts the status of a belligerent which has been thrust upon it, and will take immediate steps to put the country into a thorough state of defence, and to exert all her power and resource in bringing Germany to terms, and in ending the war.

"This will involve the utmost practicable cooperation with the Powers now at war with Germany, and the extension to those Governments of

the most liberal financial credits in order that our resources may be added to theirs.

"It will also involve the organisation and mobilisation of the material resources of the country, in order to supply the necessities of war and the full equipment of the navy to enable it to cope with submarines, and an immediate addition to the armed forces. The United States has at least 500,000 men who should be chosen upon the principle of universal liability for service, and also subsequent additional increments of an equal force as soon as they are needed and trained.

"We must not interfere with our duty of supplying the Allies with materials. They are in the field, and should be helped in every way possible. I will suggest detailed measures for the accomplishments of these objects.

"Meanwhile I must make our motives and objects clear. They are the vindication of the principles of peace and justice, as against selfish, autocratic power, and the establishment of concerted purpose and action, which will henceforth ensure the observance of these principles.

"We are at the beginning of an age which will insist that the same standards of conduct and responsibility for wrong shall be observed among nations and Governments as among individual citizens.

"We have no quarrel with the German people, but a feeling of sympathy and friendship. Germany entered the war without the German people's knowledge or approval. This war was provoked in the interests of ambitious men, who used their fellow-men as pawns and tools.

"Self-governed nations do not fill neighboring States with spies, nor employ intrigue to produce a critical state of affairs which will enable them to make a conquest. Such designs and cunningly contrived plans of deception and aggres-

sion can only be carried out where no one has the right to ask questions.

"A steadfast concert of peace can be maintained only by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic Government can be trusted to keep faith and observe covenants.

"Recent events in Russia have added hope for the future peace of the world. The great Russian people are now a mighty force fighting for freedom, justice, and peace. They are a fit partner in a League of Honor.

"From the outset of the war Germany has filled America with spies and set afoot criminal intrigues against our peace and commerce. Intrigues have been carried on under the personal direction of official agents of Germany, accredited to the United States. An intercepted note sent to Mexico proved that Germany endeavored to stir up enemies at our very doors.

"We are accepting the challenge because we realise that in the German Government we could not have a friend. We are about to accept the gage of battle in the struggle for liberty, and, if necessary, we will spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify the German Government's pretensions to power.

"We will be glad to fight for the peace, liberty, and rights of the small and great nations, and to make the world safe for democracy. We do not desire conquest or dominion. We do not seek indemnities for ourselves or material compensation. In the sacrifices which we intend to freely make we will scrupulously observe the principles of right and fairplay.

"Austria endorsed Germany's submarine war. Therefore it is impossible for the United States to receive Count von Tarnowski as ambassador. But Austria has not actually engaged in warfare against the United States on the seas. I there-

fore postpone discussion of our relations with Vienna.

"The irresponsible German Government has thrown aside considerations of humanity and right, and is running amok.

"We hope to prove friendship for the German people by our attitude toward the millions of men and women of German birth and native sympathy in our midst, the majority of whom are true loyal Americans. But if there is disloyalty it will be met by stern repression.

"There are many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead, but we dedicate to the fight our lives and fortunes—everything, with the pride of knowing that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and resources for the principles that gave her birth. God helping her, she can do no other."

This Speech was received with tremendous cheering. In a few days Congress voted for war, voted the funds, and America formally joined the belligerent nations as a protagonist for the great world-cause of Democracy.

XII.

THE POPE AND THE WAR.

The Pope the Central Figure of Europe.

Standing aloft and alone, in a world whirling and swirling in conflicting currents of sheer mundane tempests, the white-draped figure of Benedict XV., unique in position and dignity, stands before the eyes of all men, friendly or hostile, as the symbol of Other-Worldliness.

All around him menaces the panoply of military might, on a scale so stupendous as to dwarf all former conceptions of human strength. Forty millions of men in arms or making arms, is a fact too large for the imagination to cope with. We may speak the syllables, but cannot grasp all they mean. And when to these numbers are added millions of instruments of destruction—some of them on a scale so magnitudinous that a single explosion from them shivers the solid foundations of the "sure and firm set earth"—we get only an incommensurate idea of how truly awful are the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war, waged with all the resources of chemical and mechanical science in the twentieth century.

The very centre, as it were, of that diabolic inferno, where the war-blast roars unceasingly, lives the Pope's figure, armed only with his rosary and the olive branch of peace. Ever and anon his feeble voice is heard above the thunders of the war, crying—"My little children, love one another!"

But the passions of men sweep on, and the sublime message is lost for the time. But not forgotten. No, not forgotten. Not one syllable of all those appeals, so puny in the ears of men, has gone unregarded before the Great White Throne. And thence only will emanate the final decision concerning this mighty war.

The eye of a supreme faith looks out over and beyond the mightiest of armaments, and knows that the God of Battles towers in incomparable majesty, omnipotence, and immensity over every human engine of destruction, unmoved, and directing all to His own wise issues.

We who have an unshakable belief in the efficacy of prayer know that by prayer

"the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

The Pope is a fountain of prayer in a way that half the world knows not of. He is the Spiritual Father of nearly 300,000,000 of the world's people. That is, nearly one-fifth of the human race looks to him for guidance and consolation.

The figure of the living Pope, physically as weak as a reed in a gale, stands out majestically before the eyes of all men in this war. But august as that figure is in the person of Benedict XV., it becomes exalted a thousand-fold when we remember whence his office has come down to him. He is the 260th of an unbroken line in direct succession from St. Peter. It is a line in which all but a very few of its occupants were chosen for the eminence of their sanctity and mental gifts. Macaulay's oft-quoted passage speaks but the literal truth—

"The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope

who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The Republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the Republic of Venice was modern when compared to the Papacy; and the Republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila."

Such is the Papacy as an institution.

The Pope a Fountain of Prayer.

From tens of thousands of altars, in every latitude and longitude, by direction of the Pope, petitions for Peace go up every day. Every Catholic priest in the world after every celebration of the Holy Mass, is enjoined by His Holiness to recite to his congregation the following prayer—

"Dismayed by the horrors of a war which is bringing ruin to peoples and nations, we turn, O Jesus, to Thy most loving Heart as to our last hope. O God of Mercy, with tears we implore Thee to end this fearful scourge, O King of Peace, we humbly implore the peace for which we long. From Thy Sacred Heart, Thou didst shed forth over the world divine charity, so that discord might end, and love alone reign among men. During Thy life on earth Thy Heart beat with tender compassion for the sorrows of men. In this hour, made terrible with burning hate, with bloodshed and with slaughter, once more may Thy Divine Heart be moved to pity. Pity the countless mothers in anguish for the fate of their sons. Pity the numberless families now bereaved of their fathers. Pity Europe, over which broods such havoc and disaster. Do Thou inspire rulers and peoples with counsels of meekness. Do Thou heal the discords that tear the nations asunder. Thou, Who didst shed Thy Precious Blood that they might live together as brothers bring men together once more in loving harmony. And as once before to the cry of the

Apostle Peter: 'Save us, Lord, we perish!' Thou didst answer with words of mercy, and didst calm the raging waves, so now deign to hear our trustful prayer, and give back to the world peace and tranquillity.

"And do thou, O most holy Virgin, as in other times of sore distress be now our help, our protection, and our safeguard. Amen."

That is a prayer which Benedict composed and ordered nearly four years ago to be said at the close of every Mass and it has been most punctiliously carried out. Think of what this wonderful man at the Vatican is. For his three hundred million followers he speaks on matters of faith and morals as infallibly as spoke the Apostles St. Peter and Paul to theirs. He has an army of 360,000 priests under him. They are men of all climes and colors; but every one of them thinks his exact thoughts, and preaches even to the smallest tittle the same doctrine.

That army of prelates and priests celebrates about 400,000 Holy Masses every day. They are celebrated every day in the year from January 1 to December 31. They are in the twelve months 146,000,000 perfect Acts of Sacrifice before the throne of the Living God. Every hour of every day there are offered some 17,000 Masses. In every Mass is that Pope prayed for, and that prayer of his for Peace is offered up. He may be a weak old man; but he is incomparably more powerful than any other sovereign in the world.

If we fully accept the belief that God rules the world, in spite of the doings of great generals and great armies; and that He is a God who hearkens to prayer, then this Sovereign Pontiff, with his uncounted armies of spiritual soldiers, must indeed wield a wonderful spiritual power.

For nearly four years hundreds of millions of people, throughout the world, in all languages, have been daily sending that prayer tothe Throne

of Mercy—pouring it into ears which are ever heedful. That has been the business of the Pope, the Vice-gerent of the God of Peace.

Attila and Pope Leo I.

May it not be interesting to examine a few examples of that spirit with which, in Macaulay's words, the Church and the Papacy, confronted Attila the Hun leader. The story of Attila is an incident in the life of St. Leo the Great. Leo was elected to the Popedom in 440. The Roman Empire was then in the process of dissolution. It was under threats from the Goths, Huns, and Vandals. The Vandals had taken the African province in the year before the beginning of Leo's pontificate. Britain was abandoned six years later. The Goths had seized portions of Spain and Gaul. The most threatening figure on the face of Europe was Attila, the leader of the Huns, who had overrun much of the East, crossed through Germany and Austria, pillaging seventy cities. Valentinian III. was Emperor of Rome. Attila marched into France, where he was met and defeated at Chalons by Aetius, the "last of the Romans." He then turned south into Italy and threatened Rome. His name was a terror. He was afterwards called the "Scourge of God." He was as merciless as was the Hun in Belgium a couple of years ago. He made the boast that where his horse once trod, no grass would ever grow again. The Emperor Valentinian, who had fled from Ravenna to Rome, begged Leo to go and meet Attila. The courageous Pope consented. Accompanied by the Consul Avienus and the Prefect Trigetius, he journeyed to the great camp of the Hun leader, near Mantua, on the confluence

of the Po and the Mincio rivers. The journey was one of nigh 200 miles. It required in those days the courage of a lion, and the Pope had it. It was like a man walking into a lion's den and facing the king of beasts. Attila was really a King of beasts. Leo was filled with the spirit of the martyr, ready to die for his beloved city.

The Hun leader was seated in his tent. His barbarian retinue surrounded him. Clad in his sacred vestments Leo approached. His was a majestic figure. It is said of him that his eloquence was as great as his dignity. His sermons, some 200 of which have come down to us, are pronounced to be models of persuasive power. It was a meeting between brute strength and moral power, both in their fulness.

The Pope's manner, when he chose to be most gracious, had a fascination and a charm that was said to be irresistible. In that interview with Attila he brought his every gift to bear upon his savage opponent. He pleaded in the name of the High God, the Lord Jesus. Attila softened, wavered, yielded. The man who had trampled on the Roman eagles and defied the Cæsar's power, bowed before God and His Vicar. All kinds of apocryphal stories have grown up of this celebrated incident. One tradition says that when Attila left his tent his followers asked him what had made him yield to the solicitations of Leo; and he had replied that he had not yielded to the Father of the Christians, but he saw the Apostles Peter and Paul standing one on each side of Leo with drawn swords intimating to him that the powers of heaven commanded him to desist from sacking Rome.

More than a thousand years later, Raphael, or one of his pupils, immortalised that meeting in a fresco called "St. Leo halting Attila." The face of the Pope which appears in the painting is that

of Leo X., who was the reigning Pope when the painting was executed.

A second example of the same spirit came only two years later to the same Leo, who had another meeting with a barbarian. Attila was dead; but Genseric, King of the Vandals, who were a mixture of many races, sailed from the African coast and crossed the Mediterranean for Rome. There was a multitude of ships. Valentinian the cowardly Emperor of Rome, again fled in terror, leaving the defence of the city to Leo. The great Pope was not so successful as he had been with Attila, but we learn from Gibbon that "his fearless spirit, his authority, and his eloquence, mitigated the fierceness of a barbaric conquest."

Four centuries later, when the Fourth Leo was Pope and King, the Saracens attacked Rome in as fierce a manner as had the Huns and the Vandals. Pope Leo the IV. emulated the courage of his former namesake. He fortified the city, and when the Saracen fleet came to a head off Sardinia, he met it and destroyed it. Of his character Gibbon says—"He was a born Roman. The courage of the first ages of the Republic glowed within his breast. And amidst the ruins of his country he stood erect like one of the firm and lofty pillars that rear their heads above the fragments of the Roman Forum."

Pope Hildebrand and Henry IV.

Pope St. Gregory VII. is often called Pope Hildebrand. That was his name before his papal consecration. The German Emperor at that time had the right of nomination to the Papacy. Gregory was against it. He legislated to make the papal election dependent solely on the College of Cardinals, as it is to-day. Henry IV. of Ger-

many was enraged, but bided his time till some local revolts were put down and then turned his arms against the Pope. He deposed Gregory and appointed a new Pope. In the meantime Gregory ex-communicated him and all the German bishops who supported him. Henry was the most powerful sovereign of his day. But the excommunication was more powerful still. Many of his subjects fell away from him, and the election of a new Emperor began to be a topic of the day.

Hildebrand had a character as strong as Henry's. Ranke, in his history, calls him "the greatest ecclesiastical statesman." He had been a monk of austere sanctity in a Roman monastery. His soul had sickened at the sight of unworthy Bishops being appointed by secular royal patronage. He had a mind of crystal clearness, a will inflexibly firm, and a courage that knew no fear. He determined to put an end to the simony which purchased bishoprics. This it was that made him cry out that he was encompassed by affliction. He published a decree excommunicating all prelates who received their benefices by purchase. Henry continued to sell his church offices, and treated Gregory's decree with scorn. However, when Gregory summoned him to answer for his misdeeds, and his people began to revolt, he yielded.

Gregory was then at Canossa, the guest of Henry's kinswoman, Matilda, the Great Countess.

Clad in penitential garb, within the outer wall of the fortress, and barefooted on the snow-covered ground, for three days the proud Emperor stood begging an interview with the unbending Pope. His English biographer points the moral of weakness triumphing over strength. The scene, as the suppliant King approached the Pontiff, must have been singularly striking. The

vigorous Henry, of lofty stature and commanding features, thus humbled himself before Gregory. It was an abasement of physical before moral power —of the sword before the crozier—which the great struggle then in progress was fated to accomplish.

Napoleon and the Pope.

There was a memorable contest between the Pope and the world's conqueror when Napoleon seized Rome in 1798, and proclaimed it a Roman republic, deposing Pius VI., who refused to submit. The Pope was 80 years of age, and very feeble. He died on his way to France as a prisoner. However the cardinals assembled in Venice and chose Pius VII., who returned to Rome. Napoleon endeavored to made him a pliant tool for his political designs. He insisted that the Pope should become his ally as against England. The Pope, however, was as firm as adamant. Napoleon took him prisoner. The Pope excommunicated the mighty conqueror. Napoleon laughed, and said with a sneer—"Does the old man think the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers?"

Napoleon began his 1812 campaign against Russia. He was gripped by a winter frost which literally tore the arms from his soldiers' hands and vanquished him. Allison. the English historian, referring to this, says—"There is something in these marvellous coincidences beyond the operations of chance, which even a Protestant historian feels himself bound to mark for the observation of future ages."

Madam de Stael wrote on this—"What a power is religion, which gives strength to the weak when all that was strong has lost its strength."

Napoleon returned from his Russian disaster; but his sun of glory was eclipsed, and he soon sank never to rise again. The Pope whom he had wronged appealed to England to give him a chaplain at St. Helena. Napoleon had dashed his power against the Popedom, only to find it shattered in the impact.

Bismark and Pope Leo XIII.

There is one other illustration that may be given. It is the case of the Iron Chancellor Bismark. He was as tough a problem as Napoleon. But he, too, had to yield.

Leo XIII. had many trials and many triumphs, but none that gave him such joy as his victory for the Church over the then ruler of Germany, Prince Bismark. The story has been told a hundred times. This is one version of it—

"Like all proud nations, Germany was thirsting for extension of territory, and chafing under the restraint of ecclesiastical discipline. Bismark declared that, come what may, he 'would not go to Canossa.' But he did.

"The difficulty with Spain over the Caroline Islands was submitted to the Pope, and although Leo decided in favor of Spain, Germany bowed to his ruling.

"But a more humiliating road to Canossa lay before the Iron Chancellor when the Pope succeeded, with the young Kaiser, in abrogating laws which Bismark had passed for the purpose of crippling the action of the Church in the Germanic Empire. Dioceses had been deprived of their Bishops, and parishes of their priests; the freedom of public worship was infringed, and the ecclesiastical seminaries interdicted. But all were restored at the demand of the Pope as the price of peace.

In truth the trouble had really been very great. Churches were closed, bishops were in prison, and the sacrifice of the Holy Mass was forbidden in 1300 parishes. Bismark was making a good fight of it.

But so were the German Catholics. They organised their political power so well that in the 1874 elections, they increased their parliamentary strength from 63 to 91. Over a hundred Catholic newspapers were established in place of six which had existed before the persecution of the Falk laws. The war was fierce on both sides. Bismark hurled defiance on the Church of Rome, and hunted priests who remained loyal to their bishops.

The Government suspended the monetary payments to the priests due under the law. The people replied by doubling their voluntary subscriptions. The Government then bribed a few corrupt priests to say Mass for the people. The people refused to hear them.

Then all the religious Orders were expelled from the country, and civil marriage was made compulsory. It was a bold move, but it failed utterly. We have the testimony of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which in its article on Germany says—"The Government had used all its resources; it had alienated millions of the people; it had raised up a compact party of nearly a hundred members of Parliament. The attempt of the Liberals to subjugate the Church had given to the Papacy greater power than it had since the days of Wallenstein."

Bismark had formed a union of anti-Christian members to carry his policy in the Reichstag. They were against all churches and all monetary institutions. The Chancellor saw his danger. The Conservatives were dead against him and the Catholic party were determined to defeat his budget.

The life of the Emperor had been twice attempted by the violent parties of the Empire. Anarchy began to hold up its head.

Bismark dissolved the Chamber. The new

House found the Catholic party further increased. Bismark could no longer govern without its help. He threw over the Socialists, made friends with the Catholics, and promised that the Falk laws should go. Bismark found it was easier to come to terms with the Pope than with the Socialists.

In this battle with the Papacy Bismark had no dislike to the Catholic Church. His one idea was that he would make the State supreme, so that the Pope should not appoint the German bishops. An infallible Church with an infallible Pope was an obstacle to him. It must be crushed. Bismark seemed to have the ball at his feet. Link by link he forged his chain, only to find it snap as fast as it was linked together. Eventually he had to go to Canossa. Leo XIII. signally maintained his spiritual authority over the German branch of his Church.

There was a clever cartoon in one of the Italian papers. It represented the burly Bismark tugging at a rope coiled round the spire of St. Peter's. The Devil approached, and asked—"What are you doing?" "Trying to pull down that Church," answered Bismark. "Pooh!" said the Devil, "I've been trying to do that for nineteen hundred years, and have failed. You had better give it best." Bismark acted on that advice, and made friends with an opponent which had proved too much for him.

It was indeed a memorable contest. They were both redoubtable antagonists—Leo XIII. and Bismark, but the undoubted victory rested with the Pope.

Travelling thus along the avenue of Time, we have just glanced at a few of those instances in which the secular power has been shattered in its collision with the Papacy. The waves of assault have dashed themselves against the Rock

of Peter. The Rev. Michael Phelan, S.J., sums this up with as much eloquence as truth—

"Those waves dissolve, melt, and vanish, but the rock remains. Sitting calmly in his boat to-day Peter looks out upon the present. He sees kingdoms rising and new Empires spring up in lands undiscovered when Attila's power was flung over the earth like a shadow. He sees old nations with foundations corroded by false principles and anti-Christian teachings; proud empires broken, and tossed like foam before the winds. Peter looks into the future and sees dark storms rising, and gloomy portents appearing above the surface. The hoarse roar of coming revolutions, and the fierce gusts of anarchy and socialism threaten; but Peter has no fear, for over all walks the Lord, and Peter clasps His hand. Peter fears no fear, not only because God upholds him to-day, but because his mind goes back to a scene by a Galilean lake, when the tall mountains cast their shadows over its placid waters, when the stillness of the valley was stirred by words which fell from lips divine, and when upon his ears the promise broke, that every page of history makes true—'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'"

Benedict XV. as Peacemaker.

Benedict XV., the figure of Peace standing in the centre of the warring nations, and appealing in the name of Christ for "counsels of meekness," is a figure worthy of the greatness of his heritage.

We, the spectators of the drama, can hardly realise the full measure of its greatness. As far back as August, 1915, the Pope began his direct efforts to sow amongst the belligerents a willingness to reconsider the situation.

The letter which the Pope sent out in the beginning of August, 1915, expressed his determination to devote his every activity to "the reconciliation of the peoples engaged in this fratricidal struggle." He adjured them to put away their mutual desire for destruction, and to reflect that

nations do not die. If countries are humiliated and oppressed, they prepare to retaliate by transmitting from generation to generation hatred and a desire for revenge. The suggestion was made that there should be a direct or an indirect exchange of views between the belligerents, who should endeavor, if possible, to arrange their aspirations so that all shall be contented. In conclusion, his Holiness stated:—"We invite all friends of peace to unite with us in our desire to terminate the war and to re-establish the empire of right by resolving henceforth to solve all differences not by the sword, but by equity and justice."

A few days later, the "Deutsche Tages-Zeitung" the organ of the German Agrarian League, commenting on the Pope's appeal, said:—"No country will receive the Pope's proclamation with greater respect or less prejudice than Germany. She will accept as reasonable peace conditions those which are in accordance with the even balance of progress and the safety of nations, because she is being attacked by an overwhelming coalition whose sole aim is the destruction of the Germans for reasons of vulgar avarice on the part of the common enemy."

The Rome newspaper "Messagero" is a newspaper independent of Church influence. It declared that the Pope had made a mistake in not addressing his letter directly and exclusively to the real authors of the war, Austria and Germany; while other Italian newspapers declared that the war would not finish except as a victory for the Allies.

Very little came of this first Note of the Pope. It was courteously acknowledged, but the general feeling was that the time for effective intervention had not arrived. A week or two later a high ecclesiastical dignitary was interviewed in

England and said:—"Intervention now would not be premature. The German advance in Poland is inconclusive. All the belligerents are wearied, and especially the apparent victors. The Pope thus chose well the moment of the first words of Peace, which would be followed by other words more energetic and more efficacious."

That was a mistaken estimate of the war.

The "Corriere d'Italia," a paper in the confidence of the Vatican, said that the Pope was working for a peace which would respect the right of nations, and that he was not an advocate for this or that people, not even for his own Italian people. "His voice," continued the journal, "ought to resound a solemn admonition to those who desire to impose peace without regarding the rights of oppressed peoples, and we commend this to the more careful consideration of Germany and every other nation experiencing remorse of conscience."

His Holiness, for the next twelve months, busied himself about getting exchanges of prisoners and alleviating the hard life of those who were sick in foreign hospitals. He was of course made the subject of a great deal of both friendly and hostile criticism. Some believed him to lean to Austria and Germany, while the Germans accuse him of favoring the Allies.

At length on August 15, 1917, the Pope's second Note addressed all the belligerent powers. It was prefaced by a statement that His Holiness had aimed, since his accession in 1914, at observing absolute neutrality, but at the same time to do everything in his power to hasten the end of the war. It stated that the Pope had not ceased, during three painful years, to exhort the belligerent peoples and Governments to resume fraternal relationships, although everything done to attain that object had not been made public. He

referred to the lack of success which had so far attended his efforts for peace. He said—

"Since then the war has become more cruel. It is extending on land and on sea, and even in the air. Defenceless cities and quiet villages, with their innocent inhabitants, have been striken with desolation and death. We see in our mind's eye the multiplied and aggravated sufferings which will be caused if the war continues, perhaps for years, and we ask, must the world become a field of death, and must Europe speed to the abyss, and lend a hand to its own suicide?

"Therefore, a sense of our supreme duty as the father of the faithful, and also the solicitations of our children, imploring intervention, and the voice of humanity and of reason, impel us to renew the pressing appeal for peace. But in order not to confine ourselves any longer to general terms, as we previously did, we now submit more concrete and more practical proposals. We invite the belligerent Governments to deliberate on the following points, which seem to form the basis of a fair and lasting peace.

"The primary and fundamental point ought to be the substitution for the material force of arms of the moral force of right from which would come an agreement for the simultaneous and reciprocal reduction of armaments, according to rules and guarantees, to a degree only necessary for the maintenance of public order in each State. Then would come the establishment of international arbitration, with a provision for concerted action to enforce penalties against any State refusing to submit international questions to arbitration, or to accept the decisions of the court.' '

His Holiness went on to enlarge on this topic. His reasoning seems to have been specially directed to the declarations of the Allied powers that they will make no peace that leaves Germany with power to prepare for another war. The Note said that once the supremacy of right as against might is established, rules could be fixed assuring real liberty and the "freedom of the seas," and thus eliminate numerous causes of dispute, throwing open to all new sources of prosperity and of progress. The Pope stated that he sees no other means of solving the question of reparation and the payment of the cost of the

war than "than complete mutual liquidation" as a general principle. He referred in this connection to the immense benefits from disarmament, and stated that besides that it is incomprehensible that the carnage should continue for economic reasons.

Following up that course of reasoning, His Holiness, proceeded thus—

"Peaceful agreements are not possible without the reciprocal restitution of occupied territories. Consequently Germany should evacuate Belgium, guarantee her unhampered independence, and also evacuate French territory. The other group of belligerents should restore the German colonies. In regard to territorial questions, such as those at issue between Italy and Austria and Germany and France, it is to be hoped that the opposing nations will in a conciliatory way examine these matters, taking into consideration the aspirations of the people as far as possible, and co-ordinating their special interests for the general good of human society. The same spirit of equity and justice should animate the examination of other territorial and political questions, particularly those relating to Armenia, and the Balkan States, and the territories comprising the old kingdom of Poland. The noble historic traditions and the long suffering of Poland, especially in the present war, should arouse the sympathies of the nations."

Whatever opinions may be held about these suggestions, no one can find fault with their statesmanship, or the spirit of compromise which they exhibit. The Note then became a little argumentative, pointing out that the acceptance of the leading points thus enumerated would prevent the recurrence of quarrels, and prepare for the solution of the economic questions. It concludes with an earnest and prayerful appeal to turn a favorable ear to the communication.

Cardinal Gasparri, the Vatican Secretary of State, in a letter covering the Note, asked His Majesty King George to convey copies to the Presidents of France and of the United States, and to the King of Italy, in consequence of the absence

of diplomatic relations between the Vatican and those Governments.

The Pope's Proposals Coldly Received.

As was very natural, the Note evoked criticism of a very strenuous kind. It was graciously received by all the Powers, even by those who are least favorable to the terms suggested in it. But it was exceedingly distasteful to a large section of the British and French press. The suggestion that all the German colonies should be restored as a quid pro quo for Germany restoring Belgium, France, and Poland is very objectionable in Australia. Still it had to be admitted that it was not an unreasonable proposal as coming from an intermediary anxious to bring the combatants to a parley.

Some people hinted that the Pope was no better than a sordid intriguer, trying to win back his way to a place in the comity of nations, and perhaps with an eye on the restoration of his temporal power.

Father Bernard Vaughan (brother of the late Cardinal Vaughan, and a distinguished member of the Roman Catholic Church in England) delivered a speech at York on August 16, 1917, in which he referred to the Pope's Peace Note. He said:—

"No people desires peace more than the British, but His Holiness the Pope has not realised the fact that the Allies cannot come to terms with the enemy until they are able to dictate the terms. Experience has taught us that it would be useless to deal diplomatically with an enemy who has broken so many pledges. If the sword is sheathed before its work is completed it will mean armed neutrality until the foe is ready to wreak vengeance on hated England and our children, or our children's children. Similarly the foe would attack Belgium and Armenia."

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, in an address to the members of the Belgian Mission in New York, said that an inconclusive peace would be the greatest menace to civilisation. No peace would be acceptable which did not give the heaviest possible indemnity to Belgium.

Regarding Father Bernard Vaughan's criticism, "that it would be useless to deal diplomatically with an enemy who has broken so many pledges," it may be remarked that the Pope's Note anticipated that when it proposed "the simultaneous and reciprocal reduction of armaments," and the "substitution for the material force of arms of the moral force of right." Before the war Germany stubbornly refused all disarmament, because she was bent on the subjugation of her neighbors. If she were to accept this proposition in the Pope's Note, the Allies would not be dependent on her fidelity to her pledges.

America Replies to the Pope.

After the lapse of a week it was given out that America was to reply to the Pope on behalf of all the Allies. In the third week in August, 1917, that reply was given. In its outset, President Wilson says:—

"Every heart is touched with the dignity and force of the moving appeal of His Holiness the Pope, but the response must be based on firm facts. The Pope does not desire the mere cessation of arms, but a stable and enduring peace. The agony must not be gone through again."

After having summarised the Vatican proposals, President Wilson continues:—

"It is manifest that no part of the programme can be carried out unless restitution of the status quo ante bellum furnishes a firm and satisfactory basis. Our object is to deliver the free peoples from the menace and actual power of a vast military establishment controlled by an irrespon-

sible Government, which secretly planned to dominate the world, and tried to carry out its plan wtihout regard to treaties or international honor. Germany chose her own time for war, and struck fiercely and suddenly. Stopped by no barrier, either of war or mercy, she swept the Continent with a tide of blood.

"It is not our business how the German people can live under a ruthless master, but we must see that the rest of the world is not left to the mercy of the German Government. We think that the Pope's plan would involve the recuperation of the German Government's strength, which would necessitate a permanent combination of the nations against Germany, and result in the abandoning of the new-born Russia to intrigue.

"The aim of the United States has been clearly stated. We believe that the intolerable wrongs by the German Government ought to be repaired, but not at the expense of the sovereignty of any people. We deem inexpedient, and in the end worse than futile, such proposals as punitive damages, dismemberment of empires, and the establishment of a selfish, exclusive, economic league.

"Can peace be based on the restitution of German power or on any word of honor pledged by Germany? Peace cannot rest on political and economic restrictions designed to benefit some nations and to embarrass others. The American people have suffered intolerable wrongs at the hands of Germany, but we do not desire to make reprisals on the German people. Peace should rest on the rights of the peoples, and not of Governments—upon the rights of all peoples to freedom, security, self-government, and participation upon fair terms in economic opportunities. We include the German people if they will accept equality and not seek domination. The test of every peace plan is whether it is based on the faith of the people or merely on the word of an ambitious and intriguing Government.

"We cannot take the word of the present rulers of Germany as a guarantee of anything enduring unless it is explicitly supported by conclusive evidence of the will and purpose of the German people. Without such guarantees, treaties, agreements, covenants, and territorial adjustments if made by Germany, could not be depended upon. Therefore, we must await new evidence of the purpose of the peoples of the Central Empires. God grant that it may be given soon."

That document is honorable alike to the Pope and to the writer of it. It recognises the dignity and force of the Holy Father's appeal, and

the beauty of the motive which prompted it. But Germany's treachery to her own plighted word, it declares, has placed her beyond the category of honorable negotiation. It is a tremendous thing for one responsible Great Power to say of another. But there it is. Germany is an outlaw, with whom reputable nations refuse to treat. She must first undergo all the humiliation of utter defeat. This may be, and must be, a costly and bloody remedy; but it is declared to be the only way of ridding the world of a Frankenstein monster.

Towards the end of August, 1917, the Vatican Secretary of State (Cardinal Gasparri) gave publicity to a statement which amplifies the Pope's peace proposals. It was as follows:—

"The first two points in the Pontifical appeal for peace, which treat respectively of disarmament and the freedom of the seas, were suggested by President Wilson's message to the Senate. Consequently we are inclined to believe that they will find the same reception in the United States as when President Wilson proclaimed them.

"The third and fourth points, in which a 'mutual condonation' of war expenses and damages and a mutual restitution of occupied territories are spoken of, were formulated from public speeches by statesmen of the belligerent nations, and from resolutions passed by their respective Parliaments. Therefore the same statesmen cannot refuse them now without contradicting themselves. Moreover, it is necessary to remark that, as to the condonation of damages caused by the war, there is an exception which applies particularly to Belgium.

"The fifth and sixth points concern special territorial questions about which the Pope could not propose a definite concrete solution, and consequently confines himself to hoping that they will be examined in a conciliatory spirit.

"The Pope wishes to emphasise the fact that the appeal was not suggested by any belligerent.

"Finally, the Pope said nothing about democracy, because history teaches that a form of government imposed by arms cannot live, and also because any people which has universal suffrage may choose any form of government it pleases. Furthermore, democracy will receive

such an impulse from this war that wisdom must prevent it from deteriorating into excessive forms such as anarchy."

Cardinal Gasparri's statement, and particularly his suggestion that Belgium should be given compensation, at once created a more favorable impression on the American Department of State than the original plea for peace put forward by the Pope. The belief was expressed in Washington that peace may depend on the ability of the Pope to secure from Germany the consent to making such reparation.

The idea in the mind of the American President is that the world cannot be half autocratic and half democratic—that autocracy must be expelled from the world in the interests of the world's peace. But this conflicts with his speech which says that the Allies have nothing to do with the form of German Government.

The Economic Teaching of the Pope.

No one, Catholic or Protestant, can fail to apprehend the extreme importance of the Pope's position in this war. He stands so much above the hurley-burley of combatants as to be able to take a view larger than most others. His judgment thus has to be classed as the moral verdict of a neutral whose neutrality is alien to none. His last Note is therefore a clarion call upon the attention of the world. All nations have conceded to it the attention demanded. This it is which compels even a giddy world to pause and listen.

Many people may intensely dislike the Pope's spiritual office and pretensions, but they are compelled to concede his moral authority over one-fifth of the world; and it is scarcely possible to

deny that he sits aloft and above most of the streams of influence which bias human judgment. He speaks, too, under the ever-present responsibility of a Vice-gerent of heaven. When such a personage calls upon mankind to pause and listen, the call becomes all but imperative.

The world is listening—listening even amidst its affectation of sneers; and ten thousand pens to-day are translating the thoughts of the Holy Father into the vernacular of a thousand Christian communities. Varying minds will, of course, receive the Papal message with varying degree of assent and dissent. Everyone feels that there are forces surging up around us that are of mighty, menacing, and mysterious import. A former pontiff (Leo XIII.) pointed to this some years ago in his Encyclical on Labor—"The elements of a conflict are unmistakable; the growth of industry and the surprising discoveries of science; the changed relations of masters and workmen; the enormous fortunes of individuals and the poverty of the masses; the increased self-reliance and the closer combination of the working population; and finally a general moral deterioration."

That was the outlook nearly twenty years ago. How much is all that accentuated to-day! To-day, when crafty agitators pervert men's judgment and stir up the people to sedition. Few things are more insisted on by the present Pope (as it was by Leo XIII.) than the right of every man to possess private property. Yet that right is boldly disputed by the Socialists, who are proclaiming here and elsewhere that "all property is robbery."

Inequalities in the world there must always be because of those natural inequalities which Nature herself creates in men. One man has a genius for one avocation, another for a different

one. One man is born to guide, another to follow. On this Leo said—"If any there are who pretend differently—who hold out to a hard-pressed people freedom from pain and trouble, undisturbed repose, and constant enjoyment—they cheat the people, and impose upon them, and their lying promises will only make the evil worse than before."

When men's opinions on basic truths are flung into the melting pot, as they are to-day, it is of no small benefit to the world to have a great central authority proclaiming the immutability of certain great principles.

"It is one thing," says the Pope, "to have a right to the possession of money, and another to have the right to use the money as one pleases. Man should not consider his outward possessions as his own, but as common to all."

The Pope and Neutrality.

How does the Pope stand towards the belligerents? Where lie his sympathies? Does he lean to the enemy, or to the Allies? These are questions which are constantly canvassed. They ought to be examined here. There are three simple facts which may throw some preliminary light on the point. They are these—

1. The Pope's enemies amongst the Entente Powers say that he leans to Austria-Hungary and Germany.

2. The Pope's enemies amongst the Central Powers say that he leans towards Italy, France, Great Britain, and America.

3. The Pope's friends on both sides assert that he has maintained an attitude of correct neutrality.

The task here is to scan the situation critically and impartially. We have to remember that Benedict XV. is confronted with a seething cauldron of socialistic opinion, superadded to the surging sway of opposing interests arising from the world-war.

He has dear spiritual children in both camps. He has German cardinals who have published a book in order to persuade him that the Belgian populace were monsters of cruelty against the German soldiery. He has, on the other side, dear friends like Cardinal Mercier, who assure him that these allegations are the false concoctions of German courts-martial, fabricated in order to palliate their own diabolical savagery against the Belgian peasantry.

It is difficult for any ordinary man to comprehend the burden of the responsibility which he feels. He seeks for a peace, the terms of which shall not too deeply excoriate any of the parties. Some men have sneeringly asked what Christianity has done for the world. The Pope stands there to answer that Christianity is the only sheet anchor of safety to a drifting planet.

The Germans allege against the Pope that he seeks to abolish militarism by establishing courts of arbitration for the settlement of international disputes.

The Entente Allies find fault with him because he proposes a peace without indemnities on either side, and the restoration of all captured territories.

His friends say that he is merely seeking a preliminary basis on which he may bring the contending parties of the arena of war and into the Courts of Reason.

That devoted Belgian Cardinal, the idol of his country, is certainly a competent witness. He says—

"With a touching goodness our Holy Father Benedict XV. has been the first to incline his heart to us. When a few moments after his election, he deigned to take me in his arms, I was bold enough to ask that the first Pontifical Benediction he spoke should be given to Belgium."

He narrates, in the "Voice of Belgium," how the Pope instantly complied by sending, under his own hand, a written message in which he said amongst other things—

"Could we fail to be moved by the keenest sorrow at the sight of the Belgian nation which we so dearly love, reduced by a most cruel and most disastrous war to this lamentable state?

"We behold the King and his august family, the members of the Government, the chief persons of the country, bishops, priests, and a whole people enduring woes which must fill with pity all gentle hearts, and which our own soul, in the fervor of paternal love, must be the first to compassionate.

"We have been informed that the faithful of that nation, so sorely tried, did not neglect in their piety to turn towards us their thoughts, and that even under the blow of so many calamities they proposed to gather this year, as in all preceding years, the offerings to St. Peter, which supply the necessities of the Apostolic See. This truly incomparable proof of piety and attachment filled us with admiration. We accept it with all the affection that is due from a grateful heart. But having regard to the painful position in which our dear children are placed, we cannot bring ourselves to favor that project, noble though it is. If any alms are to be gathered, our wish is that the money should be entirely devoted to the benefit of the Belgian people, who are as illustrious by reason of their nobility and their piety, as they are to-day worthy of all sympathy.

"Amid the difficulties and anxieties of the present hour we would remind the sons who are so dear to us that the arm of God is not shortened, that He is ever able to save, and that His ear is not deaf to prayer."

That extract shows that in the mind of the great Belgian Cardinal there was no tinge of jealousy concerning the attitude of the Pope. At page 106 of the same book, there is a still more striking testimony. He says—

"From the beginning of the war, certain cunning, evil, and treacherous minds have persisted in encouraging the rumor that the late Pope Pius X. and our Holy Father Benedict XV., the present Pope, gave financial help or moral approval to our enemies, and through weakness, did an injustice to the rights of the Belgian people. These are calumnies, my Brethren—nothing but infamous calumnies. The simple, loving, and generous heart of Pius X. was incapable, I do not say of any cowardice, but of so much as the appearance of an accommodation with injustice, even though it were triumphant. The truth is that the noble old man succumbed to the grief that overcame him when he saw the European nations rent by murderous war, and Providence left him no time to express in public the holy horror these orgies of blood inspired in him.

"As for our Holy Father Benedict XV., what could he do for the Belgians that he has not done?"

The Cardinal then proceeds to enumerate the various marks of love, sympathy, and assistance received from the Pope. He quotes a very tender letter from Cardinal Gasparri to him, saying—

"His Holiness the Pope Benedict XV. let his eyes rest first on Europe, convulsed by this terrible war, and fixed them upon Belgium, as he followed the sorrowful events that were taking place there. . . . His Holiness has made a point of joining to his prayers the offering of his fatherly charity. In spite of the actually embarrassed condition of the Holy See, he directs me to send you the sum of 25,000 francs, which I have great pleasure in enclosing herewith.

"As a token of heavenly favor, and of his peculiar predilection, His Holiness grants a special Benediction, with all warmth of heart, for your Eminence, for the episcopate, the clergy, and the people of Belgium, and at the same time he gives his blessings to all who help them in their troubles."

I think all English readers will be interested in the perusal of such passages as these. At pages 214-15, there is a personal touch which is of the most conclusive character as to the attitude of the Pope. In 1916, Cardinal Mercer went on a visit to Rome. He told his people—

"I assure you that my journey was especially blest, and that I return to you happy, very happy.

"Our Holy Father showed me the most touching kind-

ness. As soon as I arrived, he deigned to fold me in his arms; he invited me to come and see him as often as possible; he allowed me to tell him everything, to confide in him fully, to think aloud before him. During the many hours I had the consolation of spending in his august presence, he comforted, illuminated, and encouraged me paternally. He understands and shares our anxieties concerning our religious liberties and our patriotic feelings. He was good enough to sum up his profound thought on your behalf, which I received most eagerly in the inscription traced by his own august hand beneath his portrait. I hereby transcribe it for you in all simplicity—

"'To our revered Brother, Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Mechlin. We give the Apostolic Blessing with all our heart, assuring him that we are always with him, and that we share his grief and his anguish, inasmuch as his cause is our cause.'

"One day I went with my heart full of gratitude, to tell the Sovereign Pontiff that he could never doubt the perfect filial piety of the Belgian people, and that we had conceived a desire to give him a fresh evidence of this in the near future. 'Most Holy Father,' I said, 'we would like to ask the faithful throughout the country to take part on the first Sunday in May in a general Communion for the intentions of your Holiness.' 'And my intention,' replied the Holy Father immediately, 'is Belgium.'"

That passage leaves nothing to be desired as a proof that the Pope is heart and soul with the cause for which Belgium is fighting.

The Pope's Moral Status in the World.

I remember once asking a lady who was in extasies over some Papal function in her church, what it was that so impressed her. She replied —"I thought of whom that Pope is. I thought of him as the great Vice-gerent of Christ on earth; and then I thought what a living witness he is, in a sceptical world, of the promise of Christ to be with His Church for everlasting. I thought of him as the man chosen by the Holy Ghost, through that conclave of Cardinals, to rule over nearly 300,000,000 of his spiritual subjects,

of every tongue and clime and color. I reflected on how exactly he seems to typify his Master. He has gone into all the world and preached Christ's gospel to every people; and every people have heard him. More than that—hearing him, they have bowed to him. Like Christ, he has no earthly power. The world has despoiled him even of his own. He is not the master of swords. guns, bayonets. He commands no legion of spiked helmets. He can threaten no sovereign with military force. And yet there is no power to which the world listens with more of breathless interest that it does to him—a prisoner in the Vatican."

What that lady spoke, hundreds of millions speak, or rather feel; and, feeling, hold the Pope in a reverence such as is felt for no other earthly personage.

People are apt to stand aghast at the spectacle of a pontiff making a crowned king wait three days as a penitent in the snow. Such a power, they say, is dangerous. Perhaps it is; all such power may be abused; but is it half as dangerous as was that power of Autocracy which made a rascal like the Kaiser the despot over six or seven millions of bayonets. Yet your politician shies at the one and tolerates the other. And would not four-fifths of the world rejoice to see that imperial caitiff compelled to undergo such penitence?

People will not, or cannot, think in true proportions. If they could, they would ask—What Pope has ever misused his powers as secular rulers have done theirs?

We hear lecturers who amuse their audiences with talk about "the paralysis of Rome." But the very people who tell us about "the declension of the Papacy," know that that Papacy never shone more resplendently than now; that it has rarely

towered in virtue and character more than in its last four Popes—Pius IX., Leo XIII., Pius X., and Benedict XV.

It has been sometimes a reproach against the Popes that they were too severe as sticklers for the sanctity of marriage; but in that the impartial judgment of history has generally vindicated them; for had they given way on that point in the Middle Ages, there would have been a cataclysm of passion broken loose. Macaulay makes the remark at page 9 of his History that "even the spiritual supremacy arrogated by the Pope was, in the dark ages, productive of far more good than evil. Its effect was to unite the nations of western Europe in one great Commonwealth."

There has been of late some public discussion concerning the attitude of the Papacy towards the Spanish Inquisition. I find in my copy of Balmes's "European Civilisation," in a chapter on that much debated topic, this statement—"It is a remarkable thing that the Roman Inquisition was never known to pronounce the execution of capital punishment, although the Apostolic See was occupied during that time by Popes of extreme rigor and severity in all that relates to the civil administration. We find in all parts of Europe scaffolds prepared to punish crimes against religion; scenes which sadden the soul were everywhere witnessed. Rome is an exception to the rule; Rome which it has been attempted to represent as a monster of intolerance and cruelty. . . . The Popes, armed with a tribunal of intolerance, have not spilled a drop of blood. Protestants and philosophers have shed torrents." The Court of Rome, he says, were constantly appealing to the Spanish King and Queen for more gentleness and mercy in carrying out the work of the Inquisition. But the State's relation with the Moors and Jews led to abominable cruelty.

The Papacy and the Press.

There is one especial subject on which the late Popes have spoken with the greatest earnestness. That is the promotion of the religious Press, as a means of advancing civilisation. Here is a gem of counsel bequeathed by Leo XIII.:—

"We renew our advice to you who labor with as much zeal as prudence for the publication and diffusion of Catholic newspapers. For in these days people form their opinions and regulate their lives almost entirely by their daily reading of newspapers.

"Amongst the best means adapted to the defence of religion, there is none, in our opinion, more efficacious and more suited to the present time than that which consists in meeting the press by the press, and thus frustrating the schemes of the enemy of religion."

Leo was a pontiff who had fully grasped this mission of the Press. One Catholic writer says of him that he had filled a forty-page pamphlet by his shrewd observations on the possible mission of an active and able Press. But his successor, Pope Pius X. was scarcely second to him in advocacy of this means of spreading enlightenment. He said—

"There is no nobler mission in the world to-day than that of the journalist. My predecessors used to consecrate the sword and armor of Christian warriors. I am happy to draw down blessing on the pen of a Christian journalist."

It does not require a man to be a member of the Catholic Church to enable him to see the marvellousness of the Papacy. It is the embodiment of the strength of moral and spiritual forces—weak to the last stage of physical feebleness, but strong with the strength of spiritual irresistibility. What part this wonderful institution will play at the end of this war is a master problem of the future.

XIII.

ARBITRATION AND WAR.

Can Arbitration Prevent War?

With an emphasis never previously heard on the earth the question is now being propounded from a thousand platforms, and in ten thousand publications—"Are not wars preventable by means of arbitration?" "Does it surpass man's wit to supersede the arbitrament of the Sword by the dictates of Reason?"

The questions are of course forced to the front rank of man's attention by the events of the war. It is pointed out that as nine-tenths of the human race will always desire peace on earth and good-will amongst men, they will always choose, when they are free to choose, peace rather than war.

But the question is not what men wish, but what is practicable. Are the forces which make for a permanent peace strong enough to overcome the fighting instinct in man?

Eighteen years ago, in 1899, the Czar of Russia proposed to the world a pact of mutual disarmament. It came to nothing, for reasons to be afterwards considered. But the world has never forgotten that Peace Rescript of the Czar Nicholas. Neither have men forgotten that France, Great Britain, Italy, and America were at the time quite willing to take up and consider the Russian proposal.

Evil may eclipse good for a time, but such ideas as were embodied in that Czar's Peace Rescript

never die. In America the document was exhaustively discussed, and it took on a variety of aspects. It has merged of late years in an American proposal for a "League to Enforce Peace." In England there was formed "The League of Nations Society." The object of it was to study the problem of a perpetual peace on the basis of a world-guarantee.

It may be well to consider these two bodies a little. The rules of the American League were these—

"Article I.

"All justiciable questions arising between the signatory Powers, settled by negotiation, shall, subject to the limitation of treaties, be submitted to a judicial tribunal for hearing and judgment, both upon the merits and upon any issue as to its jurisdiction of the question.

"Article II.

"All other questions arising between the signatories and not settled by negotiation shall be submitted to a council of conciliation for hearing, consideration, and recommendation.

"Article III.

"The signatory Powers shall jointly use forthwith both their economic and military forces against any one of their number that goes to war, or commits acts of hostility, against another of the signatories before any question arising shall be sumbitted as provided in the foregoing.

"Article IV.

"Conferences between the signatory Powers shall be held from time to time to formulate and codify rules of international law, which, unless some signatory shall signify its dissent within a stated period, shall thereafter govern in the decisions of the judicial tribunal mentioned in Article I."

The final shape of the English Society was as follows:—

1. That a treaty shall be made as soon as possible, whereby as many states as are willing shall form a league binding themselves to use peaceful methods for dealing with all disputes arising among them.

2. That such methods shall be as follow:—

(a) All disputes arising out of questions of international law or the interpretation of treaties shall be referred to the Hague Council of Arbitration, or some other judicial tribunal whose decisions shall be final, and shall be carried into effect by the parties concerned.

(b) All other disputes shall be referred to and investigated and reported upon by a Council of Inquiry and Conciliation, the Council to be representative of the states which form the League.

3. That the states which are members of the League shall unite on any action necessary for the ensuring that every member shall abide by the terms of the treaty, and in particular shall jointly use forthwith their economic and military forces against any one of their number that goes to war, or commits acts of hostility against another of the signatories before any question arising shall be submitted as provided in the foregoing articles.

4. That the states which are members of the League shall make provision for mutual defence, diplomatic, economic, or military, in the event of any of them being attacked by a state not a member of the League, which refuses to submit the case to an appropriate tribunal or council.

5. That any civilised state desiring to join the League shall be admitted to membership.

The aims of both the English and American Leagues are all but identical. They would not absolutely prevent war, but they would make it very perilous to be the first to light the war-torch.

In addition to these documentary evidence as to what men have thought about it in the past, it may be noted that Arbitration Treaties between certain nations have been negotiated with excellent results. Many international disputes have been thus settled with satisfaction to all parties.

The institution of the Hague Tribunal is a visible monument to the peace desires of many great powers.

Notwithstanding the teachings of a certain school of thought, that War is a thing in itself desirable because of the virility which it cultivates

in the race, the general opinion of mankind is that so far from bringing happiness to men, war has been the constant handmaid of tyranny and the source of more than half the miseries of man. Although some wars have been necessary and have given occasion for the display of splendid heroism —wars of defence against aggression, or to succour the oppressed—most wars have been needless or unjust. The mark of an advancing civilisation has been the substitution of friendship for hatred, and of peaceful for warlike ideals. Small peoples have done and can do as much for the common good of humanity as large peoples. Treaties must be observed, for what are they but records of national faith solemnly pledged, and what could bring mankind more surely and swiftly back to that reign of violence and terror from which it has been slowly rising for the last ten centuries than the destruction of trust in the plighted faith of nations?

It is pretty safe to say that such sentiments as these prevail to-day over nineteen-twentieths of the human race.

Before touching the arguments for and against the total abolition of war, it may be noted that all the declarations of the Allied Powers against making peace on the present attitude of the belligerent nations, are based on the statement that such a peace can be but a prelude to future war. It is in the minds of all the Entente combatants that militarism is to die with the present war; that the next peace is to have guarantees against any power making war on its own initiative; that the right of making war, hitherto belonging to every autonomous power, is absolutely to cease. This war, say the Allies, is to end only with a positive guarantee against the recurrence of another war of the same nature The idea in all men's minds is that the coming peace is to be one that no one

nation shall break. It is to be a pact in which each shall be a guarantee for all, and all for each. The idea is really the realisation of the poet's dream,

When the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

That is what the Allies declare very definitely that they are fighting for. They at least, therefore, must believe in its feasibility.

The Pope, in his recent Peace Note addressed to all the belligerents, made national disarmament one of the conditions of peace. Such disarmament, he said, must be reciprocal and simultaneous. In reply to this Note of His Holiness, Germany has declared her perfect readiness to treat on that basis. She was before the only nation that stood out as the apostle of Force, contending that every nation must on that subject be the supreme and only judge of its own destiny.

These are the preliminary considerations which throw light on the question as to whether Arbitration can prevent war.

Wars Always Have Been and Must Be.

Millions of people may hope for a time of permanent peace, and that this super-horrible war has prepared our old war-loving world for it; but what grounds are there for such a hope? The world, we are told, cannot go on without war. There has never been a year or a day, since Adam's fall, without a war in it.

But more than this. Not only has war always been; but it ought to be. Treitschke believes that only "spiritless and exhausted ages play with the

dream of perpetual peace." War, it is contended by Bernhardi, "is a biological necessity of the first importance, a regulative element in the life of mankind which cannot be dispensed with." The law of the stronger must hold good everywhere. Might is at once the supreme right, and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war.

War is good, argues Treitschke, because "a thousand touching traits testify to the sacred power of the love which a righteous war awakes in noble nations." If a man showed a love to another country, it would argue a want of love for his own. Not only is war an unqualified necessity, but it is justifiable from every point of view. The politician, says Bernhardi, must be amazingly short-sighted who believes that international disputes can be settled by Arbitration Courts. Even if such a court could settle disputes, its finding could be enforced only by war, which is the very thing to be avoided. In fine, says Bernhardi—

> "If we sum up our arguments we shall see that the efforts directed towards the abolition of war must not only be termed foolish, but absolutely immoral, and must be stigmatised as unworthy of the human race. To what does the whole question amount? It is proposed to deprive men of the right and the possibility to sacrifice their highest material possessions, their physical life, for ideals, and thus to realise the highest moral unselfishness. It is proposed to obviate the great quarrels between nations and States by Courts of Arbitration—that is, by arrangements. A one-sided restricted formal law is to be established in the place of the decisions of history. The weak nation is to have the same right to live as the powerful and vigorous nation."

Holding that view, in common with multitudes of his countrymen, Bernhardi gave vent to the aspiration that Germans would see to it "that the maintenance of peace never can or may be the goal of a policy." He was confident that God would see to it that wars will always recur.

Lest any one should conclude these views lack all justification, their author proceeds to give his reasons for holding them. The be-all and the end-all of a State, he says, is power, not good government, or holding the scales of justice even. It is power, and he who will not look that truth in the face should not meddle with politics. "The acts of the State are not to be judged by the standard of individual morality." The State's "highest moral duty is to increase its power." There is no Christian duty higher than the State's history. Feebleness in the State "is the political sin against the Holy Ghost."

Therefore the State must get power by any and every available means, and to that end may make war, and should make war, if making war will conduce to the State's benefit. Such are the German ideas in favor of war.

Mr. W. H. Mallock on other grounds doubts the power of Arbitration to prevent war. While exposing the faulty philosophy of Bernhardi, he seems to hold with him that nations will find it impossible to create a peace tribunal strong enough to compel refractory countries to obey its decisions.

There are others who say that while such a peace might be very desirable, it cannot be got for the mere wishing, or even by the making of treaties. No scheme for preventing future wars will have any chance of success unless it rests upon the assurance that the States which enter into it will loyally and steadfastly abide by it, and that each and all of them will join in coercing by their overwhelming united strength any State which may disregard the obligations it has undertaken. They doubt if this can be done.

Wars No More a Necessity Than Duels or Slavery.

Very few people who analyse the arguments in favor of war, as set out in the preceding section, will fail to discover the radical unsoundness in most of them. To say that wars are necessary because they always have been, is to argue that progress is impossible.

Slavery was always a recognised institution until within the last generation. It no longer is so. The growing sense of the world's justice abolished it. Man has come to see the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God as he never saw it in past ages, and this basic idea was incompatible with slavery. Slavery has gone. There is no more inherent difficulty in forecasting the abolition of war than there once was in forecasting the abolition of slavery.

Duelling was a species of war, and a very absurd and detestable kind of war. The claims of warrior nations to appeal to the supreme arbitrament of battle is on the same plane as were the former claims of the duellist to the right of private combat. An analogous claim is that of the Trades Unionist to have the right to order a combined general strike. The duellist has been relegated to the realms of barbarism. The General Striker will soon be so; and as it is in the power of the nation to abolish the duellist and the striker, it should be so for an International Court to suppress a recalcitrant disturber of the Great Pax.

Formerly every swashbuckler who chose to consider his honor aggrieved had the right of compelling his opponent to meet him in private battle at ten or twenty paces, or be spitted on a rapier point. As the private code then stood, he had more than a right; he had an obligatory duty. The complainant must challenge, and the challenged

man must fight, or be branded as a "scab" or "blackleg."

The most amiable and inoffensive man in the kingdom was not exempt from the citation to shoot or be shot at sunrise. He had perhaps said or done something that someone thought he should not have said or done; or omitted to say or do something which someone thought he should have said or done. It didn't matter which it was, or what it was. If he were "called out" he must come.

The "law of honor," as it was called, was not to be questioned. The law was one of Mr. and Mrs. Grundy's making. But every mother's son must obey it, or be disgraced. It compelled a man like O'Connell, on being challenged by a professional duellist named D'Esterre, for having said the Dublin Corporation was a "beggarly" institution, to go out and stand fire. O'Connell went out, contrary to his religious conscience, and shot his man dead. It was a terrible mental trial to him for the rest of his life; but he could not escape the ethics of the duello without incurring social and political ruin; and with his own ruin, the ruin of his great cause.

In our day the common sense of men votes that sort of thing to be the quintessence of tomfoolery. But that tomfoolery at its very worst, did not equal in folly the absurdity of a world-system which in 1914 placed the life interests of 1,000,000,000 men and women at the mercy of a dozen men in a German War Council.

That is how affairs stood on this globe of ours before the war broke out. A single war-lord and a dozen of his flunkeys could blast three parts of the human family. There was no one to say them nay. National militarism is the tyranny of the duel multiplied by a million. The one has gone. Why not the other?

If the sanction of the State law has been strong enough to abolish the duello and the feudal broil, why may not an international law, with all the sanction of a cosmopolitan power behind it—in a world where disarmament had been made all but complete—be strong enough to maintain the peace of nations?

When people argue that because a thing always has been that therefore it must be, they overlook the fact that the world has changed in a thousand ways. Men once travelled in stage coaches. They now journey by railway or aeroplane. They once sent messages of importance by special post boys. They now send by telegraph, telephone, and wireless. We once ploughed our fields with a wooden plough and threshed our wheat with a flail in a barn. We now have steam ploughs with a dozen shares, and cut, gather, thresh, and bag the crop on the field with a single machine.

We have printed more books and magazines in the last half century than were printed in all time previously. Half the world's entire stock of literature has been produced in the last fifty years. We are the heirs of all the ages, and our heritage is enormously increased beyond what our fathers received.

To say we must always be at war because our fathers were, is to say that we must have turnpike roads and stage coach travelling because our fathers had, and that in a world changed in almost all other customs, war is to remain a constant factor.

In the beginning of last century Malthus taught the doctrine that the world could not feed an increased population. Now we know that the earth can feed 2,000,000,000 of people as easily as it could feed 1,000,000,000 a hundred years ago.

Science teaches us that we can assign no limit to the fecundity of the earth. Another half century may see green fodder crops growing in the sands of Sahara.

To speak of war as a "biological necessity" is as if I should say I must fight my neighbor as the *sine qua non* of preserving my life. To say that the abolition of war would be immoral is to contradict the God of Peace who commanded His disciples to love one another.

To say that the abolition of war would be to deprive people of the opportunity of self-sacrifice is a contradiction on terms. All wars of aggression are waged for selfish purposes, and the soldier who fights for glory and ambition is the most selfish of God's creatures. He is ready to march to triumph over the mangled bodies of millions of better men.

To assert, as these advocates of war do, that the end of all government is power, is to egregiously mistake the first duty of those to whom is committed the management of the Commonwealth. Mill holds that the end of all government is the happiness of those who are governed, to diminish to the utmost their pains and increase to the utmost their pleasures. What a fall from this to be told that the be-all and the end-all of government is power!

Is it true that the State has no standard of morality, except getting power? Is it true that the State may do anything that conduces to its power? That it may slaughter and despoil its neighbor and should do so when the first opportunity comes? That small States have not the same right to live as large ones? Do we not feel that these are doctrines that can be respectable only in a den of thieves?

Could the Peace Court Enforce its Judgments?

The objection that has hitherto found most popular acceptance is that the Arbitration Court must have behind it an army to enforce its judgments; and that such army means war.

But that is not so, because such a Court would be adjudicating in an unarmed world.

But people who use this argument, do not take into account that under the conditions postulated all countries would be disarmed, the International Court alone maintaining a force strong enough to enforce its judgments. Mallock holds that the police force of such a Court must be an army strong enough to cope with rebel nations. But it is manifest that if disarmament were thorough enough, there could never be any rebel nations in arms. It is true that civil force must be the sanction of every decree; but civil force in a nation never means civil war, though the police may have to arrest a malefactor.

Under a World's Peace Court or Court of International Judicature, great national battle fleets and armies would be by law abolished. If any one country should violate that law of disarmament, it would be the interest as well as the duty of all the rest of the world to reduce the refractory nation to obedience. There being no great armed nation to suppress, a comparatively small military force under the command of the general Concerted Peace Powers of the World would be efficient for the insurance of obedience to the Court's decrees.

It is true that this war has brought out the essential unity of human aspiration. Four continents have joined against this German tyrant. Thus the whole world is interested in preventing the recurrence of such a calamity; and there is a general feeling throughout the world that the

causes which have brought it upon us must be removed.

There is an almost universal declaration, which even Germany, under the stress of military defeat now agrees to, that armaments must be reduced, that the baleful spirit of militarism must be quenched, that the peoples must everywhere be admitted to a fuller share in the control of foreign policy, that efforts must be made to establish a sort of league of concord—some system of international relations and reciprocal peace alliances by which the weaker nations may be protected, and under which differences between nations may be adjusted by courts of arbitration and conciliation of wider scope than those that now exist.

As this is an important point we may dwell on it a little. Be it remembered that all the belligerents now declare themselves in agreement with a policy of world-disarmament. The Allies came first to that decision. When America joined in the war, President Wilson was emphatic that Prussian militarism must be destroyed, and that is to be done by national disarmament.

The reason for coming to that decision is that Prussian militarism has been the creation of centuries of persistent spoliation. It has been a policy that never slept. It was held in abeyance for only the briefest space by the Napoleonic regime. The Prussian robber never died.

As Fritz stole Silesia from Austria, and afterwards purloined a slice of Poland, so there followed in due time the acquisition of slice after slice of territory from all the neighbors. At one time it was the theft of Schleswig and Holstein from Denmark; at another Alsace-Lorraine from France. Along with these operations went on the slow process of weaning independent German

States from Austrian influence, and their federation under the Prussian King.

That is what Prussian militarism has always meant—German growth, increase of German strength in the world. For this reason there is to be a general disarmament. Nations are no longer to be a law to themselves as to what forces they maintain.

America has repeatedly acclaimed that doctrine as one of the necessary conditions of peace. France and Italy have done the same in almost identical terms. The Russian proclamation was that "a new world-conflagration must be made impossible," by rendering it beyond the power of any State, or combination of States, to launch upon humanity such a military cataclysm as that of 1914.

Lloyd-George, speaking for Britain, was as emphatic as any of the other Allies. He said—"Great Britain did not seek for intervention when she was not prepared for the fight. She will tolerate none now that she is prepared, until the Prussian military despotism is broken beyond repair."

In every case it is distinctly understood that general disarmament is to be the central factor of the future cosmopolitan polity.

As said previously, the Pope made this an essential item in his proposed peace conditions, and Germany in reply assented to it. This is remarkable because, before the war she had refused it as being inconsistent with the sovereign rights of the Fatherland. One of those rights, she said, was that each nation's destiny must remain strictly in its own keeping. The only question is as to whether this means total or partial disarmament. To break the Prussin military system beyond repair must mean total disarmament.

There are difficulties, of course, in any scheme

of peace. The first and greatest perhaps is as to what should be the forces that are to be the guarantee for carrying out the Peace Court's decisions. What are such forces to consist of? Who is to command them? To what extent would such a League insist on national disarmament? Would most of the British navy have to be scrapped? Would war air-craft, war submarines, save those under the authority of the Peace League, be forbidden?

Those are details to be adjusted after the main principles of thorough disarmament has been affirmed. The nations are slowly coming to clear perceptions of what they mean. The disarmament all round must be real. Under it probably nineteen-twentieths of the British fleet must go to the scrap heap, and all the German navy. It cost annually, before the war, £450,000,000 to maintain all the world's armaments on a peace footing. That money must be saved, save a few odd millions. Are we nearing that time?

That is one of the essential conditions in order that the Peace League shall be able to enforce the judgments of its Arbitration Court.

No Need to Dread the Change.

Great reforms demand bold remedies. The world will have to face them. If nations were permitted to have armies, there would be continual grounds of suspicion and dispute. In the early years of this century secret arming was always going on.

In January, 1907, it was left to the Czar to call a Peace Conference at the Hague, and to fix the date of it. June was the time suitable to all the powers; but there was a hitch about holding it

because the Kaiser resolutely refused to take any part in it if the policy of natioal disarmament were placed on the agenda.

Three or four times in later years Great Britain proposed a halt in the insane growth of naval power; but the same reply came always from Germany. She must be free to follow her destiny. This was a euphemism for preparing for "The Day."

It seemed to her quite clear that "The Day" had arrived in 1914. She stood ready both in the East and the West for a lion's spring. She had caught her neighbors unawares. She had but to gather the fruits of her long preparation—to reap the harvest of her plentiful sowing in strength.

But the Kaiser proposed, and God disposed quite differently. William's Heavenly Ally was not at one with him. Except in its initial stages, that lion-spring failed to reach its mark. It is now a half-spent force. A world in arms, a score of millions strong, has arrested the invader.

But the world wants to get out of its armor, so that there may be no invader. To that end the call is for total disarmament.

To those who say that there must be war, as there always has been, the man of faith points to the Hebrew prophet, who foretold a time "in the last days," when the followers of Christ "shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation. Neither shall they learn war any more."

Is that a saying too hard to be believed?

But in this war more than 60,000,000 people are at present either bearing arms, making arms, or carrying arms from the factory to the field. What is to happen when such vast numbers of the most virile of the earth's workers find their occupa-

tion gone? Such are the questions which men put to one another.

But why should they find their occupation gone? Why should not the millions who are now fighting one another, turn their arms against the ruggedness of the uncultivated fields? There are cities and hamlets and villages enough to be rebuilt, vineyards to restore, orchards to replant, canals to dig, deserts to reclaim, swamps to drain.

Why should not governments which can borrow untold millions for war, borrow as freely for rehabilitating the war-maimed earth? May not the sanity of peace have at least as much vigor infused into it as heretofore the insanity of War has had?

XIV.

IRELAND AND THE WAR.

The One Blot in the Empire.

There is so much to be said about Ireland and the war. But how can we say it? Or rather, where can we begin?

There is in the picture so much of brightness; there is so much of murky darkness; of bright honor in the records of the Irish on the Somme; of deep damnation and disgrace in the Sinn Fein murders in the detestable rebellion of 1916—that the judgment halts between admiration of the brave and detestation of the treacherous.

There is something about Ireland at her best which made Mr. Harold Begbie, in "The Lady Next Door," chant pæans of delighted praise. There is something in the Irish character at its worst which nauseates by the blackness of its treachery.

In this war Ireland has exhibited both sides of her character.

We can never forget that unselfish life and beautiful death which Major Willie Redmond closed on the battle-field in France, saying that he felt he served the cause of Ireland best in thus serving the great Empire of which she is a part. And we can never forget the pathetic death scenes of his brother, the Nationalist leader, who died with a heart broken by the ingratitude of the people whom he had served. O'Connell had lived and served and died in the same way. As

followers of a great leader, the Irish are probably the most boisterously perfervid in the world, and the most ungrateful and inconstant so soon as their Joss is challenged by a rival with a new programme.

O'Connell, with his policy of moral force, was supplanted by the hot-brained Young Irelanders with their ridiculous cabbage garden insurrection. The great leader was thrown over for smaller fry, and he died in disappointment.

John Redmond, having devoted his life to conciliating irreconcilable sections of his own countrymen to the cause of Home Rule, and having all but reached his goal, was deserted by Sinn Fein rebels and fanatics, who wrecked his labors, and he saw his country thrown back into a state of violent chaos and bloody rebellion. He heard himself denounced for being too slow, saw his party disrupted, and died, as he told his confessor, broken-hearted. That is the way Ireland treats her most trusted leaders. She acclaims them with the rabid fervor of fanaticism, and then curses them with desertion and ingratitude.

It is now proved beyond all question that the Dublin Rebellion of the Easter of 1916 was inspired by Sinn Fein and aided by German gold and German counsel. It was exactly what the late Archbishop Carr denounced it as being, "an act of insane criminal folly." Its motive was to help the German to embarrass England. It was carrying out the maxim which has become embodied in Irish insurrection—that "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity."

We heard the same polity advocated on an Irish platform in Melbourne on the St. Patrick's Day celebration of 1918, when a prelate said—"Let Ireland bide her time! Let her watch her opportunity; and take it!" That, too, was a direct incitement to the Sinn Fein-German plot, which,

in the month of May, this year, has just been revealed. Such conduct is directly antagonistic to the spirit and teaching of the Catholic Church, which enjoins obedience to "the powers that be," since all power comes from God. Cardinal Mercier, at page 60, of the "Voice of Belgium," is insistent on this, saying—"We have shown that to resist any legitimate authority is to resist God." The Sinn Fein rebels are offering that resistance, and their sympathisers in Australia are in rebellion against God.

We are accustomed to hear from the lips of Sinn Fein advocates in Australia assurances that Sinn Feiners are not disloyal, but are a perfectly legitimate body of political thinkers. In spite of the Dublin Rebellion of 1916, the plot for a rising in 1917, and the recent revelations of 1918, they say that Sinn Fein simply means "Ourselves Alone," and that when applied to government it is merely an autonomous form of Home Rule. That, if true, would be a revolting act of selfishness. In a world divided as ours is by the warring forces of despotism and militarism on one side, and freedom and the right of small nations on the other, no people can cry, "Ourselves Alone." Every man owes his loyalty to the cause of liberty.

But that excuse for Sinn Fein is not true. It is not a mere declaration of selfishness. It is a movement, which in its very essence is treasonous to the Empire. I shall quote the very text of a Sinn Fein document to prove this.

In 1906 there was published by James Duffy & Co. Ltd., and M. H. Gill & Son, of Dublin, a penny pamphlet entitled "The Sinn Fein Policy." It is an official proclamation of the organisation. It embraces the report of the first annual convention of the National Council, held in the Rotunda, on Tuesday, 28th November, 1905. The policy, as

expounded in the speech of Mr Arthur Griffith, one of those just recently arrested for complicity in the Irish-German plot, and who was then the official spokesman of the National Council, makes it plain that an "anti-enlisting movement" was an integral part of Sinn Fein. The following quotations from that pamphlet speak for themselves—

"The Irishman who joins the British army, the British navy, the British Royal Irish Constabulary, necessarily becomes from that moment the active enemy of his country. He has taken up arms against Ireland."

We see from this that Sinn Fein condemned the late Major Redmond, and every one of the splendid Irish heroes of the Somme, as enemies of Ireland. It also explains why Dr. Mannix so persistently refused to go on any recruiting platform in Australia. I quote again—

"In Ireland we cannot reduce England to impotence by cessation of labor; but we can seriously reduce her strength by strikes of another kind—strikes against using her goods, for instance, and against filling the ranks of her armed forces. In the latter direction, the ANTI-ENLISTMENT MOVEMENT has done good; but a great deal remains to be done."

Since that promulgation was made twelve years ago, a great deal has been done. More than half Ireland has declared itself against enlistment in the Imperial armies. Almost the whole of Ireland has declared against Conscription. When we remember that England, Scotland, and Wales —Labor and non-Labor alike—have all accepted Conscription, which they heartily disliked, as an essential means of winning the war, this refusal of Ireland to do her bit with the rest, proves the essential disloyalty of Sinn Fein.

That attitude in Ireland of Sinn Feinism is exactly on all fours with those here who are persistently declaiming that Australia has done her share and more than her share. Sinn Fein is no new sentiment. It has

been an Irish toast for many a year, like the German toast of "The Day," and it has always had a sort of oracular meaning associated with it. Its esoteric significance meant setting up in Ireland an authority for "Ourselves Alone."

There is a brainlessness about this Sinn Fein treason that has always made it more a matter of contempt than dread. Its votaries have been almost invariably shallow-pated fanatics. But the veriest noodle can set a conflagration going. So these Sinn Feiners have combined the malignity of wholesale murder with the folly of the lunatic.

In Ireland they persecuted Redmond to his death. In Australia they are a kind of scum on the surface of our great honest Democracy. They disfigure that surface with their mutinous and riotous rant; they stir up racial bitterness where there were harmony and peace; but they do not reach the sound heart of the loyal Australian people.

They have their little coteries and secret caves, no doubt; but they are the contempt of every truly loyal citizen who would see German despotism beaten down and freedom and humanity triumph. Reason has no power upon them. They are alien to it. They do not want it. They are moved by quite other impulses. They hate England with more than a German hatred, and they would see her beaten to her knees. They are racial fanatics—an anachronism on a free Democracy, which they inhabit only to abuse.

The Brighter Side of Ireland.

It is a matter of deep thankfulness that this atrabiliary hatred of the Empire is not characteristic of the saner class of Irishmen, such as

those who recognised the Redmond leadership. Almost the entire Catholic Irish episcopacy is said to be convinced of the "incoherency" of Sinn Fein. The touching codicil in Major Redmond's will, made in December, 1916, is a beautiful gem to contrast against the foulness of Irish treason. That codicil reads—

"If I should die abroad, I will give my wife my last thoughts and love, and ask her to pray that we may meet hereafter. I should like all my friends in Ireland to know that in joining the Irish Brigade and going to France, I sincerely believe, as all the Irish soldiers do, that I was doing what was best for the welfare of Ireland, in every way."

He gave his life for the Empire, believing he served Ireland thereby. He did not believe that any man had done enough in this war till he had done all he could do. When strong oppression is banded for the dominance of the world, the friends of humanity should not disintegrate, but stand together. This points to the highest form of national well being.

As an example of this, I will quote another Irishman, the Right Rev. Monsignor Cassidy, Rector of Fall River College. He said—

"I was nurtured in an atmosphere hostile to England. I am sprung from the loins of a Fenian father, who was taken in arms against the British Government. I was nursed at a breast of as true an Irish mother as ever came from the land of the shamrock. You American men of all births—for there are men of many bloods and births bearing a grievance against England—in your blind desire for retribution, you forget that all must stand or fall together. If England stands, we stand. If England falls, we fall. Victory and honor, or defeat and dishonor, shall come on all alike; and God forbid that there should be any so low and base and blind as to wish to strike at the heart of England through the soul of their own country. When men ask ye, what fight ye for, tell then in tones that shall wake up the dead of the '87—I fight for freedom's sake, for righteousness, for all my country's flag has represented. I fight for peace, that justice may prevail; that frightfulness and inhumanity may not possess the earth. And if any one shall dare to ask you why

you sacrifice all for your country's sake, tell them, in a voice that will admit of no questioning—I give all to her, my country, because she has given all to me. After God, she has given me my life. After God, she has protected me. Her children that have come and gone before me have withstood the summer's heat and the winter's cold; and struggled and suffered and bled and died, that I might be a free man. The right to worship God untrammeled she insured to them. She gave them all, reserving nothing; and now, when she is in need and calls to me, with all I have I quickly answer, 'Here.' That's a soldier's answer to a slackers' 'Why?' "

That is a noble utterance of a distinguished Irishman, a son of the Catholic Church. How true it rings as contrasted with the utterances of some others who have cast a stain on that communion.

I will adorn this page with another war statement of a kindred nature. Cardinal John M. Farley, Archbishop of New York, has earned an eminence which none may question. He recently granted an interview to an American journalist. He said—

"Every Catholic pulpit in America is ringing with appeals from bishops and priests, demanding that the people contribute to the utmost of their means to do the war work at home and abroad. About 40 per cent. of the American navy and 35 per cent. of the army are Catholics. There will be no enduring peace except through the victory of the United States and the Allies. I cannot see how peace can come except through the defeat of the German arms in the field, or the rejection of the Prussian autocracy and the Prussian military policy by the people of Germany themselves. The horrors of the war may have an effect on the character of the people. Nevertheless, despite the possible hardening effect of war upon the coming generation, there is the higher principle of international justice to be considered. We cannot permit entire nations to be sacrificed to, or live in constant fear of, a giant Colossus dreaming of world dominion. We must oppose such ambition. Even the Gospel counsels it. . . . The one cry now must be: Help America win the war!"

One notes the hard common sense mingled with patriotism, in that pronouncement. It gives com-

fort to Australian Catholics. At the end of April, 1918, there was a similar speech made by a Catholic Irishman at Perth, Western Australia. Speaking at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, the Very Rev. Chancellor Hallinan, is reported in the "Western Australian," of April 26, to have said—

"The inspired spirit and the soul that sent forth their young men to the distant shores of Gallipoli was God. They went forth to battle against a terrible injustice, an injustice begun by the violation of the Kingdom of Belgium and the tearing up of solemn treaties, a violation of justice that had never since ceased. Many people seemed to think that it was a war of commercialism. What was commercialism to those fearless Australians, those men of a blessed and God-favored country? It was a desecration of their memory to say that the war was one of commercialism, or that the taint of commercialism should attach for one single instant to any Australian soldiers leaving these coasts. What of the heart and mind of Anzac? They died in joy and without sorrow. They died rejoicing that they had done their duty. They chose to look upon their lives as only given for their fellowmen, and for the honor and glory of God they would find it eternally hereafter."

I turn finally to the pronouncement of an English Catholic Bishop, with an Irish name. Dr. Keating, Roman Catholic Bishop of Northampton, reprobates the attempt to arouse an anti-Popery campaign. The Irish bishops, he states, have taken a grave step in regard to the Conscription proposals, but it is exclusively their own action. They have not consulted either the Vatican or the British bishops. He hopes that Irish prelates will yet find a way of diverting attention from domestic troubles, and succeed in making available Ireland's resources to fight against the greatest menace to the world's liberties.

Bishop Keating adds that he associates himself with the terms of the following message, which was telegraphed to Mr. Lloyd George recently from a public meeting of Woolwich Arsenal

workers:—"The Germans want you to go, the pacifists want you to go, but we, the workers, don't want you to go. Your enemies are our enemies. Damn them all! God save England!"

Ireland's Wrongs—What are They?

While seated before my own fireside recently, the conversation turned on the everlasting question of Irish Home Rule. We were all of one mind as to the expediency of self-government. One gentleman incidentally remarked—

"When Ireland gains her freedom, other things will right themselves."

This was the signal for a notable dialectical passage. He was asked—

"What do you mean by Ireland gaining her freedom?"

"I mean governing herself."

"Do you mean that England has not yet gained her freedom, seeing that she has no more Home Rule than Ireland has?"

"England has the House of Commons, her own Parliament."

"But the House of Commons is no more England's Parliament than Ireland's Parliament and Scotland's Parliament, and Wales's Parliament."

The first speaker paused as if a new gleam of light had broken in on him. Then he said—"England has much more strength in the House of Commons than Ireland has."

The other answered—"But not nearly as much strength in proportion to her population. Ireland has thirty more members in the British Parliament than she is entitled to in proportion to her numbers."

"At any rate," said the advocate of Irish freedom, "Ireland has not got self-government."

"In that you are in error," said the other. "She has more of self-government, or representative government, than either England, Scotland, or Wales. If the State Parliaments in Australia and the State Ministries, and the State Governors, were to be abolished, and a simpler form of provincial government adopted, under the Federal Parliament, would you say that Victoria had no freedom?"

"No. I think not. I have sometimes wished for something of that sort, because I think that fourteen Houses of Parliament, and seven Governors for Australia make us ludicrous in over-government."

"Well, that is Ireland's case. If the Victorian Parliament were abolished to-morrow, we should be just as free as ever. The Federal Parliament would transact all our big business, and the Local Government system, enlarged a little with bigger functions, would do the rest."

"Perhaps you are right as far as Australia is concerned, but the same thing would not do for Ireland," said the stickler for freedom.

"That may or may not be so," said the other. "But the facts as they stand prove that Ireland has now, and has had for half a century or more, a measure of freedom equal to that of England or any other part of the British Empire. To talk about Ireland gaining her freedom is to talk slipshod nonsense. To speak of her lying 'enslaved at the feet of England,' is to circulate a brazen mendacity."

That conversation embodied a truth not always remembered. The fact is that Ireland has a great deal more freedom than any other part of the United Kingdom, or any other part of the Empire, except Australia. She is free from conscription. Very unjustly so. But there it is.

About the middle of May, 1918, the New York

"Times," in a leading article, stated:—"Ireland runs over with prosperity, while England lives on close rations. We have heard too much of the wrongs of Ireland. For a generation England has sought to confer benefits on Ireland and to redress old injuries. Is England blamable for the quarrel of Irishmen and for the abstention of so many Irish from the war? Is seems to us unintelligible and monstrous."

That is a literal statement of fact. We may go further and say that Ireland is the pampered partner in the group. I will quote another from Mr. Ian Hay's pamphlet, "The Oppressed English." At page 31 there is this eye-opener—

"For generations the cry had gone up from Ireland that Irish land was owned by great landlords of English descent, who spent most of their time in London, and confined their energies as lords of the manor to evicting such of their tenants as could not, or would not, pay their rent. This was obviously a very wrong state of affairs and fifteen years ago a Unionist Government set out to put it right. Parliament passed George Wyndham's Land Purchase Act, the object of which was to enable the tenant farmers of Ireland to buy their farms from the landlords. The tenant was invited to state the sum which he could afford to pay for his farm, and the landlord was invited to state the sum he was prepared to accept. This was indeed a gorgeous opportunity for both tenant and landlord. The two amounts, having been stated, were adjusted and comfirmed by a Board, and the intervening gap —no small gap as may be imagined—was bridged by the English taxpayer. This little experiment in philanthropy cost the tyrannical English considerably more than five hundred million dollars. Under its provisions every English peasant is now his own proprietor. Evictions are a thing of the past. Yet how often is this fact so much as admitted by soulful exploiters of Erin's wrongs in America or the Dominions?"

That is the way in which Ireland is "enslaved." She rolls in prosperity lavished on her by her over-indulgent partners She is as much self-governed as a representative system can make her, bar a Parliament in College Green. She is

probably better off than any other small nation in the world—better off than England, Scotland, or Wales.

But nothing softens the black bile of her Sinn Feiner's national malignity towards England.

A Trait of Irish Character.

It is a popular superstition that the Irish are a very placable people, that it is necessary only to treat the Irish with justice and kindness to bring out in them all that is amiable.

The history of the assassinations and rebellions of the last fifty years quite set that theory aside. The House of Commons has exhausted its ingenuity in devising legislation to satisfy the Irish mind. Yet there is not the smallest Irish recognition of this. The memory of the famine and the evictions of a century ago fill the same space as ever in the rhetoric of the demagogue. Cromwell's deportations are still served up as fresh as new paint, and form a part in the present day picture of "England grinding Ireland under her heel," or as one demagogue chooses to phrase it—"Ireland lying enslaved at the feet of England."

Mr. Lloyd-George passed a Land Valuation Act and a National Insurance scheme for the rest of the United Kingdom; but he exempted Ireland from both, because the Irish people were averse to them. It was the same with the Military Service Act. Mr. Ian Hay puts the case exactly—"Ireland was once more exempted. To the black shame and grief of every true Irishman, Ireland to-day stands officially aloof and alone in the struggle for liberty and humanity. The thousands of her gallant sons who are fighting in the trenches alongside their English and Scottish and

Ulster comrades, find difficulty in filling up the gaps in their ranks."

Ireland won't take her part in the crisis—won't do her bit. And when asked why, says she is "enslaved." Scotland and England have had their troubles in past centuries. So has it been with Wales. But there is no black blood in those cases. It is only with the brooding and unforgiving Irish, with whom no present kindness can give oblivion of past wrongs.

John Bull, in his bluff, large-hearted way, has poured out his bounty on Ireland. It has been greedily mopped up, but it has made no difference to the implacable Irish nursing past grievances. Because Cromwell two and a half centuries since took a drastic course in repressing rebellion, the Irishman of to-day feels he has a sacred mission to exhort Ireland to "bide her time; to watch her opportunity, and take it."

There is but one way of dealing with people of that sort. Firmness, justice, and repression. Kindness is mistaken and wasted.

XV.

THE WORLD AFTER THE WAR.

Some Minor Changes.

No man can judge from what the world has been, what it will be after the war. There are so many things which must be radically changed. For one, we shall have spent £30,000,000,000 in destroying property, worth nearly as much again. The world will be therefore poorer in material good things which men desire by perhaps £50,000,000,000 in value.

The employments of people have been changed. Ships are built to standards. Ordinary industries have ceased, and factories everywhere have been turned into munition shops. Cities have been levelled; villages have been blotted out; vineyards uprooted.

Sixty millions of men or more under arms, or making arms, will have had to change their occupations.

As things are now, men are working probably as hard as ever—perhaps much harder; but instead of working for profit, they are laboring for destruction. Women are doing men's work in both field and factory. The readjustments may never get back entirely to normal conditions.

Then again the war has ruined many avocations, and has brought vast profits to others—beggary here, affluence there. The policy of paying special war-profits taxation has been adopted in most countries as a legitimate means of equal-

ising the burdens of the war. And at its close further legislation is quite conceivable in furtherance of that end.

But even when all that shall have been accomplished, and when those who survive the carnage shall return to their places in the community, it can scarcely be to anything like the same world which they left.

The Russian, in place of living under a despotic Czar, will find himself in a Democracy in which he is politically the equal of every other of his countrymen. He will hardy know himself. In fact he has already lost himself. And it must require much before he finds himself again.

The Allies have given mutual pledges that there shall be no peace till Hohenzollernism is overthrown. Great armaments are to cease. The armies and navies of the earth, which in pre-war days cost in maintenance £450,000,000 a year, are to be cut down to a few millions. That huge saving will go to the restoration of the desolated globe; but the soldier and warship sailor will find his occupation gone.

Debt Difficulties.

Civilisation will stagger under a war debt of perhaps £50,000,000,000. The annual interest on that may reach to £2,500,000,000. It becomes a question as to whether the Have-nots will consent to permanently pay that huge sums to the Haves. It is almost certain that in some places there will be proposals for repudiating the scraps of paper which make these burdens a bond on posterity. We have already heard it made in Australia. As the whole nation will owe the money to a small portion of itself, the temptation to wipe clean

the national slate may become almost irresistible, and where national honesty prevails, Taxation of income may blot out more than half of every unearned income.

There will be mammoth questions to settle. Even in the very start of the new peace there will be the gradual transfer of 40,000,000 men and women from the avocations of war to those of peace.

There will be the restoration of the world's war-wasted wilderness; perhaps the readjustment of society on a new standard of living, adaptable to the diminished means of the people. The reign of unbridled luxury may be suppressed for a whole generation. Should that eventuate it would make an enormous change in the habits and thoughts of mankind.

The Cost of War.

Before this war it was estimated that in three centuries Great Britain spent £1,400,000,000 in war. Four years of this war have cost her £6,0000,000,000, or more than four times as much in a year as in a century previously. The Crimean War cost her altogether not more than £70,000,000; the Boer War £250,000,000. The cost is always going up, but not the mortality. Camille Flammarion estimated that the cost of killing every soldier who dies in battle was £1400. Assuming that the number of men killed in battle in this war may be 4,000,000, apart from those wounded and taken prisoner, the cost of killing that four millions has been excessive beyond all previous experience. We may get an approximate estimate by remembering that the war will have cost at least £55,000,000,000. Dividing that total cost by the number of soldiers killed, the

expenditure will work out about £17,000 for every man slain.

This consideration, as we shall see, will have a bearing upon the future of the world. It has always cost a great deal to kill a soldier in war. The continually increasing and multiplying taxes of all nations are never sufficient to pay for the butchery of human troops. The nations have always had to go into debt for that slaughter. For many years, before this war, Europe spent £450,000,000 a year in preparing for the means of shedding her children's blood. The War of Secession in America cost £3,200,000,000.

From the Crimean War down to the Franco-German War of 1870, the civilised nations of Europe and America spent £4,000,000,000 in destroying one another. But all that pales into insignificance before the appalling expenditure in this war. What that has been may be gathered from the sudden jump in the world's indebtedness.

The public debts of the Great Powers in 1870 were £4,000,000,000. Thirty years later at the end of the century, they were £6,000,000,000, an increase of 50 per cent. In 1917 they were not less than £30,000,000,000, an increase of 500 per cent. They may now stand at £40,000,000,000.

In the hundred years of the nineteenth century the total war cost was about £28,000,000,000, as estimated by Camille Flammarion. In the four years of this war, adding war taxation to the increase of loan indebtedness, the cost has been more than £40,000,000,000. In four years the cost has been once and a half as much as the war cost of the previous century. This gives us a grip of what modern war means.

A survey of the Powers of Europe shows that from the beginning of last century to the end of 1896 Turkey had experienced 37 years of war

and 59 of peace; Spain comes next with 31 years of war and 65 of peace; France, with 27 years of war and 69 of peace; Russia, 24 years of war and 72 of peace; Italy 23 years of war and 73 of peace; England, 21 years of war and 75 of peace; Austria-Hungary, 17 and 79; Germany (exclusive of Prussia), 13 and 83; Sweden, 10 and 86; Portugal, 12 and 84; and Denmark, 9 and 87.

In the Franco-Prussian war the number of German killed and wounded was not more than 80,000. In this they are estimated, after 47 months at 5,000,000.

General statistics prove at the same time that, since the Trojan war 3000 years ago—that is, since the beginning of history—not a single year has elapsed in which some war has not killed its proportionate number.

During the 30 centuries which have elapsed since the beginning of Asiatic and European history—since the time of Sesostris and David, of Xerxes and Cyrus—a loss of 40,000,000 a century makes the total number destroyed by war to be 1,200,000,000 a number very nearly representing the total population of the globe at the present day.

Thus, in the last 3000 years, in the wars of the Pharaohs, in the Mongolian and Chinese invasions and the conquests of Alexander, &c., &c., as many human beings as now inhabit the globe have been slain, very often while singing canticles to their gods or drawing strains of joyful music from their instruments.

The monetary aspect of the war is quite as important as its mortality in its bearing on the future of the world. This is so because the length of the national purse has quite as much to do with achieving victory as has the keenness of the national sword. The longest purse makes the strongest army. But for Great Britain's almost

limitless command of cash and credit, she could not have improvised her five millions of soldiers and backed them with tens of thousands of cannons and countless millions of shells.

Social and Political Changes.

In order to pay our debts and begin national life again under fairer auspices, many of the problems between Capital and Labor may force themselves to a settlement under new ideals. Many are venturing the opinion that the wage system as we know it will disappear in favor of some sort of partnership, or co-operation, or division of profits, such as will give employes a voice in the management of the industries upon which their living depends.

All these speculations are nothing more at present than mere vaticinations. But they are an expression of the universal unsettlement of opinion on industrial matters.

Any one of us may be pardoned for wondering as to how much truth there is in them. Everybody is saying that things are to be different after the war. Everybody seems to think so. If so, how is the difference to come about? Are we ourselves to undergo change corresponding to the mutations of our environments? Are we to view social obligations from a new angle of vision?

Does all this signify that the world will have to begin life again under a new set of conditions? If so, what conditions? And how are we to adapt ourselves to them?

Early in 1917 Mr. Bonar Law expressed his wonder that in Great Britain, under the stress of war, the traditional party spirit in politics had disappeared. He predicted that, as one of the

results of the great war, there would come in the future a fairer distribution of wealth.

Many people indeed, in view of the spontaneity with which Britons flocked to the ranks of both fighting men and munition-makers, conceived that an era of idyllic national brotherhood had set in for good. They told us that it gave more than a glimpse of Burns's prophecy, that

> It's coming yet, for all that,
> That man to man the warld o'er
> Shall brithers be and a' that.

Time was, after the wars of former days, that Waterloo and Balaclava heroes went back into the industrial ranks, and drifted down, unmarked of everybody, into penury and an unhonored death.

That time is not to come again. The men and women who have carried aloft our flag in this national crisis—whatever of other gifts they may have or lack—will stand a-tiptoe through the rest of their lives in the consciousness that they bear the badge of a patriot's nobility. A recognition of their claims is a charge on all.

How are our obligations to be met? That will be one of our greatest tasks after the war. The war problems have been prodigious. The peace problems will be scarcely of lesser magnitude. How will these problems be faced?

There are those who say that since the party hatchet has been buried, we should see to it that it shall have no resurrection.

But that would be a post-war change of very doubtful character. Why should we think of abolishing party? Party organisations are the cradle of political activity. They stimulate thought; they are the forbears of progress. Progressive legislation can scarcely be looked for except through the competition of rival parties.

Out of them evolution is born. Just as the friction of thought with thought evokes the best of mental activity, so the conflict of parties is the very salt of national development.

There is nothing but what is encouraging to be spoken of political parties. The greater the number the more virile the State, because parties stand for principles.

This advocacy of party activity as a post-war principle does not embrace Party Government, which is not the use but the abuse of the Party system. A government, in order to be at its best should be stable. It cannot be stable if it depends for its life on the dominance of one party over all others. It should stand above all parties and embrace most of them, being selected by ballot to represent not one half of Parliament, but the whole of it, as is the case with the War-Government in the House of Commons.

This may be one of the lessons taught by the war. The war taught Great Britain that a Party Government was not strong enough to develop the full national strength in the prosecution of the war. It may teach her that the full national strength is just as much wanted in peace as in war.

If the war should have the effect of abolishing party government, by teaching the almost self-evident truth that every democratic system of government requires the collective wisdom of the whole Parliament and not the emasculated notions of one half, that reform will be of truly priceless value.

The New Democracy of the World.

There is room for another hope. There are 45,000,000 of people in the British isles. In many

cases, perhaps half of them, their war sacrifices have been prodigous. They have given their lives and their money as never before for the life and freedom of the nation. They will have spent much of their best blood, and haply £7,000,000,000 or £8,000,000,000 of solid gold for their mutual protection against the ravening wolf of militarism. Is it not permissible to hope that people who have been comrades in such a war will come out of it with clarified perceptions of human worthiness, and with more tolerant judgment of one another?

I try to think so; and my native optimism helps me to believe it. There may, too, after the war, be more of the democratic spirit abroad all over the earth; and especially in Russia and Great Britain. The old order of Gentry may lose something of its class privilege; but only that the quality of its manhod may shine out more conspicuously. In the rough and tumble of the battle field and the trench the duke's son and the cook's son gave common service, and vied with each other for the order of merit. Rank was there shown to be but the guinea's stamp. The man behind the title was the only gold.

The British taxpayer is only at the beginning of his task; but his courage in facing it has been equal to that of the best of those who stormed Vimy Ridge and Messines. As a shoveller out of the shekels he never before knew his own strength. He has paid £300,000,000 a year in extra war taxation, and has scarcely indulged in his proverbial grumble. He has played one of the most wonderful parts in the wonderful British war story.

When Germany made the mistake of setting down the Briton as a played out degenerate, as Prince Lichnowsky reported of her to the Kaiser, she did not dream that those British revellers in

luxury were ready almost to a man to instantly cast aside the triflings of a life of pleasure and give out every ounce of service within them in the national cause.

What these men will think and say when Peace comes may not be very manifest; but people who have proved themselves true metal in the extremity of need, with a giant's strength and determination, are not likely to subside into weakness when the day comes for national resuscitation.

The British democracy has a proud sense that it is pitted against a military autocracy. When it shall have won the conflict and set Europe free, it will almost certainly insist on holding the reins of government.

Woman will have come into her own in this triumph of Democracy. There will be much to learn, but keen minds to learn it. The past can teach little—only what to avoid. But the war has given to all classes a greater respect for the good that is in all. It has shown that the upper and lower strata of society are in essentials compacted of much the same clay, and never of finer texture than now. It has shown also that the pride and charter of a great race can win at Armageddon against the dragon of a federated military tyranny.

President Wilson recently called on school teachers in the United States to devote more time to problems of national life, emphasising that the war is inculcating a new appreciation of the aspects of life and a deeper understanding of the aims and meaning of democracy. "When the war is over," he adds, "we must apply our acquired wisdom to purging the world's life."

Drinking Habits of the Future.

After the war will the drouthy old earth ever drink strong drink again as much as it used to do? To a marvellous extent it has purged out the alcoholic taint. Will it continue to maintain the abolition of the poison?

The alcoholic habit is one which the war has interfered with perhaps more than any other. The Grand Duke Nicholas was the first to start the campaign against it, when in 1914 he reported to the late Czar that vodka was an enemy in Russia more dangerous than the German.

In 1895 the Russian Government made vodka a Government monopoly. At that time there were 100,000 drink shops in Russia, making the peasant brutal. When the Government monopoly began all those private drink shops were closed.

But that did nothing to diminish drunkenness. The Government sold the drink by the bottle. The peasants took it home, and the total amount consumed was as great as before. The difference was that the drunkenness was in the home instead of in the vodka shop.

It is on official record that a million Russians died every year from the vodka poison. The Government made a revenue profit of £100,000,000 in 1913 from this drink traffic.

Russia was in the war. She wanted all that money; but still more she wanted soldiers fit to fight an enemy. She took her courage in both hands, and by a single stroke of the Czar's pen she stopped the sale of vodka, and Russia became a non-alcoholic country, and every peasant was better fed, clothed, and housed—fitter for duty. She has since got drunk with her new-found freedom. But she will get sober again some day, perhaps to have a bad national headache.

France was another case. Before the war the

Frenchman stood in deadly peril from the curse of absinthe. Sober France was fast becoming drunken. Early in the war the French Government cut off absinthe as Nicholas had cut off vodka. Under medical advice the use of light wines was permitted, and the French soldier in the trenches was allowed daily 20 grams of alcohol in a daily "tot" of rum. The reform was instant; its effect was almost miraculous in the increase of the French soldier's fighting powers, which have been one of the marvels of the war.

In England the changes were less dramatic, but almost as marked. They are certainly such as have braced up the national character. The note had been struck by Mr. Lloyd-George in 1915. He said—

"We are fighting Germany, Austria, and Drink; and as far as I can see the greatest of these deadly foes is Drink. If we are to settle with German militarism, we must first of all settle with Drink."

But England was not Russia. There was no despotic Czar to issue a ukase. The drink interests were powerful. The Asquith Government was feeble in the presence of class interests. Yet England needed every man's full work in growing wheat and in making munitions. A hundred thousand yeomen were taken out of the fields and drafted into the fighting ranks. Thirty thousand women were sent upon the farms to take the men's places. Drink must go to a great extent in order to increase the average output of the workers. In 1917 the Government, by Ministerial act, restricted the sale of wines and spirit in bond, and forbad the brewing of beer to the extent of 30 per cent. This was under the power of the War Precautions Act. The Government cut down England's drink bill by one half, and said that should it become expedient drinking

would be as completely stopped as it had been in Russia.

The English people exhibited an admirable patience. There was scarce a whimper; while many, in a spirit of voluntary sacrifice, abolished drink from their homes, as the King had previously done. A large body of public opinion ripened toward prohibition. The Conservative "Spectator" called for a policy of "Down Glasses."

There was a splendid sanity in the people. They said—

"Sixty-five million bushels of grain are every year being turned into beer; while 360,000,000 lbs. of sugar are used every year by the liquor trade. Then 3,000,000 acres of arable land are devoted to the growth of foodstuffs to be converted into alcoholic liquor. These acres would grow enough wheat to keep the whole of London supplied all the year round."

Arguments like these are cogent when there is prospect of the shortage of food. The bread-eaters, paying a shilling a loaf, had it shown to them that the brewer's van stood between them and the bread carts. The cry came pretty strong, "Send the brewing men to do the fighting."

Those were crises in which character was evolved. The British people came out sterling gold. This, too, must be a great factor in the sum of things in the days after the war.

Self-Government in the Future.

Then we have to recollect that the world will be the inheritor of this war's wonderful experiences. At the present moment it is divided into two sections. The belligerents and neutrals who favor the Allies and the belligerents who stand with the

Central Powers. They may be classified as follow:—

WITH THE ALLIES.	WITH THE HUNS.
Great Britain,	Germany,
France,	Austria-Hungary,
United States,	Bulgaria,
Italy,	Turkey.
Japan,	
Russia,	
Belgium,	
Servia,	
Montenegro,	
Rumania,	
India,	
Australia,	
New Zealand,	
Canada,	
South Africa,	
Greece,	
Portugal,	
Cuba,	
Bolivia,	
China,	
Nicaragua,	
Honduras,	
Paraguay,	
Liberia,	
Brazil,	
Argentina,	
Peru,	
Uruguay.	

If we turn to the few nations which have managed to maintain their neutrality, we find that they are almost entirely hostile to Germany, because of the brutal treatment which their sailors and ships have received. Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Spain, and Switzerland have their hearts set on the overthrow of Germany, because of her domineering and imperious tyranny as a neighbor.

After the war all those two dozen and odd self-governing nations and dependencies will have a free voice in a free world. Is it likely that any of them will ever again have on the world the same outlook which they had before? We can hardly suppose so.

In the first place, they will nearly all be deeply in debt. Does a man deeply involved in mortgages ever act and think quite the same as the man who has a plethoric banking credit? In this respect the individual and the nation are equally liable to feel their monetary obligations exercising a steadying effect upon them.

In the past the world has known all kinds of governments—the rule of patriarchs, priests, autocracies, democracies, and monarchies. Three-fourths of the governments have been those of kings. The republics of the ancients were not a very blazing success. The people require to have emerged from primitivism before they are ripe for self-government.

In the future, Aristocracies, Oligarchies, and Autocracies will have disappeared, and all nations will have settled down into Republics or Limited Monarchies. What is still more pertinent is that Democracy will in some form or other have covered the whole earth, as it does even now a nine-tenths of it.

But we may go a great deal further and say, with a great chance of the future verifying the prediction, that the Democracy of the coming time will no longer be content with Parliamentary Government, which has of late years proved little more than a nullification of the popular will.

As the people become more educated in the root principle of Democracy, they grow less satisfied with their Parliaments, which constantly fail to carry out the decrees given at the elections.

From this cause there has arisen in many lands

an insistent demand for some form of the Referendum which, as in Switzerland, enables the people by a direct vote to demand and decide upon their own policy. A Democracy, plus the Initiative Referendum, is the most progressive form of government known to man, and in the next quarter of a century it is likely to be the prevalent form of government in the world.

Air Travel the Transport of the Future.

There will be other differences in man's environments. For one thing, air navigation has made tremendous strides. It promises to revolutionise transport. There are no national boundaries in the air, and that may modify the importance of those on land. Men can now traverse a thousand miles through the clouds in a day. With the dawn of peace travel will assume a new aspect. The wireless message will connect the man at the South Pole with the inhabitant of the Tropics. All the earth will be within whispering distance; and we may be sure that the whispers will never cease. The hustling and bustling are likely to be greater than ever, with the wear and tear of humanity correspondingly increased.

The globe will really be a mammoth sounding-board. The private chat of two men at Timbuctoo may next morning form a subject of gossip over five continents. Certainly the aeroplane will make the old world a new one in many respects.

The war has doubtless been the chief stimulus to this cloud travel. The aeroplane before the war was an ingenious and captivating toy. In twelve months it became the means of striking

deadly blows out of the sky, like God's thunderbolts. The concentrated force of human ingenuity was focused upon flying, and all at once, as it were, men have become almost as much at home in the air as they are on the water and the land.

The Modification of Man.

Perhaps the question of greatest moment is not these evolutionary and revolutionary changes—not the fall of the Hun Autocracy and the rise of a World-Democracy—but will human nature continue as now drugged with the dross of its own selfishness? Will not the fires of the war-furnace have purged it of its worst grossness? Can the nations which have seen all this abomination of desolation in earth, sky, and sea, remain unchastened by the suffering from it? A belief in such would scarcely be a wise one. In trying to estimate what this world would be like after the war, it would be anything but scientific to omit the Fatherhood of God as a vital factor.

In our essay on "God and the War," it was shown that the Divine finger plays on the keyboard of events so minutely that nothing occurs but by Celestial direction. This war was therefore a part of the Divine economy. It had a definite purpose, part of which was to punish sin and purge humanity. If that be so, we may fairly hope that man will not remain unchanged in a changed world; that he will correspond with higher and better motives; live for purer ideals; and being drawn nearer to the source of All Good, find his happiness and inspiration in a spirituality more sublime than was that of the cast-off coil of his past selfishness.

It is not suggested that human nature per se is

at all likely to undergo any change. The raw material of man is the same yesterday, to-day, and 3,000 years ago. But the spiritual man and the unspiritual man are moved by different impulses; and it is not making an undue demand upon our hopeful expectations that men after the war may regard their duties to one another and to the State from a loftier plane than that which was too common before greed and ambition plunged them into the seething vortex in which they now writhe and struggle.

This is a beautiful world if men would only permit it to bloom after the plan of the Creator—

> Strange, that where nature loved to trace
> As if for gods a dwelling place,
> There man, enamored of distress,
> Should mar it into wilderness.

Yet it is so. The gods make our passions our plagues.

> What might be done if men were wise!
> What glorious deeds, my suffering brother!
> Would men unite in love and right
> And cease their scorn for one another.

> Oppression's heart might be imbued
> With kindling drops of loving kindness,
> And knowledge pour from shore to shore
> Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

> All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
> All vice and crime might die together;
> And wine and corn, to each man born,
> Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod;
  The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect in self-respect,
  And share this teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done;
  And more than this, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue e'er said or sung
  If men were wise and loved each other.

INDEX

A

America and Democracy— 269-275
American Opinion 41-6
America and England .. . 80
America and the War, 103-125
America and the Pope .. 294
Arbitration 307-323
Atrocities—(See Brutalities).
Attila 280
Australia 84-88
Australian War Strike .. 239
Australian War Strike, Treason of 240
Autocracy 251

B

Belligerents 350
Bernhardi 7, 9
Bismark 1, 3, 285
Brutalities 4, 37-41
Bryan, W. J. 107, 111
Bryce, Lord .. 39, 48, 131, 134
Bull, John—(See John Bull).

C

Carnegie, Mr. 108
Carr, Archbishop .. 51, 54, 57
Cassidy, Monsignor 329
Catholic Church and Democracy 263
Chance 57, 61
Christian Ethics 26-8
Conscription 90, 183-204
Consolation 127-155
Courage 156-182
Courage of Women, 173-4, 179
Courtney, Leonard 16
Cramb 7
Czar Nicholas 307

D

David and Goliath .. 159-162
Debts of the War 338
Democracy and the War .. 247
Disarmament 10-14
Drink Traffic 347-8
Dwyer, Sergeant 152

E

English-speaking Races .. 141
English, the Oppressed .. 334
Ethics of War 24-28
Ethics of Conscription .. 200

F

Farley, Cardinal 330
Failures of Democracy .. 255

Fighting, Love of 234
Finance 75-7
France, Compensation to— 129, 136-138

G

Genesis of the War— 11, 37, 108-111
Germany and the War .. 1
German Prosperity . .. 14-20
German Ethics 24-6
Gladstone on Democracy— 248, 250
God and the War 50-68
Great Britain . 69-102, 138-141
Grey, Sir. Ed. .. 11, 28, 30, 35

H

Haase, Herr 31
Hallinan, Very Rev. 331
Harden, Herr 5, 6
Hatred 25, 99-102, 126
Heydon, Mr. Justice 240
Higgins, Mr. Justice 230
Hughes, W. M. 212

I

Inquisition 305
Ireland and the War 324
Ireland and her Army .. 333
Irish on the Somme 149

J

Job 63-4
John Bull .. 94-98, 100, 336

K

Kaiser 1-4, 11, 33, 34
Keating, Bishop 331
Kircher, Father 58
Kitchener, Lord 71

L

Labor and the War .. 205-218
Lambert, Father 60
Lehen, Father de 64-5
Leo XIII. 263, 287, 298
Liberty 199
Lies, Campaign of 107
Lincoln, Abraham 45
Lloyd-George 73, 93
Love, Song of 101
Lusitania 25, 39

M

Macaulay 278
Man Modified 353
Masses 279
McKenna, Rev. L.— 220-2, 227-230
Mercier, Cardinal— 29, 38, 40 67, 300-3

N

Napoleon 284
Nietzsche 6, 7

O

O'Leary, Michael, V.C. .. 151

P

Paganism 5, 6, 24, 130
Panics 164-169
Parliaments, One Danger of— 252, 351
Phelan, Bishop 154
Phelan, Michael, S.J. 288
Pitt, William 180-1

Poet Pope 60
Pontiffs 123-276
Pope Benedict XV.—
123, 276, 288, 299
Pope Hildebrand 282
Prayer Habit 147, 278
Press 262, 306
Priest 131

R

Recruits, Cry for 191
Redmond, Major 329
Referendum .. 196, 214, 264-6
Religion 176
Roberts, Lord 21
Roosevelt 107
Ruskin 14

S

Sacrifice 90, 176-9
Sinn Fein 92, 326-328
Strikes and the War, 219-246
Submarine Campaign 112
Syndicalism 222-6

T

Traditions of the Strike .. 236
Travel of the Future . .. 352
Treitschke 8, 10, 13, 14

V

Voltaire 59

W

War, Genesis of 23, 49
War, German Ethics of, 24-26
Wars of the World .. 311-321
Wars, Cost of 339
Wellington 180-1
Wilson, President—
45, 105, 114-125

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